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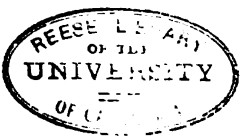

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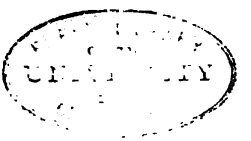

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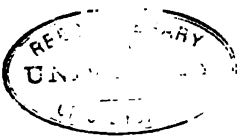

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BOOK XII

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, AWAKENING A GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE, BEGINS

DECEMBER 1740—MAY 1741

CHAPTER I

OF SCHLESIEN, OR SILESIA

SCHLESIEN, what we call Silesia, lies in elliptic shape, spread on the top of Europe, partly girt with mountains, like the crown or crest to that part of the Earth;—highest table-land of Germany or of the Cisalpine Countries; and sending rivers into all the seas. The summit or highest level of it is in the south-west; longest diameter is from north-west to south-east. From Crossen, whither Friedrich is now driving, to the Jablunka Pass, which issues upon Hungary, is above 250 miles; the *axis*, therefore, or longest diameter, of our Ellipse we may call 250 English miles;—its shortest or conjugate diameter, from Friedland in Bohemia (Wallenstein's old Friedland), by Breslau across the Oder to the Polish Frontier, is about 100. The total area of Schlesien is counted to be some 20,000 square miles, nearly the third of England Proper.

Schlesien,—will the reader learn to call it by that name on occasion? for in these sad Manuscripts of ours the names alternate,—is a fine, fertile, useful and beautiful Country. It leans sloping, as we hinted, to the East and to the North;

a long curved buttress of Mountains ('*Riesengebirge*, Giant Mountains,' is their best-known name in foreign countries) holding it up on the South and West sides. This Giant-Mountain Range,—which is a kind of continuation of the Saxon-Bohemian 'Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*)' and of the straggling Lausitz Mountains, to westward of these,—shapes itself like a bill-hook (or elliptically, as was said): handle and hook together may be some 200 miles in length. The precipitous side of this is, in general, turned outwards, towards Böhmen, Mähren, Ungarn (Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, in our dialects); and Schlesien lies inside, irregularly sloping down, towards the Baltic and towards the utmost East. From the Bohemian side of these Mountains there rise Two Rivers: Elbe, tending for the West; Morawa for the South; —Morawa, crossing Moravia, gets into the Donau, and thence into the Black-Sea; while Elbe, after intricate adventures among the mountains, and then prosperously across the plains, is out, with its many ships, into the Atlantic. Two rivers, we say, from the Bohemian or steep side: and again, from the Silesian side, there rise other Two, the Oder and the Weichsel (*Vistula*); which start pretty near one another in the South-East, and, after wide windings, get both into the Baltic, at a good distance apart.

For the first thirty, or in parts, fifty miles from the Mountains, Silesia slopes somewhat rapidly; and is still to be called a Hill-country, rugged extensive elevations diversifying it: but after that, the slope is gentle, and at length insensible, or noticeable only by the way the waters run. From the central part of it, Schlesien pictures itself to you as a plain; growing ever flatter, ever sandier, as it abuts on the monotonous endless sand-flats of Poland, and the Brandenburg territories; nothing but Boundary Stones with their brass inscriptions marking where the transition is; and only some Fortified Town, not far off, keeping the door of the Country secure in that quarter.

On the other hand, the Mountain part of Schlesien is very

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picturesque; not of Alpine height anywhere (the Schnee-Koppe itself is under 5,000 feet), so that verdure and forest wood fail almost nowhere among the Mountains; and multiplex industry, besung by rushing torrents and the swift young rivers, nestles itself high up; and from wheat-husbandry, madder and maize husbandry, to damask-weaving, metallurgy, charcoal-burning, tar-distillery, Schlesien has many trades, and has long been expert and busy at them to a high degree. A very pretty Ellipsis, or irregular Oval, on the summit of the European Continent;—'like the palm of a left-hand well stretched-out, with the Riesengebirge for thumb!' said a certain Herr to me, stretching out his arm in that fashion towards the north-west. Palm, well stretched-out, measuring 250 miles; and the cross-way 100. There are still beavers in Schlesien; the Katzbach River has gold grains in it, a kind of Pactolus not now worth working; and in the scraggy lonesome pine-woods, grimy individuals, with kindled mounds of pine-branches and smoke carefully kept down by sods, are sweating-out a substance which they inform you is to be tar.

Historical Epochs of Schlesien;—after the Quads and Marchmen

Who first lived in Schlesien, or lived long since in it, there is no use in asking, nor in telling if one knew. 'The *Quadi* and the Lygii,' says Dryasdust, in a groping manner: Quadi and consorts, in the fifth or sixth Century, continues he with more confidence, shifted Rome-ward, following the general track of contemporaneous mankind; weak remnant of Quadi was thereupon overpowered by Slavic populations, and their Country became Polish, which the eastern rim of it still essentially is. That was the end of the Quadi in those parts, says History. But they cannot speak nor appeal for themselves; History has them much at discretion. Rude burial urns, with a handful of ashes in them, have been dug up in different places; these are all the Archives and Histories the Quadi now have. It appears their name signifies *Wicked.*

They are those poor Quadi (*Wicked People*) who always go along with the Marcomanni (*Marchmen*), in the beadroll Histories one reads; and I almost guess they must have been of the same stock: 'Wickeds and Borderers;' considered, on both sides of the Border, to belong to the Dangerous Classes in those times. Two things are certain: First, *quad* and its derivatives have, to this day, in the speech of rustic Germans, something of that meaning,—'nefarious,' at least 'injurious,' 'hateful, and to be avoided': for example, *quad*del, 'a nettle-burn'; *quet*schen, 'to smash' (say, your thumb while hammering); etc. etc. And then a second thing: The Polish equivalent word is *Zle* (Büsching says *Zlezi*); hence *Zle*zien, *Schle*sien, meaning merely *Bad*land, *Quad*land, what we might call *Damag*itia, or Country where you get into Trouble. That is the etymology, or what passes for such. As to the History of Schlesien, hitherwards of these burial urns dug up in different places, I notice, as not yet entirely buriable, Three Epochs.

First Epoch; Christianity: A.D. 966. Introduction of Christianity; to the length of founding a Bishoprick that year, so hopeful were the aspects; 'Bishoprick of Schmoger' (Sch*mag*ram, dim little Village still discoverable on the Polish frontier, not far from the Town of Namslau); Bishoprick which, after one removal farther inward, got across the Oder, to '*Wratislav*,' which we now call Breslau; and sticks there, as Bishoprick of Breslau, to this day. Year 966: it was in Adalbert, our Prussian Saint and Missionary's younger time. Preaching, by zealous Polacks, must have been going on, while Adalbert, Bright in Nobleness, was studying at Magdeburg, and ripening for high things in the general estimation. This was a new gift from the Polacks, this of Christianity; an infinitely more important one than that nickname of '*Zlezien*,' or '*Damag*itia,' stuck upon the poor Country, had been.

Second Epoch; Get gradually cut loose from Poland: A.D. 1139-1159. Twenty years of great trouble in Poland, which were of lasting benefit to Schlesien. In 1139 the Polack King, a very potent Majesty whom we could name but do not, died; and left his Dominions shared by punctual bequest among his five sons. Punctual bequest did avail: but the eldest Son (who was King, and had Schlesien with much else to his share) began to encroach, to grasp; upon which the others rose upon him, flung him out into exile; redivided; and hoped now they might have quiet.

13th-16th Dec. 1740]

Hoped, but were disappointed; and could come to no sure bargain for the next twenty years,—not till 'the eldest brother,' first author of these strifes, 'died an exile in Holstein,' or was just about dying, and had agreed to take Schlesien for all claims, and be quiet thenceforth.

His, this eldest's, Three Sons did accordingly, in 1159, get Schlesien instead of him; their uncles proving honourable. Schlesien thereby was happy enough to get cut loose from Poland, and to continue loose; steering a course of its own;—parting farther and farther from Poland and its habits and fortunes. These Three Sons, of the late Polish Majesty who died in exile in Holstein, are the 'Piast Dukes,' much talked of in Silesian Histories: of whose merits I specify this only, That they so soon as possible strove to be German. They were Progenitors of all the 'Piast Dukes,' Proprietors of Schlesien thenceforth, till the last of them died-out in 1675,—and a certain *Erbverbrüderung* they had entered into could not take effect at that time. Their merits as Sovereign Dukes seem to have been considerable; a certain piety, wisdom and nobleness of mind not rare among them; and no doubt it was partly their merit, if partly also their good luck, that they took to Germany, and leant thitherward; steering looser and looser from Poland, in their new circumstances. They themselves by degrees became altogether German; their Countries, by silent immigration, introduction of the arts, the composures and sobrieties, became essentially so. On the eastern rim there is still a Polack remnant, its territories very sandy, its condition very bad; remnant which surely ought to cease its Polack jargon, and learn some dialect of intelligible Teutsch, as the first condition of improvement. In all other parts Teutsch reigns; and Schlesien is a green abundant Country; full of metallurgy, damask-weaving, grain-husbandry,—instead of gasconade, gilt anarchy, rags, dirt, and *Nie Poxwalam*.

A.D. 1327; *Get completely cut loose.* The Piast Dukes, who soon ceased to be Polish, and hung rather upon Bohemia, and thereby upon Germany, made a great step in that direction, when King Johann, old *Ich-Dien* whom we ought to recollect, persuaded most of them, all of them but two, '*pretio ac prece*,' to become Feudatories (Quasi-Feudatories, but of a sovereign sort) to his Crown of Bohemia. The two who stood out, resisting prayer and price, were the Duke of Jauer and the Duke of Schweidnitz,—lofty-minded gentlemen, perhaps a thought too lofty. But these also Johann's son, little Kaiser Karl IV., 'marrying their heiress,' contrived to bring in;—one fruitful adventure of little Karl's, among the many wasteful he made, in the German Reich. Schlesien is henceforth a bit of the Kingdom of Bohemia; indissolubly hooked to Germany; and its progress in the arts and composures, under wise Piasts with immigrating Germans, we guess to have become doubly rapid.[1]

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, viii. 725; Hübner, t. 94.

Third Epoch; Adopt the Reformation: A.D. 1414-1517. Schlesien, hanging to Bohemia in this manner, extensively adopted Huss's doctrines; still more extensively Luther's; and that was a difficult element in its lot, though, I believe, an unspeakably precious one. It cost above a Century of sad tumults, Zisca Wars; nay, above Two Centuries, including the sad Thirty-years War;—which miseries, in Bohemia Proper, were sometimes very sad and even horrible. But Schlesien, the outlying Country, did, in all this, suffer less than Bohemia Proper; and did *not* lose its Evangelical Doctrine in result, as unfortunate Bohemia did, and sink into sluttish 'fanatical torpor, and big Crucifixes of japanned Tin by the wayside,' though in the course of subsequent years, named of Peace, it was near doing so. Here are the steps, in that latter direction:

A.D. 1537. Occurred, as we know, the *Erbverbrüderung*; Duke of Liegnitz, and of other extensive heritages, making Deed of Brotherhood with Kur-Brandenburg;—Deed forbidden, and so far as might be, rubbed-out and annihilated by the then King of Bohemia, subsequently Kaiser Ferdinand I., Karl V.'s Brother. Duke of Liegnitz had to give-up his parchments, and become zero in that matter: Kur-Brandenburg entirely refused to do so; kept his parchments, to see if they would not turn to something.

A.D. 1624. Schlesien, especially the then Duke of Liegnitz (great-grandson of the *Erbverbrüderung* one), and poor Johann George, Duke of Jägerndorf, cadet of the then Kur-Brandenburg, went warmly ahead into the Winter-King project, first fire of the Thirty-years War; sufferings from Papal encroachment, in high quarters, being really extreme. Warmly ahead; and had to smart sharply for it;—poor Johann George with forfeiture of Jägerndorf, with *Reiches-Acht* (Ban of the Empire), and total ruin; fighting against which he soon died. Act of Ban and Forfeiture was done tyrannously, said most men; and it was persisted in equally so, till men ceased speaking of it;—Jägerndorf Duchy, fruit of the Act, was held by Austria, ever after, in defiance of the Laws of the Reich. Religious Oppression lay heavy on Protestant Schlesien thenceforth; and many lukewarm individualities were brought back to Orthodoxy by that method, successful in the diligent skilled hands of Jesuit Reverend Fathers, with fiscals and soldiers in the rear of them.

A.D. 1648. Treaty of Westphalia mended much of this, and set fair limits to Papist encroachment;—had said Treaty been kept: but how could it? By Orthodox Authority, anxious to recover lost souls, or at least to have loyal subjects, it was publicly kept in name; and tacitly, in substance, it was violated more and more. Of the 'Blossoming of Silesian Literature,' spoken of in Books; of the Poet Opitz, Poets Logau, Hoffmannswaldau, who burst into a kind of Song better or worse

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at this Period, we will remember nothing; but request the reader to remember it, if he is tunefully given, or thinks it a good symptom of Schlesien.

A.D. 1707. Treaty of Altranstadt: between Kaiser Joseph I. and Karl XII. Swedish Karl, marching through those parts,—out of Poland, in chase of August the Physically Strong, towards Saxony, there to beat him soft,—was waited upon by Silesian Deputations of a lamentable nature; was entreated, for the love of Christ and His Evangel, to 'Protect us poor Protestants, and get the Treaty of Westphalia observed in our behalf, and fair-play shown!' Which Karl did; Kaiser Joseph, with such weight of French War lying on him, being much struck with the tone of that dangerous Swede. The Pope rebuked Kaiser Joseph for such compliance in the Silesian matter: 'Holy Father,' answered this Kaiser (not of distinguished orthodoxy in the House), 'I am too glad he did not ask me to become Lutheran; I know not how I should have helped myself!'[1]

These are the Three Epochs;—most things, in respect of this Third or Reformation Epoch, stepping steadily downward hitherto. As to the Fourth Epoch, dating '13th Dec. 1740,' which continues, up to our day and farther, and is the final and crowning Epoch of Silesian History,—read in the following Chapters.

CHAPTER II

FRIEDRICH MARCHES ON GLOGAU

AT what hour Friedrich ceased dancing on that famous Ball-night of Bielfeld's, and how long he slept after, or whether at all, no Bielfeld even mythically says: but next morning, as is patent to all the world, Tuesday 13th December 1740, at the stroke of nine, he steps into his

[1] Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte* (viii. 298-592); Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung* (viii. 700-739); etc.—Heinrich Wuttke, *Friedrichs des Grossen Besitzergreifung von Schlesien* (Seizure of Silesia by Friedrich, 2 voll. Leipzig, 1843), I mention only lest ingenuous readers should be tempted by the Title to buy it. Wuttke begins at the Creation of the World; and having, in two heavy volumes, at last struggled down close *to* the *Besitzergreifung* or Seizure in question, calls halt; and stands (at ease, we will hope) immovably there for the seventeen years since.

carriage; and with small escort rolls away towards Frankfurt-on-Oder;[1] out upon an Enterprise which will have results for himself and others.

Two youngish military men, Adjutant-Generals both, were with him, Wartensleben, Borck; both once fellow Captains in the Potsdam Giants, and much in his intimacy ever since. Wartensleben we once saw at Brunswick, on a Masonic occasion; Borck, whom we here see for the first time, is not the Colonel Borck (properly Major-General) who did the Herstal Operation lately; still less is he the venerable old Minister, Marlborough Veteran, and now Field-Marshal Borck, whom Hotham treated with, on a certain occasion. There are numerous Borcks always in the King's service; nor are these three, except by loose cousinry, related to one another. The Borcks all come from Stettin quarter; a brave kindred, and old enough,—'Old as the Devil, *Das ist so old als de Borcken und de Düwel*,' says the Pomeranian Proverb;—the Adjutant-General, a junior member of the clan, chances to be the notablest of them at this moment. Wartensleben, Borck, and a certain Colonel von der Golz, whom also the King much esteems, these are his company on this drive. For escort, or guard of honour out of Berlin to the next stages, there is a small body of Hussars, Lifeguard and other Cavalry, 'perhaps 500 horse in all.'

They drive rapidly, through the gray winter; reach Frankfurt-on-Oder, sixty miles or more; where no doubt there is military business waiting. They are forward, on the morrow, for dinner, forty miles farther, at a small Town called Crossen, which looks over into Silesia; and is, for the present, headquarters to a Prussian Army, standing ready there and in the environs. Standing ready, or hourly marching in, and rendezvousing; now about 28,000 strong, horse and foot. A Rearguard of Ten or Twelve Thousand will march from Berlin in two days, pause hereabouts, and follow according to circumstances: Prussian Army will then be some 40,000 in

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 452; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 456.

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all. Schwerin has been Commander, manager and mainspring of the business hitherto: henceforth it is to be the King; but Schwerin under him will still have a Division of his own.

Among the Regiments, we notice 'Schulenburg Horse-Grenadiers,'—come along from Landsberg hither, these Horse-Grenadiers, with little Schulenburg at the head of them;—'Dragoon Regiment Bayreuth,' 'Lifeguard Carbineers,' 'Derschau of Foot'; and other Regiments and figures slightly known to us, or that will be better known.[1] Rearguard, just getting under way at Berlin, has for leaders the Prince of Holstein-Beck ('Holstein-*Vaisselle*,' say wags, since the Principality went all to *Silver-Plate*) and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, whom we called the Young Dessauer, on the Strasburg Journey lately: Rearguard, we say, is of 12,000; main Army is 28,000; Horse and Foot are in the proportion of about 1 to 3. Artillery 'consists of 20 three-pounders; 4 twelve-pounders; 4 howitzers (*Haubitzen*); 4 big mortars, calibre fifty-pounds; and of Artillerymen 166 in all.

With this Force the young King has, on his own basis (pretty much in spite of all the world, as we find now and afterwards), determined to invade Silesia, and lay hold of the Property he has long had there;—not computing, for none can compute, the sleeping whirlwinds he may chance to awaken thereby. Thus lightly does a man enter upon Enterprises which prove unexpectedly momentous, and shape the whole remainder of his days for him; crossing the Rubicon as it were in his sleep. In Life, as on Railways at certain points,—whether you know it or not, there is but an inch, this way or that, into what tram you are shunted; but try to get out of it again! 'The man is mad, *cet homme-là est fol!*' said Louis XV. when he heard it.[2]

[1] List in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 453.

[2] Raumer, *Beyträge* (English Translation, called *Frederick II. and his Times; from British Museum and State-Paper Office;*—a very indistinct poor Book, in comparison with what it might have been), p. 73 (24th Dec. 1740).

Friedrich at Crossen, and still in his own Territory, 14th-16th Dec.;—steps into Schlesien

At all events, the man means to try;—and is here dining at Crossen, noon of Wednesday the 14th; certain important persons,—especially two Silesian Gentlemen, deputed from Grünberg, the nearest Silesian Town, who have come across the border on business,—having the honour to dine with him. To whom his manner is lively and affable; lively in mood, as if there lay no load upon his spirits. The business of these two Silesian Gentlemen, a Baron von Hocke one of them, a Baron von Kestlitz the other, was To present, on the part of the Town and Amt of Grünberg, a solemn Protest against this meditated entrance on the Territory of Schlesien; Government itself, from Breslau, ordering them to do so. Protest was duly presented; Friedrich, as his manner is, and continues to be on his march, glances politely into or at the Protest; hands it, in silence, to some page or secretary to deposit in the due pigeon-hole or waste-basket; and invites the two Silesian Gentlemen to dine with him; as, we see, they have the honour to do. 'He (*Er*) lives near Grünberg, then, Mein Herr von Hocke?' 'Close to it, *Ihro Majestät.* My poor mansion, Schloss of Deutsch-Kessel, is some fifteen miles hence; how infinitely at your Majesty's service, should the march prove inevitable, and go that way!'—'Well, perhaps!' I find Friedrich did dine, the second day hence, with one of these Gentlemen; and lodged with the other. Government at Breslau has ordered such Protest, on the part of the Frontier populations and Official persons: and this is all that comes of it.

During these hours, it chanced that the big Bell of Crossen dropped from its steeple,—fulness of time, or entire rottenness of axletree, being at last completed, at this fateful moment. Perhaps an ominous thing? Friedrich, as Cæsar and others have done, cheerfully interprets the omen to his

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own advantage: 'Sign that the High is to be brought low!' says Friedrich. Were the march-routes, wagon-trains, and multifarious adjustments perfect to the last item here at Crossen, he will with much cheerfulness step into Silesia, independent of all Grünberg Protests and fallen Bells.

On the second day he does actually cross; 'the regiments marching in, at different points; some reaching as far as 25 miles in.' It is Friday 16th Dec. 1740; there has a game begun which will last long! They went through the Village of Läsgen; that was the first point of Silesian ground ('Circle of Schwiebus,' our old friend, is on the left near by); and 'Schwerin's Regiment was the foremost.' Others cross more to the left or right; 'marching through the Village of Lessen,' and other dim Villages and little Towns, round and beyond Grünberg; all regiments and divisions bearing upon Grünberg and the Great Road; but artistically portioned out,—several miles in breadth (for the sake of quarters), and, as is generally the rule, about a day's march in length. This evening nearly the whole Army was on Silesian ground.

Printed 'Patent' or Proclamation, briefly assuring all Silesians, of whatever rank, condition or religion, 'That we have come as friends to them, and will protect all persons in their privileges, and molest no peaceable mortal,' is posted on Church-doors, and extensively distributed by hand. Soldiers are forbidden, 'under penalty of the rods,' Officers under that of 'cassation with infamy,' to take anything, without first bargaining and paying ready-money for it. On these terms the Silesian villages cheerfully enough accept their new guests, interesting to the rural mind; and though the billeting was rather heavy, 'as many as 24 soldiers to a common Farmer (*Gärtner*),' no complaints were made. In one Schloss, where the owners had fled, and no human response was to be had by the wayworn soldiery, there did occur some breakages and impatient kickings about; which it grieved his Majesty to hear of, next morning;—in one, not in more.

Official persons, we perceive, study to be absolutely passive.

This was the Bürgermeister's course at Grünberg tonight; Grünberg, first Town on the Frontier, sets an example of passivity which cannot be surpassed. Prussian troops being at the Gate of Grünberg, Bürgermeister and adjuncts sitting in a tacit expectant condition in their Townhall, there arrives a Prussian Lieutenant requiring of the Bürgermeister the Key of said Gate. 'To deliver such Key? Would to God I durst, Mein Herr Lieutenant; but how dare I! There is the Key lying: but to *give* it—You are not the Queen of Hungary's Officer, I doubt?'—The Prussian Lieutenant has to put out hand, and take the Key; which he readily does. And on the morrow, in returning it, when the march recommences, there are the same phenomena: Bürgermeister or assistants dare not for the life of them touch that Key: It lay on the table; and may again, in the course of Providence, come to lie!—The Prussian Lieutenant lays it down accordingly, and hurries out, with a grin on his face. There was much small laughter over this transaction; Majesty himself laughing well at it. Higher perfection of passivity no Bürgermeister could show.

The march, as readers understand, is towards Glogau; a strongish Garrison Town, now some 40 miles ahead; the key of Northern Schlesien. Grünberg (where my readers once slept for the night, in the late King's time, though they have forgotten it) is the first and only considerable Town on the hither side of Glogau. On to Glogau, I rather perceive, the Army is in good part provisioned before starting: after Glogau,—we must see. Bread-wagons, Baggage-wagons, Ammunition-and-Artillery wagons, all is in order; Army artistically portioned out. That is the form of march; with Glogau ahead. King, as we said above, dines with his Baron von Hocke, at the Schloss of Deutsch-Kessel, short way beyond Grünberg, this first day: but he by no means loiters there; —cuts across, a dozen miles westward, through a country where his vanguard on its various lines of march ought to be arriving;—and goes to lodge at the Schloss of Schweinitz,

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with his other Baron, the Von Kestlitz of Wednesday at Crossen.[1] This is Friday 16th December, his first night on Silesian ground.

What Glogau, and the Government at Breslau, did upon it

Silesia, in the way of resistance, is not in the least prepared for him. A month ago, there were not above 3,000 Austrian Foot and 600 Horse in the whole Province: neither the military Governor Count Wallis, nor the Imperial Court, nor any Official Person near or far, had the least anticipation of such a Visit. Count Wallis, who commands in Glogau, did in person, nine or ten days ago, as the rumours rose ever higher, run over to Crossen; saw with his eyes the undeniable there; and has been zealously endeavouring ever since, what *he* could, to take measures. Wallis is now shut in Glogau; his second, the now Acting Governor, General Browne, a still more reflective man, is doing likewise his utmost; but on forlorn terms, and without the least guidance from Court. Browne has, by violent industry, raked together, from Mähren and the neighbouring countries, certain fractions which raise his Force to 7,000 Foot: these he throws, in small parties, into the defensible points; or, in larger, into the Chief Garrisons. New Cavalry he cannot get; the old 600 Horse he keeps for himself, all the marching Army he has.[2]

Fain would he get possession of Breslau, and throw-in some garrison there; but cannot. Neither he nor Wallis could compass that. Breslau is a City divided against itself, on this matter; full of emotions, of expectations, apprehensions for and against. There is a Supreme Silesian Government (*Ober-Amt*, 'Head-Office,' kind of Austrian Vice-Royalty) in Breslau; and there is, on Breslau's own score, a Town-Rath; strictly Catholic both these, Vienna the breath of their nostrils. But

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 459.

[2] Particulars in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 465; total of Austrian Force seems to be 7,800 horse and foot.

then also there are forty-four Incorporated Trades; Oppressed-Protestant in majority; to whom Vienna is not breath, but rather the want of it. Lastly, the City calls itself Free; and has crabbed privileges still valid; a '*jus præsidii*' (or right to be one's own garrison) one of them, and the most inconvenient just now. Breslau is a *Reichs-Stadt*; in theory, sovereign member of the Reich, and supreme over its own affairs, even as Austria itself:—and the truth is, old Theory and new Fact, resolved not to quarrel, have lapsed into one another's arms in a quite inextricable way, in Breslau as elsewhere! With a Head Government which can get no orders from Vienna, the very Town-Rath has little alacrity, inclines rather to passivity like Grünberg; and a silent population threatens to become vocal if you press upon it.

Breslau, that is to say the *Ober-Amt* there, has sent courier on courier to Vienna for weeks past: not even an answer;—what can Vienna answer, with Kur-Baiern and others threatening war on it, and only 10,000*l.* in its National Purse? Answer at last is, 'Don't bother! Danger is not so near. Why spend money on couriers, and get into such a taking?' General Wallis came to Breslau, after what he had seen at Crossen; and urged strongly, in the name of self-preservation, first law of Nature, to get an Austrian real Garrison introduced; wished much (horrible to think of!) 'the suburbs should be burnt, and better ramparts raised': but could not succeed in any of these points, nor even mention some of them in a public manner. 'You shall have a Protestant for commandant,' suggested Wallis; 'there is Count von Roth, Silesian-Lutheran, an excellent Soldier!'—'Thanks,' answered they, 'we can defend ourselves; we had rather not have any!' And the Breslau Burghers have, accordingly, set to drill themselves; are bringing out old cannon in quantity; repairing breaches; very strict in sentry-work: 'Perfectly able to defend our City,—so far as we see good!'—Tuesday last, December 13th (the very day Friedrich left Berlin), as this matter of the Garrison, long urged by the Ober-Amt, had at last been

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got agreed to by the Town-Rath, 'on proviso of consulting the Incorporated Trades,' or at least consulting their Guild-Masters, who are usually a silent folk,—the Guild-Masters suddenly became in part vocal; and their Forty-four Guilds unusually so:—and there was tumult in Breslau, in the Salz-Ring (big central Square or marketplace, which they call *Ring*) such as had not been; idle population, and guild-brethren of suspicious humour, gathering in multitudes into and round the fine old Townhall there; questioning, answering, in louder and louder key; at last bellowing quite in alt; and on the edge of flaming into one knew not what:[1]—till the matter of Austrian Garrison (much more, of burning the suburbs!) had to be dropt; settled in what way we see.

Head Government (*Ober-Amt*) has, through its Northern-official people, sent Protest, strict order to the Silesian Population to look sour on the Prussians:—and we saw, in consequence, the Two Silesian Gentlemen did dine with Friedrich, and he has returned their visits; and the Mayor of Grünberg would not touch his keys. Head Government is now redacting a 'Patent,' or still more solemn Protest of its own; which likewise it will affix in the Salz-Ring here, and present to King Friedrich: and this,—except 'despatching by boat down the river a great deal of meal to Glogau,' which was an important quiet thing, of Wallis's enforcing,—is pretty much all it can do. No Austrian Garrison can be got in ('Perfectly able to defend ourselves!')—let Government and Wallis or Browne contrive as they may. And as to burning the suburbs, better not whisper of that again. Breslau feels, or would fain feel itself 'perfectly able';—has at any rate no wish to be bombarded; and contains privately a great deal of Protestant humour. Of all which, Friedrich, it is not doubted, has notice more or less distinct; and quickens his march the more.

General Browne is at present in the Southern parts; an able active man and soldier; but with such a force what can

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 469.

he attempt to do? There are three strong places in the Country, Glogau, then Brieg, both on the Oder river; lastly Neisse, on the Neisse river, a branch of the Oder (one of the *four* Neisse rivers there are in Germany, mostly in Silesia,—not handy to the accurate reader of German Books). Browne is in Neisse; and will start into a strange stare when the flying post reaches him: Prussians actually on march! Debate with them, if debate there is to be, Browne himself must contrive to do; from Breslau, from Vienna, no Government Supreme or Subordinate can yield his 8,000 and him the least help.

Glogau, as we saw, means to defend itself; at least, General Wallis the Commandant does, in spite of the Glogau public; and is, with his whole might, digging, palisading, getting-in meal, salt meat and other provender;—likewise burning suburbs, uncontrollable he, in the small place; and clearing down the outside edifices and shelters, at a diligent rate. Yesterday, 15th December, he burnt-down the 'three Oder-Mills, which lie outside, the big suburban Tavern, also the *Ziegel-Scheune* (Tile Manufactory),' and other valuable buildings, careless of public lamentation,—fire catching the Town itself, and needing to be quenched again.[1] Nay, he was clear for burning-down, or blowing-up, the Protestant Church, indispensable sacred edifice which stands outside the walls: 'Prussians will make a blockhouse of it!' said Wallis. A chief Protestant, Baron von Something, begged passionately for only twelve hours of respite,—to lay the case before his Prussian Majesty. Respite conceded, he and another chief Protestant had posted off accordingly; and did the next morning (Friday 16th), short way from Crossen, meet his Majesty's carriage; who graciously pulled-up for a few instants, and listened to their story. '*Meine Herren*, you are the first that ask a favour of me on Silesian ground; it shall be done you!' said the King; and straightway despatched, in polite

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 473-5.

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style, his written request to Wallis, engaging to make no military use whatever of said Church, 'but to attack by the other side, if attack were necessary.' Thus his Majesty saved the Church of Glogau; which of course was a popular act. Getting to see this Church himself a few days hence, he said, 'Why, it must come down at any rate, and be rebuilt; so ugly a thing!'

Wallis is making strenuous preparation; forces the inhabitants, even the upper kinds of them, to labour day and night by relays, in his rampartings, palisadings; is for burning all the adjacent Villages,—and would have done it, had not the peasants themselves turned out in a dangerous state of mind. He has got together about 1,000 men. His powder, they say, is fifty years old; but he has eatable provender from Breslau, and means to hold-out to the utmost. Readers must admit that the Austrian military, Graf von Wallis to begin with,—still more, General Browne, who is a younger man and has now the head charge,—behave well in their present forsaken condition. Wallis (Graf *Franz Wenzel* this one, not to be confounded with an older Wallis heard of in the late Turk War) is of Scotch descent,—as all these Wallises are; 'came to Austria long generations ago; *Reichsgrafs* since 1612:'—Browne is of Irish; age now thirty-five, ten years younger than Wallis. Read this Note on the distinguished Browne:

'A German-Irish Gentleman, this General (ultimately Fieldmarshal) Graf von Browne; one of those sad exiled Irish Jacobites, or sons of Jacobites, who are fighting in foreign armies; able and notable men several of them, and this Browne considerably the most so. We shall meet him repeatedly within the next eighteen years. Maximilian-Ulysses Graf von Browne: I said he was born German; Basel his birthplace (23d October 1705), Father also a soldier: he must not be confounded with a contemporary Cousin of his, who is also "Fieldmarshal Browne," but serves in Russia, Governor of Riga for a long time in the coming years. This Austrian General, Fieldmarshal Browne, will by and by concern us somewhat; and the reader may take note of him.

'Who the Irish Brothers Browne, the Fathers of these Marshals

Browne, were? I have looked in what Irish Peerages and printed Records there were, but without the least result. One big dropsical Book, of languid quality, called *King James's Irish Army-List*, has multitudes of Brownes and others, in an indistinct form; but the one Browne wanted, the one Lacy, almost the one Lally, like the part of *Hamlet*, are omitted. There are so many Irish in the like case with these Brownes. A Lacy we once slightly saw or heard of; busy in the Polish-Election time,—besieging Dantzig (investing Dantzig, that Münnich might besiege it);—that Lacy, "Governor of Riga," whom the *Russian* Browne will succeed, is also Irish: a conspicuous Russian man; and will have a Son Lacy, conspicuous among the Austrians. Maguires, Ogilvies (of the Irish stock), Lieutenants "Fitzgeral"; very many Irish; and there is not the least distinct account to be had of any of them.'[1]

Let us attend his Majesty on the next few marches towards Glogau, to see the manner of the thing a little; after which it will behove us to be much more summary, and stick by the main incidents.

March to Weichau (Saturday 17th, and stay Sunday there); to Milkau (Monday 19th); get to Herrendorf, within sight of Glogau, Dec. 22d

Friedrich's march proceeds with speed and regularity. Strict discipline is maintained; all things paid for, damage carefully avoided: 'We come, not as invasive enemies of you

[1] For *Browne* see 'Anonymous of Hamburg' (so I have had to label a J.F.S. *Geschichte des etc.*—in fact, History of Seven-Years War, in successive volumes, done chiefly by the scissors; Leipzig and Frankfurt, 1759 et seqq.), i. 123-131 *n.*: elaborate Note of eight pages there; intimating withal that he, J.F.S, wrote the '*Life of Browne*,' a Book I had in vain sought for; and can now guess to consist of those same elaborate eight pages, *plus* water and lathering to the due amount. Anonymous 'of Hamburg' I call my J.F.S.,—having fished him out of the dust-abysses in that City: a very poor take; yet worth citing sometimes, being authentic, as even the darkest Germans generally are.—For a glimpse of *Lacy* (the Elder Lacy) see Büsching, *Beyträge*, vi. 162.—For *Wallis* (tombstone Note on Wallis) see (among others who are copious in that kind of article, and keep large *sacks* of it, in admired disorder) Anonymous Seyfarth, *Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1784-1788), i. 112 *n.*; and Anonymous, *Leben der etc. Maria Theresia* (Leipzig, 1781), 27 *n.*: laboriously authentic Books both; essentially *Dictionaries*,—stuffed as into a row of blind *sacks*.

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or of the Queen of Hungary, but as protective friends of Silesia and of her Majesty's rights there;—her Majesty once allowing us (as it is presumable she will) our own rights in this Province, no man shall meddle with hers, while we continue here.' To that effect runs the little 'Patent,' or initiatory Proclamation, extensively handed out, and posted in public places, as was said above; and the practice is conformable.

To all men, coming with Protests or otherwise, we perceive, the young King is politeness itself; giving clear answer, and promise which will be kept, on the above principle. Nothing angers him except that gentlemen should disbelieve, and run away. That a mansion be found deserted by its owners, is the one evil omen for such mansion. Thus, at the Schloss of Weichau (which is still discoverable on the Map,* across the 'Black Ochel' and the 'White,' muddy streams which saunter eastwards towards the Oder there, nothing yet running westward for the Bober, our other limitary river), next night after Schweinitz, second night in Silesia, there was no Owner to be met with; and the look of his Majesty grew *finster* (dark); remembering what had passed yesternight, in like case, at that other Schloss from which the owner with his best portable furniture had vanished. At which Schloss, as above noticed, some disorders were committed by angry parties of the march;—doors burst open (doors standing impudently dumb to the rational proposals made them!), inferior remainders of furniture smashed into firewood, and the like,—no doubt to his Majesty's vexation. Here at Weichau stricter measures were taken: and yet difficulties, risks were not wanting; and the *Amtmann* (Steward of the place) got pulled about, and once even a stroke or two. Happily the young Herr of Weichau appeared in person on the morrow, hearing his Majesty was still there: 'Papa is old; lives at another Schloss; could not wait upon your Majesty; nor, till now, could I have that honour.'—'Well; lucky that you have

* At end of this Volume.

come: stay dinner!' Which the young Count did, and drove home in the evening to reassure Papa; his Majesty continuing there another night, and the risk over.[1]

This day, Sunday 18th, the Army rests; their first Sunday in Silesia, while the young Count pays his devoir: and here in Weichau, as elsewhere, it is in the Church, Catholic nearly always, that the Heretic Army does its devotions, safe from weather at least: such the Royal Order, they say; which is taken note of, by the Heterodox and by the Orthodox. And ever henceforth, this is the example followed; and in all places where there is no Protestant Church and the Catholics have one, the Prussian Army-Chaplain assembles his buff-belted audience in the latter: 'No offence, Reverend Fathers, but there are hours for us, and hours for you; and such is the King's Order.' There is regular divine-service in this Prussian Army; and even a good deal of inarticulate religion, as one may see on examining.

Country Gentlemen, Town Mayors and other Civic Authorities, soon learn that on these terms they are safe with his Majesty; march after march he has interviews with such, to regulate the supplies, the necessities and accidents of the quartering of his Troops. Clear, frank, open to reasonable representation, correct to his promise; in fact industriously conciliatory and pacificatory: such is Friedrich to all Silesian men. Provincial Authorities, who can get no instructions from Headquarters; Vienna saying nothing, Breslau nothing, and Deputy-Governor Browne being far south in Neisse, —are naturally in difficulties: How shall they act? Best not to act at all, if one can help it; and follow the Mayor of Grünberg's unsurpassable pattern!—

'These Silesians,' says an Excerpt I have made, 'are still in majority Protestant; especially in this Northern portion of the Province; they have had to suffer much on that and other scores; and are secretly or openly in favour of the Prussians. Official persons, all of the Catholic creed, have leant heavy, not always conscious of doing it, against Pro-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 459.

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testant rights. The Jesuits, consciously enough, have been and are busy with them; intent to recall a Heretic Population by all methods, fair and unfair. We heard of Charles XII.'s interference, three-and-thirty years ago; and how the Kaiser, hard bestead at that time, had to profess repentance and engage for complete amendment. Amendment did, for the moment, accordingly take place. Treaty of Westphalia in all its stipulations, with precautionary improvements, was reënacted as Treaty of Altranstadt; with faithful intention of keeping it too, on Kaiser Joseph's part, who was not a superstitious man: "Holy Father, I was too glad he did not demand my own conversion to the Protestant Heresy, bestead as I am,—with Louis Quatorze and Company upon the neck of me!" Some improvement of performance, very marked at first, did ensue upon this Altranstadt Treaty. But the sternly accurate Karl of Sweden soon disappeared from the scene; Kaiser Joseph of Austria soon disappeared; and his Brother, Karl VI., was a much more orthodox person.

'The Austrian Government, and Kaiser Karl's in particular, is not to be called an intentionally unjust one; the contrary, I rather find; but it is, beyond others, ponderous; based broad on such multiplex formalities, old habitudes; and *gravitation* has a great power over it. In brief, Official human nature, with the best of Kaisers atop, flagitated continually by Jesuit Confessors, does throw its weight on a certain side:—the sad fact is, in a few years the brightness of that Altranstadt improvement began to wax dim; and now, under long Jesuit manipulation, Silesian things are nearly at their old pass; and the patience of men is heavily laden. To see your Chapel made a Soldiers' Barrack, your Protestant School become a Jesuit one,—Men did not then think of revolting under injuries; but the poor Silesian weaver, trudging twenty miles for his Sunday sermon; and perceiving that, unless their Mother could teach the art of reading, his boys, except under soul's peril, would now never learn it: such a Silesian could not want for reflections. Voiceless, hopeless, but heavy; and dwelling secretly, as under nightmare, in a million hearts. Austrian Officiality, wilfully unjust, or not wilfully so, is admitted to be in a most heavy-footed condition; can administer nothing well. Good Government in any kind is not known here: Possibly the Prussian will be better; who can say?

'The secret joy of these populations, as Friedrich advances among them, becomes more and more a manifest one. Catholic Officials do not venture on any definite hope, or definite balance of hope and fear; but adopt the Mayor of Grünberg's course, and study to be passive and silent. The Jesuit-Priest kind are clear in their minds for Austria; but think, Perhaps Prussia itself will not prove very tyrannous? At all events, be silent; it is unsafe to stir. We notice generally, it is only in the Southern or Mountain regions of Silesia, where the Catholics are in

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majority, that the population is not ardently on the Prussian side. Passive, if they are on the other side; accurately passive at lowest, this it is prescribed all prudent men to be.'

On the 18th, while divine-service went on at Weichau, there was at Breslau another phenomenon observable. Provincial Government in Breslau had, at length, after intense study, and across such difficulties as we have no idea of, got its 'Patent,' or carefully-worded Protestation against Prussia, brought to paper; and does, this day, with considerable solemnity, affix it to the Rathhaus door there, for the perusal of mankind; despatching a Copy for his Prussian Majesty withal, by two Messengers of dignity. It has needed courage screwed to the sticking-place to venture on such a step, without instruction from Head-quarters; and the utmost powers of the Official mind have been taxed to couch this Document in language politely ambiguous, and yet strong enough;—too strong, some of us now think it. In any case, here it now is; Provincial Government's bolt, so to speak, is shot. The affixing took place under dark weather-symptoms; actual outburst of thunder and rain at the moment, not to speak of the other surer omens. So that, to the common mind at Breslau, it did not seem there would much fruit come of this difficult performance. Breslau is secretly a much-agitated City; and Prussian Hussar Parties, shooting forth to great distances ahead, were, this day for the first time, observed within sight of it.

And on the same Sunday we remark farther, what is still more important: Herr von Gotter, Friedrich's special Envoy to Vienna, has his first interview with the Queen of Hungary, or with Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen's Husband and Co-Regent; and presents there, from Friedrich's own hand, written we remember when, brief distinct Note of his Prussian Majesty's actual Proposals and real meaning in regard to this Silesian affair. Proposals anxiously conciliatory in tone, but the heavy purport of which is known to us: Gotter had been despatched, time enough, with these Proposals (written above

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a month ago); but was instructed not to arrive with them, till after the actual entrance into Silesia. And now the response to them is—? As good as nothing; perhaps worse. Let that suffice us at present. Readers, on march for Glogau, would grudge to pause over State-papers, though we shall have to read this of Friedrich's at some freer moment.

Monday 19th, before daybreak, the Army is astir again, simultaneously wending forward; spread over wide areas, like a vast cloud (potential thunder in it) steadily advancing on the winds. Length of the Army, artistically portioned out, may be ten or fifteen miles, breadth already more, and growing more; Schwerin always on the right or western wing, close by the Bober River as yet, through Naumburg and the Towns on that side,—Liegnitz and other important Towns lying ahead for Schwerin, still farther apart from the main Body, were Glogau once settled.

So that the march is in Two Columns; Schwerin, with the westernmost small column, intending towards Liegnitz, and thence ever farther southward, with his right leaning on the high lands which rise more and more into mountains as you advance. Friedrich himself commands the other column, has his left upon the Oder, in a country mounting continually towards the South, but with less irregularity of level, and generally flat as yet. From beginning to end, the entire field of march lies between the Oder and its tributary the Bober; climbing slowly towards the sources of both. Which two rivers, as the reader may observe, form here a rectangular or trapezoidal space, ever widening as we go southward. Both rivers, coming from the Giant Mountains, hasten directly north; but Oder, bulging-out easterly in his sandy course, is obliged to turn fairly westward again; and at Glogau, and a good space farther, flows in that direction;—till once Bober strikes in, almost at right angles, carrying Oder with *him*, though he is but a branch, straight northward again. Northward, but ever slower, to the swollen Pommern regions, and sluggish exit into the Baltic there.

One of the worst features is the state of the weather. On Sunday, at Breslau, we noticed thunder bursting-out on an important occasion; 'ominous,' some men thought;—omen, for one thing, that the weather was breaking. At Weichau, that same day, rain began,—the young Herr of Weichau, driving home to Papa from dinner with Majesty, would get his share of it;—and on Monday 19th, there was such a pour of rain as kept most wayfarers, though it could not the Prussian Army, within doors. Rain in plunges, fallen and falling, through that blessed day; making roads into mere rivers of mud. The Prussian hosts marched on, all the same. Headquarters, with the van of the wet Army, that night, were at Milkau;—from which place we have a Note of Friedrich's for Friend Jordan, perhaps producible by and by. His Majesty lodged in some opulent Jesuit Establishment there. And indeed he continued there, not idle, under shelter, for a couple of days. The Jesuits, by their two head men, had welcomed him with their choicest smiles; to whom the King was very gracious, asking the two to dinner as usual, and styling them 'Your Reverence.' Willing to ingratiate himself with persons of interest in this Country; and likes talk, even with Jesuits of discernment.

On the morrow (20th), came to him, here at Milkau,—probably from some near stage, for the rain was pouring worse than ever,—that Breslau 'Patent,' or strongish Protestation, by its two Messengers of dignity. The King looked over it 'without visible anger' or change of countenance; 'handed it,' we expressly see, 'to a Page to reposit' in the proper waste-basket;—spoke politely to the two gentlemen; asked each or one of them, 'Are you of the Ober-Amt at Breslau, then?'—using the style of *Er* (He).—'No, your Majesty; we are only of the Land-Stände' (Provincial Parliament, such as it is). 'Upon which' (do you mark!) 'his Majesty became still more polite; asked them to dinner, and used the style of *Sie*.' For their *Patent*, now lying safe in its waste-basket, he gave them signed receipt; no other answer.

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Rain still heavier, rain as of Noah, continued through this Tuesday, and for days afterwards: but the Prussian hosts, hastening towards Glogau, marched still on. This Tuesday's march, for the rearward of the Army, 10,000 foot and 2,000 horse; march of ten hours long, from Weichau to the hamlet Milkau (where his Majesty sits busy and affable),—is thought to be the wettest on record. Waters all out, bridges down, the Country one wild lake of eddying mud. Up to the knee for many miles together; up to the middle for long spaces; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper, where your bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched through it, as if they had been slate or iron. Rank and file, nobody quitted his rank, nobody looked sour in the face; they took the pouring of the skies, and the red seas of terrestrial liquid, as matters that must be; cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches (tobacco, I consider, would not burn); and swashed unweariedly forward. Ten hours some of them were out, their march being twenty or twenty-five miles; ten to fifteen was the average distance come. Nor, singular to say, did any loss occur; except of *almost* one poor Army-Chaplain, and altogether of one poor Soldier's Wife;—sank dangerously both of them, beyond redemption she, taking the wrong side of some bridge-parapet. Poor Soldier's Wife, she is not named to me at all; and has no history save this, and that 'she was of the regiment Bredow.' But I perceive she washed herself away in a World-Transaction; and there was one rough Bredower, who probably sat sad that night on getting to quarters. His Majesty surveyed the damp battalions on the morrow (21st), not without sympathy, not without satisfaction; allowed them a rest-day here at Milkau, to get dry and bright again; and gave them 'fifteen thalers a company,' which is about nine-pence a piece, with some words of praise.[1]

Next day, Thursday 22d, his Majesty and they marched on to Herrendorf; which is only five miles from Glogau, and

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 482.

near enough for Headquarters, in the now humour of the place. Wallis has his messenger at Herrendorf, 'Sorry to warn your Majesty, That if there be the least hostility committed, I shall have to resist it to the utmost.' Headquarters continue six days at Herrendorf, Army (main body, or left Column, of the Army) cantoned all round, till we consider what to do.

As to the right Column, or Schwerin's Division, that, after a rest-day or two, gathers itself into more complete separation here, tucking-in its eastern skirts; and gets on march again, by its own route. Steadily southward;—and from Liegnitz, and the upland Countries, there will be news of Schwerin and it before long. Rain ending, there ensued a ringing frost;—not favourable for Siege-operations on Glogau:—and Silesia became all of flinty glass, with white peaks to the South-west, whither Schwerin is gone.

CHAPTER III

PROBLEM OF GLOGAU

FRIEDRICH was over from Herrendorf with the first daylight, 'reconnoitring Glogau, and rode up to the very glacis'; scanning it on all sides.[1] Since Wallis is so resolute, here is an intricate little problem for Friedrich, with plenty of corollaries and conditions hanging to it. Shall we besiege Glogau, then? We have no siege-cannon here. Time presses, Breslau and all things in such crisis; and it will take time. By what methods *could* Glogau be besieged?—Readers can consider what a blind many-threaded coil of things, heaping itself here in wide welters round Glogau, and straggling to the world's end, Friedrich has on hand: probably those six days, of Headquarters at Herrendorf, were the busiest he had yet had.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 484.

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One thing is evident, there ought to be siege-cannon got straightway; and, still more immediate, the right posts and battering-places should be ready against its coming.—'Let the Young Dessauer with that Rearguard, or Reserve of 10,000, which is now at Crossen, come up and assist here,' orders Friedrich; 'and let him be swift, for the hours are pregnant!' On farther reflection, perhaps on new rumours from Breslau, Friedrich perceives that there can be no besieging of Glogau at this point of time; that the Reserve, Half of the Reserve, must be left to 'mask' it; to hold it in strict blockade, with starvation daily advancing as an ally to us, and with capture by bombardment possible when we like. That is the ultimate decision;—arrived at through a welter of dubieties, counterpoisings and perilous considerations, which we now take no account of. A most busy week; Friedrich incessantly in motion, now here now there; and a great deal of heavy work got well and rapidly done. The details of which, in these exuberant Manuscripts, would but weary the reader. Choosing of the proper posts and battering-places (post 'on the other side of the River,' 'on this side of it,' 'on the Island in the middle of it'), and obstinate entrenching and preparing of the same in spite of frost; 'wooden bridge built' farther up; with 'regulation of the river-boats, the Polish Ferry,' and much else: all this we omit; and will glance only at one pregnant point, by way of sample:

* * 'Most indispensable of all, the King has to provide Subsistences:—and enters now upon the new plan, which will have to be followed henceforth. The Provincial Chief-men (*Landes-Æltesten*, Land's-*Eldests*, their title) are summoned, from nine or ten Circles which are likely to be interested: they appear punctually and in numbers,—lest contumacy worsen the inevitable. King dines them, to start with; as many as "ninety-five covers,"—day not given, but probably one of the first in Herrendorf: not Christmas itself, one hopes!

'Dinner done, the ninety-five Land's-Eldest are instructed by proper parties, What the Infantry's ration is, in meat, in bread, exact to the ounce; what the Cavalry's is, and that of the Cavalry's Horse. Tabular

statement, succinct, correct, clear to the simplest capacity, shows what quotities of men on foot, and of men on horseback, or men with draught-cattle, will march through their respective Circles; Land's-Eldests conclude what amount of meal and butcher's-meat it will be indispensable to have in readiness;—what Land's-Eldest can deny the fact? These Papers still exist, at least the long-winded Summary of them does: and I own the reading of it far less insupportable than that of the mountains of Proclamatory, Manifesto and Diplomatic matter. Nay, it leaves a certain wholesome impression on the mind, as of business thoroughly well done; and a matter, capable, if left in the chaotic state, of running to all manner of depths and heights, compendiously forced to become cosmic in this manner.

'These Land's-Eldest undertake, in a mildly resigned or even hopeful humour. They will manage as required in their own Circles; will communicate with the Circles farther on; and everywhere the due proviants, prestations, furtherances, shall be got together by fair apportionment on the Silesian Community, and be punctually ready as the Army advances. Book-keeping there is to be, legible record of everything; on all hands "quittance" for everything furnished: and a time is coming, when such quittance, presented by any Silesian man, will be counted money paid by him, and remitted at the next tax-day, or otherwise made good. Which promise also was accurately kept, the hoped-for time having come. It must be owned the Prussian Army understands business; and, with brevity, reduces to a minimum its own trouble, and that of other people, non-fighters, who have to do with it. Non-fighters, I say; to fighters we hope it will give a respectable maximum of trouble when applied to!'[1]

The Gotter Negotiation at Vienna, which we saw begin there that wet Sunday, is now fast ending, as good as ended; without result except of a negative kind. Gotter's Proposals,—would the reader wish to hear these Proposals, which were so intensely interesting at one time? They are fivefold; given with great brevity by Friedrich, by us with still greater:

1°. 'Will fling myself heartily into the Austrian scale, and endeavour for the interest of Austria in this Pragmatic matter, with my whole strength against every comer.

2°. 'Will make treaty with Vienna, with Russia and the Sea-Powers, to that effect.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 492-499.

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3°. 'Will help by vote, and with whole amount of interest will endeavour, to have Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen's Husband, chosen Kaiser; and to maintain such choice against all and sundry. Feel myself strong enough to accomplish this result; and may, without exaggeration, venture to say it shall be done.

4°. 'To help the Court of Vienna in getting its affairs into good order and fencible condition,—will present to it, on the shortest notice, Two Million Gulden (200,000*l.*) ready-money.' — Infinitely welcome this Fourth Proposition; and indeed all the other Three are welcome: but they are saddled with a final condition, which pulls down all again. This, which is studiously worded, politely evasive in phrase, and would fain keep old controversies asleep, though in substance it is so fatally distinct,—we give in the King's own words:

5°. 'For such essential services as those to which I bind myself by the above very onerous conditions, I naturally require a proportionate recompense; some suitable assurance, as indemnity for all the dangers I risk, and for the part (*rôle*) I am ready to play: in short, I require hereby the entire and complete cession of all Silesia, as reward for my labours and dangers which I take upon myself in this course now to be entered upon for the preservation and renown of the House of Austria;' —Silesia all and whole; and we say nothing of our 'rights' to it; politely evasive to her Hungarian Majesty, though in substance we are so fatally distinct.[1]

These were Friedrich's Proposals; written down with his own hand at Reinsberg, five or six weeks ago (November 17th is the date of it); in what mood, and how wrought upon by Schwerin and Podewils, we saw above. Gotter has fulfilled his instructions in regard to this important little Document; and now the effect of it is—?—Gotter can report no good effect whatever. 'Be cautious,' Friedrich instructs him farther; 'modify that Fifth Proposal I will take less than the whole, "if attention is paid to my just claims on Schlesien."' To that effect writes Friedrich once or twice. But it is to no purpose; nor can Gotter, with all his industry, report other than worse and worse. Nay, he reports before long, not refusal only, but refusal with mockery: 'How strange that his Prussian Majesty, whose official post

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 451; 'from Olenschlager, *Geschichte des Interregni*' (Frankfurt, 1746), 'i. 134.'

in Germany, as Kur-Brandenburg and Kaiser's Chamberlain, has been to present ewer and towel to the House of Austria, should now set-up for prescribing rules to it!' A piece of wit, which could not but provoke Friedrich; and warn him that negotiation on this matter might as well terminate. Such had been his own thought, from the first; but in compliance with Schwerin and Podewils he was willing to try.

Better for Maria Theresa, and for all the world how much better, could she have accepted this Fifth Proposition! But how could she,—the high Imperial Lady, keystone of Europe, though by accident with only a few pounds of ready-money at present? Twenty years of bitter fighting, and agony to herself and all the world, were necessary first; a new Fact of Nature having turned-up, a new European Kingdom with real King to it; *not* recognisable as such, by the young Queen of Hungary or by any other person, till it do its proofs.

What Berlin is saying; what Friedrich is thinking

What Friedrich's own humour is, what Friedrich's own inner man is saying to him, while all the world so babbles about his Silesian Adventure? Of this too there are, though in diluted state, some glimmerings to be had,—chiefly in the Correspondence with Jordan.

Ingenious Jordan, Inspector of the Poor at Berlin,—his thousand old women at their wheels humming pleasantly in the background of our imaginations, though he says nothing of that,—writes twice a week to his Majesty: pleasant gossipy Letters, with an easy respectfulness not going into sycophancy anywhere; which keep the campaigning King well abreast of the Berlin news and rumours: something like the essence of an Old Newspaper; not without worth in our present Enterprise. One specimen, if we had room!

Jordan to the King (successively from Berlin,—somewhat abridged)

No. 1. '*Berlin, 14th December* 1740' (day after his Majesty left). 'Everybody here is on tiptoe for the Event; of which both origin and end are a riddle to the most. I am charmed to see a part of your Majesty's Dominions in a state of Pyrrhonism; the disease is epidemical here at present. Those who, in the style of theologians, consider themselves entitled to be certain, maintain That your Majesty is expected with religious impatience by the Protestants, and that the Catholics hope to see themselves delivered from a multitude of imposts which cruelly tear-up the beautiful bosom of their Church. You cannot but succeed in your valiant and stoical Enterprise, since both religion and worldly interest rank themselves under your flag.

'Wallis,' Austrian Commandant in Glogau, 'they say, has punished a Silesian Heretic of enthusiastic turn, as blasphemer, for announcing that a new Messiah is just coming. I have a taste for that kind of martyrdom. Critical persons consider the present step as directly opposed to certain maxims in the *Anti-Macchiavel*.

'The word *Manifesto*'—(your Majesty's little *Patent* on entering Silesia, which no reader shall be troubled with at present)—'is the burden of every conversation. Rumour goes, there is a short Piece of the kind to come out today, by way of preface to a large complete exposition, which a certain Jurisconsult is now busy with. People crowd to the Bookshops for it, as if looking-out for a celestial phenomenon that had been predicted.—This is the beginning of my Gazette; can only come out twice a week, owing to the arrangement of the Posts. Friday, the day your Majesty crosses into Silesia, I shall spend in prayer and devotional exercises: Astronomers pretend that Mars will that day enter'—no matter what.

Note, The above Manifesto rumour is correct; Jurisconsult is ponderous Herr Ludwig, Kanzler (Chancellor) of Halle University, monster of law-learning,—who has money also, and had to help once with a House in Berlin for one Nüssler, a son-in-law of his, transiently known to us; —ponderous Ludwig, matchless or difficult to match in learning of this kind, will write ample enough Deductions (which lie in print still, to the extent of tons weight), and explain the *Erbverbrüderung* and violence done upon it, so that he who runs may read. Postpone him to a calmer time.

No. 2. '*Berlin, Saturday 17th December*. Manifesto has appeared,'—

can be seen, under thick strata of cobwebs, in many Books;[1] is not worth reading now: Incontestable rights which our house has for ages had on Schlesien, and which doubtless the Hungarian Majesty will recognise; not the slightest injury intended, far indeed from that; and so on!—'people are surprised at its brevity; and, studying it as theologians do a passage of Scripture, can make almost nothing of it. Clear as crystal, says one; dexterously obscure by design, says another.

'Rumour that the Grand-Duke of Lorraine,' Maria Theresa's Husband, 'was at Reinsberg incognito lately,'—Grand-Duke a concerting party, think people looking into the thing with strong spectacles on their nose! 'M. de Beauvau' (French Ambassador Extraordinary, to whom the aces were promised if they came) 'said one thing that surprised me: "What put the King on taking this step, I do not know; but perhaps it is not such a bad one." Surprising news that the Elector of Saxony, King of Poland, is fallen into inconsolable remorse for changing his religion' (to Papistry, on Papa's best, many long years ago); 'and that it is not to the Pope, but to the King of Prussia, that he opens his heart to steady his staggering orthodoxy.' Very astonishing to Jordan. 'One thing is certain, all Paris rings with your Majesty's change of religion' (over to Catholicism, say those astonishing people, first conjurors of the universe)!

No. 3. '*Berlin, 20th December.* M. de Beauvau,' French Ambassador, 'is gone. Ended, yesterday, his survey of the Cabinet of Medals; charmed with the same: charmed too, as the public is, with the rich present he has got from said Cabinet' (coronation medal or medals in gold, I could guess): 'people say the King of France's Medal given to our M. de Camas is nothing to it.

'Rumour of alliance between your Majesty and France with Sweden,' —premature rumour. Item, 'Queen of Hungary dead in child-birth'; —ditto with still more emphasis! 'The day before yesterday, in all churches, was prayer to Heaven for success to your Majesty's arms; interest of the Protestant religion being the one cause of the War, or the only one assigned by the reverend gentlemen. At sound of these words, the zeal of the people kindles: "Bless God for raising such a Defender! Who dared suspect our King's indifference to Protestantism?"'

A right clever thing this last (*O le beau coup d'état*)! exclaims Jordan, —though it is not clever or the contrary, not being dramatically prearranged, as Jordan exults to think. Jordan, though there are dregs of old devotion lying asleep in him, which will start into new activity

[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, i, 448, 453 (what Jordan now alludes to); *ib.* 559-592 ('Deduction' itself, Ludwig in all his strength, some three weeks hence); in *Olenschlager* (doubtless); in etc. etc.

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when stirred again, is for the present a very unbelieving little gentleman, I can perceive.—This is the substance of public rumour at Berlin for one week. Friedrich answers:

'To M. Jordan, at Berlin

'Quarter at Milkau, towards Glogau, 19th December 1740' (comfortable Jesuit-Establishment at Milkau, Friedrich just got in, out of the rain).—'Seigneur Jordan, thy Letter has given me a deal of pleasure in regard to all these talkings thou reportest. Tomorrow' (not tomorrow, nor next day; wet troops need a rest) 'I arrive at our last station this side Glogau, which place I hope to get in a few days. All favours my designs; and I hope to return to Berlin, after executing them gloriously and in a way to be content with. Let the ignorant and the envious talk; it is not they that shall ever serve as loadstar to my designs; not they, but Glory' (*la Gloire*; Fame, depending not on them): 'with the love of that I am penetrated more than ever; my troops have their hearts big with it, and I answer to thee for success. Adieu, dear Jordan. Write me all the ill that the public says of thy Friend, and be persuaded that I love and will esteem thee always.'—F.

Jordan to the King

No. 4. *'Berlin, 24th December.* Your Majesty's Letter fills me with joy and contentment. The Town declared your Majesty to be already in Breslau; founding on some Letter to a Merchant here. Ever since they think of your Majesty acting for Protestantism, they make you step along with strides of Achilles to the ends of Silesia.—Foreign Courts are all rating their Ambassadors here for not finding you out.

'Wolf,' his negotiations concluded at last, 'has entered Halle almost like the triumphant Entry into Jerusalem. A concourse of pedants escorted him to his house. Lange' (his old enemy, who accused him of Atheism and other things) 'has called to see him, and loaded him with civilities, to the astonishment of the old Orthodox.' There let him rest, well buttoned in gaiters, and avoiding to mount stairs. * * Madame de Roucoulle has sent me the three objects adjoined, for your Majesty's behoof,'—woollen achievements, done by the needle, good against the winter weather for one she nursed. The good old soul. Enough now of Jordan.[1]

Voltaire, who left Berlin 2d or 3d December, seems to have been stopt by overflow of rivers about Cleve, then to have taken boat; and is, about this very time, writing to

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 75-78.

Friedrich 'from a vessel on the Coasts of Zealand, where I am driven mad.' (Intends, privately, for Paris before long, to get his *Mahomet* acted, if possible.) To Voltaire, here is a Note coming:

King to M. de Voltaire (at Brussels, if once got thither)

'*Quarter of Herrendorf in Silesia, 23d December* 1740. My dear Voltaire,—I have received two of your Letters; but could not answer sooner; I am like Charles Twelfth's Chess-King, who was always kept on the move. For a fortnight past, we have been continually afoot and under way, in such weather as you never saw.

'I am too tired to reply to your charming Verses; and shivering too much with cold to taste all the charm of them: but that will come round again. Do not ask poetry from a man who is actually doing the work of a wagoner, and sometimes even of a wagoner stuck in the mud. Would you like to know my way of life? We march from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. I dine then; afterwards I work, I receive tiresome visits; with these comes a detail of insipid matters of business. 'Tis wrongheaded men, punctiliously difficult, who are to be set right; heads too hot which must be restrained, idle fellows that must be urged, impatient men that must be rendered docile, plunderers to restrain within the bounds of equity, babblers to hear babbling, dumb people to keep in talk: in fine, one has to drink with those that like it, to eat with those that are hungry; one has to become a Jew with Jews, a Pagan with Pagans.

'Such are my occupations;—which I would willingly make over to another, if the Phantom they call Fame (*Gloire*) did not rise on me too often. In truth, it is a great folly, but a folly difficult to cast away when once you are smitten by it.' (Phantom of *Gloire* somewhat rampant in those first weeks; let us see whether it will not lay itself again, forevermore, before long!)

'Adieu, my dear Voltaire; may Heaven preserve from misfortune the man I should so like to sup with at night, after fighting in the morning! The Swan of Padua' (Algarotti, with his big hook-nose and dusky solemnly greedy countenance) 'is going, I think, to Paris, to profit by my absence; the Philosopher Geometer' (big Maupertuis, in red wig and yellow frizzles, vainest of human kind) 'is squaring curves; poor little Jordan' (with the kindly hazel eyes, and pen that pleasantly gossips to us) 'is doing nothing, or probably something near it. Adieu once more, dear Voltaire; do not forget the absent who love you. FÉDÉRIC.'[1]

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 57.

Schwerin at Liegnitz; Friedrich hushes-up the Glogau Problem, and starts with his best speed for Breslau

Meanwhile, on the Western road, and along the foot of the snowy peaks over yonder, Schwerin with the small Right column is going prosperously forwards. Two columns always, as the reader recollects,—two parallel military currents, flowing steadily on, shooting out estafettes, or horse-parties, on the right and left; steadily submerging all Silesia as they flow forward. Left column or current is in slight pause at Glogau here; but will directly be abreast again. On Tuesday 27th, Schwerin is within wind of Liegnitz; on Wednesday morning, while the fires are hardly lighted, or the smoke of Liegnitz risen among the Hills, Schwerin has done his feat with the usual deftness: Prussian grenadiers came softly on the sentry, softly as a dream; but with sudden levelling of bayonets, sudden beckoning, 'To your Guardhouse!'—and there, turn the key upon his poor company and him. Whereupon the whole Prussian column marches in; tramp tramp, without music, through the streets: in the Market-place they fold themselves into a ranked mass, and explode into wind-harmony and rolling of drums. Liegnitz, mostly in nightcap, looks cautiously out of window: it is a deed done, *ihr Herren*; Liegnitz ours, better late than never; and after so many years, the King has his own again. Schwerin is sumptuously lodged in the Jesuits' Palace: Liegnitz, essentially a Protestant Town, has many thoughts upon this event, but as yet will be stingy of speaking them.

Thus is Liegnitz managed. A pleasant Town, amid pleasant hills on the rocky Katzbach; of which swift stream, and other towns and passes on it, we shall yet hear more. Population, silently industrious in weaving and otherwise, is now above 14,000; was then perhaps about half that number. Patiently inarticulate, by no means bright in speech or sentiment; a much-enduring, steady-going, frugal, pious and very desirable people.

The situation of Breslau, all this while, is very critical. Much bottled emotion in the place; no Austrian Garrison admissible; Authorities dare not again propose such a thing, though Browne is turning every stone for it,—lest the emotion burst bottle, and take fire. I have dim account that Browne has been there, has got 300 Austrian dragoons into the Dom Insel (*Cathedral Island*; 'Not in the City, you perceive!' says General Browne: 'no, separated by the Oder, on both sides, from the rest of the City; that stately mass of edifices, and good military post');—and had hoped to get the suburbs burnt after all. But the bottled emotion was too dangerous. For, underground, there are *Anti*-Brownes: one especially; a certain busy Deblin, Shoemaker by craft, whom Friedrich speaks of, but gives no name to; this zealous Cordwainer, Deblin, and he is not the only individual of like humour, operates on the guild-brothers and lower populations:[1] things seem to be looking worse and worse for the Authorities, in spite of General Browne and his activities and dragoons.

What the issue will be? Judge if Friedrich wished the Young Dessauer come! Friedrich's Hussar parties (or Schwerin's, instructed by Friedrich) go to look if the Breslau suburbs are burnt. Far from it, if Friedrich knew;—the suburbs merely sit quaking at such a proposal, and wish the Prussians were here. 'But there is time ahead of us,' said everybody at Breslau; 'Glogau will take some sieging!' Browne, in the course of a day or two,—guessing, I almost think, that Glogau was not to be besieged,—ranked his 300 Austrian dragoons, and rode away; sending the Austrian State-Papers, in half a score of wagons ahead of him. 'Archives of Breslau!' cried the general population, at sight of these wagons; and largely turned out, with emotion again like to unbottle itself. 'Mere Tax-Ledgers, and records of the Government Offices; come and convince yourselves!' answered the Authorities. And the ten wagons went on;

[1] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 469; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 61.

28th-31st Dec. 1740]
calling at Ohlau and Brieg, for farther lading of the like kind. Which wagons the Prussian light horse chased, but could not catch. On to Mähren went these Archive-wagons; to Brünn, far over the Giant Mountains;—did not come back for a long while, nor to their former Proprietor at all.

Tuesday 27th, Leopold the Young Dessauer does finally arrive, with his Reserve, at Glogau: never man more welcome; such a fermentation going on at Breslau,—known to Friedrich, and what it will issue in, if he delay, not known. With despatch, Leopold is put into his charge; posts all yielded to him; orders given,—blockade to be strictness itself, but no fighting if avoidable; 'starvation will soon do it, two months at most,' hopes Friedrich, too sanguine as it proved:—and with earliest daylight on the 28th, Friedrich's Army, Friedrich himself in the van as usual, is on march again; at its best speed for Breslau. Read this Note for Jordan:

Friedrich to M. Jordan, at Berlin

'*Herrendorf, 27th Dec.* 1740. SIEUR JORDAN,—I march tomorrow for Breslau; and shall be there in four days,'—(three, it happened; there rising, as would seem, new reason for haste). 'You Berliners' (of the 24th last) 'have a spirit of prophecy, which goes beyond mé. In fine, I go my road; and thou wilt shortly see Silesia ranked in the list of our Provinces. Adieu; this is all I have time to tell thee. Religion' (Silesian Protestantism, and Breslau's Cordwainer), 'religion and our brave soldiers will do the rest.

'Tell Maupertuis I grant those Pensions he proposes for his Academicians; and that I hope to find good subjects for that dignity in the Country where I am, withal. Give him my compliments.— FÉDÉRIC.'

The march was of the swiftest,—swifter even than had been expected;—which, as Silesia is all ringing glass, becomes more achievable than lately. But certain regiments outdid themselves in marching; 'in three marches, near upon seventy miles,' with their baggage jingling in due proximity. Through Gläsersdorf, thence through Parchwitz, Neumarkt, Lissa, places that will be better known to us;—on Saturday, last night of the Year, his Majesty lodged at a Schloss called

Pilsnitz, five miles to west of Breslau; and van-ward regiments, a good few, quartered in the Western and Southern suburbs of Breslau itself; suburbs decidedly glad to see them. and escape conflagration. The Town-gates are hermetically shut;—plenty of emotion bottled in the 100,000 hearts within. The sentries on the walls presented arms; nay, it is affirmed, some could not help exclaiming, '*Willkommen, Ihr lieben Herren* (Welcome, dear Sirs)!'[1]

Colonel Posadowsky (active Horse Colonel whom we have seen before, who perhaps has been in Breslau before) left orders 'at the Scultet Garden-House,' that all must be ready and the rooms warmed, his Majesty intending to arrive here early on the morrow. Which happened accordingly; Majesty alighting duly at said Garden-House, near by the Schweidnitz Gate.—I fancy almost before break of day.

CHAPTER IV

BRESLAU UNDER SOFT PRESSURE

THE issue of this Breslau transaction is known, or could be stated in few words; nor is the manner of it such as would, for Breslau's sake, deserve many. But we are looking into Friedrich, wish to know his manners and aspects: and here, ready to our hand, a Paper turns up, compiled by an exact person with better leisure than ours, minutely detailing every part of the affair. This Paper, after the question, Burn or insert? is to have the lot of appearing here, with what abridgments are possible:

'*Sunday 1st January* 1741. The King having established himself in Herrn Scultet's Garden-House, not far from the Schweidnitz Gate, there began a delicate and great operation. The Prussians, in a soft cautious manner, in the gray of the morning, push out their sentries towards the Three Gates on this side of the Oder; seize any "Excise House," or the

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 534.

1st Jan. 1741]
like, that may be fit for a post; and softly put "twenty grenadiers" in it. All this before sunrise. Breslau is rigidly shut; Breslau thought always it could stand upon its guard, if attacked;—is now, in Official quarters, dismally uncertain if it can; general population becoming certain that it cannot, and waiting anxious on the development of this grand drama.

'About 7 A.M. a Prussian subaltern advancing within cry of the Schweidnitz Gate, requests of the Town-guard there, To send him out a Town-Officer. Town-Officer appears; is informed, "That Colonels Posadowsky and Borck, Commissioners or plenipotentiary Messengers from his Prussian Majesty, desire admittance to the Chief Magistrate of Breslau, for the purpose of signifying what his Prussian Majesty's instructions are." Town-Officer bows, and goes upon his errand. Town-Officer is some considerable time before he can return; City Authorities being, as we know, various, partly Imperial, partly Civic; elderly; and some of them gone to church,—for matins, or to be out of the way. However, he does at last return; admits the two Colonels, and escorts them honourably, to the Chief *Raths-Syndic* (Lord-Mayor) old Herr von Gutzmar's; where the poor old "President of the *Ober-Amt*" (Von Schaffgotsch the name of this latter) is likewise in attendance.

'Prussian Majesty's proposals are of the mildest sort: "Nothing demanded of Breslau but the plainly indispensable and indisputable, That Prussia be in it what Austria has been. In all else, *status quo*. Strict neutrality to Breslau, respect for its privileges as a Free City of the Reich; protection to all its rights and privileges whatsoever. Shall be guarded by its own Garrison; no Prussian soldier to enter except with side-arms; only 30 guards for the King's person, who will visit the City for a few days;—intends to form a Magazine, with guard of 1,000 men, but only outside the City: no requisitions; ready-money for everything. Chief Syndic Gutzmar and President Schaffgotsch shall consider these points."[1] Syndic and President answer, Surely! Cannot, however, decide till they have assembled the Town-Rath; the two Herren Colonels will please to be guests of Breslau, and lodge in the City till then.

'And they lodged, accordingly, in the "*Grosse Ring*" (called also *Salz-Ring*, big Central Square, where the Rathhaus is); and they made and received visits,—visited especially the Chief President's Office, the Ober-Amt, and signified there, that his Prussian Majesty's expectation was, They would give some account of that rather high Proclamation or "Patent" they had published against him the other day, amid thunder and lightning here, and what they now thought would be expedient upon it? All in grave official terms, but of such a purport as was not exhilarating to everybody in those Ober-Amt localities.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 537.

[2d Jan. 1741

'*Monday morning 2d January.* The Rath is assembled; and consults, —consults at great length. *Rath*-House and Syndic Gutzmar, in such crisis, would fain have advice from *Amt*-House or President Schaffgotsch; but can get none: considerable coming and going between them: at length, about three in the afternoon, the Treaty is got drawn-up; is signed by the due Breslau hands, and by the two Prussian Colonels,—which latter ride out with it, about 4 of the clock; victorious after thirty hours. Straight towards the Scultet Garden ride they; Town-guard presenting Arms, at the Schweidnitz Gate; nay, Town-band breaking-out into music, which is never done but to Ambassadors and high people. By thirty hours of steady soft pressure, they have brought it thus far.

'Friedrich had waited patiently all Sunday, keeping steady guard at the Gates; but on Monday, naturally, the thirty hours began to hang heavy: at all events, he perceived that it would be well to facilitate conclusions a little from without. Breslau stands on the West, more strictly speaking, on the South side of the Oder, which makes an elbow here, and thus bounds it, or mostly bounds it, on two sides. The big drab-coloured River spreads out into Islands, of a confused sort, as it passes; which are partly built upon, and constitute suburbs of the Town,—stretching over, here and there, into straggles of farther suburb beyond the River, where a road with its bridge happens to cross for the Eastern parts. The principal of these Islands is the *Dom Insel*,'—known to General Browne and us,—'on which is the Cathedral, and the *Close* with rich Canons and their edifices; Island filled with strong high architecture; and a superior military post.

'Friedrich has already as good as possessed himself of the Three landward Gates, which look to the south and to the west; the riverward gates, or those on the north and the east, he perceives that it were good now also to have; these, and even perhaps something more? "Gather all the river-boats, make a bridge of them across the Oder; push across 400 men:" this is done on Monday morning, under the King's own eye. This done, "March up to that riverward Gate, and also to that other, in a mild but dangerous-looking manner; hew the beams of said Gate in two; start the big locks; fling wide open said Gate and Gates:" this too is done; Town-guard looking mournfully on. This done, "March forward swiftly, in two halves, without beat of drum,—whitherward you know!"

'Those three hundred Austrian Dragoons, we saw them leave the Dom Island, three days ago; there are at present only Six Men, of the Bishop's Guard, walking under arms there,—at the end of the chief bridge, on the Townward side of their Dom Island. See, Prussian caps and muskets, ye six men under arms! The six men clutch at their drawbridge, and

2d-6th Jan. 1741]
hastily set about hoisting:—alas, another Prussian corps, which has come privately by the eastern (or Countryward) Bridge, King himself with it, taps them on the shoulder at this instant; mildly constrains the six into their guardhouse: the drawbridge falls; 400 Prussian grenadiers take quiet possession of the Dom Island: King may return to the Scultet Garden, having quickened the lazy hours in this manner. To such of the Canons as he came upon, his Majesty was most polite; they most submiss. The six soldiers of the drawbridge, having spoken a little loud, —still more a too zealous beef-eater of old Schaffgotsch's found here, who had been very loud,—were put under arrest; but more for form's sake; and were let go, in a day or two.'

Nothing could be gentler on Friedrich's part, and on that of his Two Colonels, than this delicate operation throughout: —and at 4 P.M., after thirty hours of waiting, it is done, and nobody's skin scratched. Old Syndic Gutzmar, and the Town-Rath, urged by perils and a Town Population who are Protestant, have signed the Surrender with goodwill, at least with resignation, and a feeling of relief. The Ober-Amt Officials have likewise had to sign; full of all the silent spleen and despondency which is natural to the situation: spleen which, in the case of old Schaffgotsch, weak with age, becomes passionately audible here and there. He will have to give account of that injurious Proclamation, or Queen's 'Patent,' to this King that has now come.

King enters Breslau; stays there, gracious and vigilant, Four Days (Jan. 2d-6th, 1741)

In the Royal Entrance which took place next day, note these points. Syndic Gutzmar and the Authorities came out, in grand coaches, at 8 in the morning; had to wait a while; the King, having ridden away to look after his manifold affairs, did not get back till 10. Town Guard and Garrison are all drawn out; Gates all flung open, Prussian sentries withdrawn from them, and from the Excise-houses they had seized: King's Kitchen-and-Proviant Carriages (four mules to each, with bells, with uncommonly rich housings): King's Body-Coach very grand indeed, and grandly escorted, the

Thirty Bodyguards riding ahead; but nothing in it, only a most superfine cloak 'lined wholly with ermine' flung upon the seat. Other Coaches, more or less grandly escorted; Head Cup-bearers, Seneschals, Princes, Margraves:—but where is the King? King had ridden away, a second time, with chief Generals, taking survey of the Town Walls, round as far as the *Ziegel-Thor* (Tile-Gate, extreme south-east, by the river-edge): he has thus made the whole circuit of Breslau;—unwearied in picking-up useful knowledge, 'though it was very cold,' while that Procession of Coaches went on.

At noon, his Majesty, thrifty of time, did enter: on horseback, Schwerin riding with him; behind him miscellaneous chief Officers; Borck and Posadowsky among others; some miscellany of Page-people following. With this natural escort, he rode in; Town-Major (Commandant of Town-guard), with drawn sword going ahead;—King wore his usual Cocked Hat, and practical Blue Cloak, both a little dimmed by service: but his gray horse was admirable; and Four scarlet Footmen, grand as galoon and silver fringe could make them, did the due magnificence in dress. He was very gracious; saluting to this side and to that, where he noticed people of condition in the windows. 'Along Schweidnitz Street, across the Great Ring, down Albrecht Street.' He alighted, to lodge, at the Count-Schlegenberg House; which used to be the Austrian Cardinal von Sinzendorf Primate of Silesia's hired lodging,—Sinzendorf's furniture is put gently aside, on this new occasion. King came on the balcony; and stood there for some minutes, that everybody might see him. The 'immense shoutings,' Dryasdust assures me, have been exaggerated; and I am warned not to believe the *Kriegs-Fama* such and such a Number, except after comparing it with him.—That day there was dinner of more than thirty covers, Chief Syndic Gutzmar and other such guests; but as to the viands, says my friend, these, owing to the haste, were nothing to speak of.[1]

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 545-548.

3d-6th Jan. 1741]

Dinner, better and better ordered, King more and more gracious, so it continued all the four days of his Majesty's stay:—on the second day he had to rise suddenly from table, and leave his guests with an apology; something having gone awry, at one of the Gates. Awry there, between the Town Authorities and a General Jeetz of his,—who is on march across the River at this moment (on what errand we shall hear), and a little mistakes the terms. His Majesty puts Jeetz right; and even waits, till he sees his Brigade and him clear across. A junior Schaffgotsch,[1] not the inconsolable Schaffgotsch senior, but his Nephew, was one of the guests this second day; an ecclesiastic, but of witty fashionable type, and I think a very worthless fellow, though of a family important in the Province. Dinner falls about noon; does not last above two hours or three, so that there is space for a ride ('to the Dom,' the first afternoon, 'four runners' always), and for much in-door work, before the supper-hour.

As the Austrian Authorities sat silent in their place, and gave no explanation of that 'Patent,' affixed amid thunder and lightning,—they got orders from his Majesty to go their ways next day; and went. In behalf of old President von Schaffgotsch, a chief of the Silesian Nobility, and man much loved, the Breslau people, and men from every guild and rank of society, made petition That he should be allowed to continue in his Town House here. Which 'first request of yours' his Majesty, with much grace, is sorry to be obliged to refuse. The suppressed, and insuppressible, weak indignation of old Schaffgotsch is visible on the occasion; nor, I think, does Friedrich take it ill; only sends him out of the way with it, for the time. The Austrian Ober-Amt vanished bodily from Breslau in this manner; and never returned. Proper 'War-Commission (*Feld-Kriegs-Commissariat*),' with Münchow, one of those skilful Cüstrin Münchows, at the top of it, organised itself instead; which, almost of necessity, became Supreme Government in a City ungoverned

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 159.

otherwise :—and truly there was little regret of the Ober-Amt, in Breslau ; and ever less, to a marked extent, as the years went on.

On the 5th of January (fourth and last night here), his Majesty gave a grand Ball. Had hired, or Colonel Posadowsky instead of him had hired, the Assembly Rooms (*Redouten-Saal*) for the purpose : 'Invite all the Nobility high and low ;'—expense by estimate is a ducat (half-guinea) each ; do it well, and his Majesty will pay. About 6 in the evening, his Majesty in person did us the honour to drive over ; opened the Ball with Madam the Countess von Schlegenberg (I should guess, a Dowager Lady), in whose house he lodges. I am not aware that his Majesty danced much farther ; but he was very condescending, and spoke and smiled up and down ;—till, about 10 P.M., an Officer came in with a Letter. Which Letter his Majesty having read, and seemingly asked a question or two in regard to it, put silently in his pocket, as if it were a finished thing. Nevertheless, after a few minutes, his Majesty was found to have silently withdrawn ; and did not return, not even to supper. Perceiving which, all the Prussian official people gradually withdrew ; though the dancing and supping continued not the less, to a late hour.[1]

'Open the Austrian Mail-bag (*Felleisen*) ; see a little what they are saying over there !' Such order had evidently been given, this night. In consequence of which, people wrote by Dresden, and not the direct way, in future ; wishing to avoid that openable *Felleisen*. Next morning, January 6th, his Majesty had left for Ohlau,—early, I suppose ; though there proved to be nothing dangerous ahead there, after all.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 557.

CHAPTER V

FRIEDRICH PUSHES FORWARD TOWARDS BRIEG AND NEISSE

OHLAU is a pleasant little Town, two marches south-east of Breslau; with the Ohlau River on one side, and the Oder on the other; capable of some defence, were there a garrison. Brieg the important Fortress, still on the Oder, is some fifteen miles beyond Ohlau; after which, bending straight south and quitting Oder, Neisse the still more important may be thirty miles:—from Breslau to Neisse, by this route (which is *bow*, not *string*), sixty-five or seventy miles. One of my Topographers yields this Note, if readers care for it:

'Ohlau River, an insignificant drab-coloured stream, rises well south of Breslau, about Strehlen; makes, at first, direct eastward towards the Oder; and then, when almost close upon it, breaks off to north, and saunters along, irregularly parallel to Oder, for twenty miles farther, before it can fall fairly in. To this circumstance both Breslau and a Town of Ohlau owe their existence; Towns, both of them, "between the waters," and otherwise well seated; Ohlau sheltering itself in the attempted outfall of its little river; Breslau clustering itself about the actual outfall: both very defensible places in the old rude time, and good for trade in all times. Both Oder and Ohlau Rivers have split and spread themselves into islands and deltas a good deal, at their place of meeting; and even have changed their courses, and cut-out new channels for themselves, in the sandy country; making a very intricate watery network of a site for Breslau: and indeed the Ohlau River here, for centuries back, has been compelled into wide meanderings, mere filling of rampart-ditches, so that it issues quite obscurely, and in an artificial engineered condition, at Breslau.'

Ohlau had been expected to make some defence; General Browne having thrown 300 men into it, and done what he could for the works. And Ohlau did at first threaten to make some; but thought better of it overnight, and in effect made none; but was got (morning of January 9th) on the common terms, by merely marching up to it in minatory posture. 'Prisoners of War, if you make resistance; Free

Withdrawal' (Liberty to march away, arms shouldered, and not serve against us for a year), 'if you have made none': this is the common course, where there are Austrian Soldiers at all; the course where none are, and only a few Syndics sit, with their Town-Key laid on the table, a prey to the stronger hand, we have already seen.

From Ohlau, proper Detachment, under General Kleist, is pushed forward to summon Brieg: Jeetz from the other side of the river (whom we saw crossing at Breslau the other day, interrupting his Majesty's dinner) is to coöperate with Kleist in that enterprise,—were the Country once cleared on his, Jeetz's, east side of Oder; especially were Namslau once had, a small Town and Castle over there, which commands the Polish and Hungarian road. Friedrich's hopes are buoyant; Schwerin is swiftly rolling forward to rightward, nothing resisting him; Detachment is gone from Schwerin, over the Hills, to Glatz (the *Grafschaft*, or County Glatz, an Appendage to Schlesien), under excellent guidance; under guidance, namely, of Colonel Camas, who has just come home from his Parisian Embassy, and got launched among the wintry mountains, on a new operation,—which, however, proves of non-effect for the present.[1]

Indeed, it is observable that southward of Breslau, the dispute, what dispute there can be, properly begins; and that General Browne is there, and shows himself a shining man in this difficult position. It must be owned, no General could have made his small means go farther. Effective garrisons, 1,600 each, put into Brieg and Neisse; works repaired, magazines collected, there and elsewhere; the rest of his poor 7,000 thriftily sprinkled about, in what good posts there are, and 'capable of being got together in six hours': a superior soldier, this Browne, though with a very bad task; and seems to have inspired everybody with something of his own temper. So that there is marching, detaching, miscellaneous difficulty for Friedrich in this quarter, more than had been

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 678; Orlich, *Geschichte der beiden Schlesischen Kriege*, i. 49.

7th-12th Jan. 1741]
expected. If the fate of Brieg and Neisse be inevitable, Browne does wonders to delay it.

Of the Prussian marches in these parts, recorded by intricate Dryasdust, there was no point so notable to me as this unrecorded one: the Stone Pillar which, I see, the Kleist Detachment was sure to find, just now, on the march from Ohlau to Brieg; last portion of that march, between the village of Briesen and Brieg. The Oder, flowing on your left hand, is hereabouts agreeably clothed with woods: the country, originally a swamp, has been drained, and given to the plough, in an agreeable manner; and there is an excellent road paved with solid whinstone,—quarried in Strehlen, twenty miles away, among the Hills to the right yonder, as you may guess;—road very visible to the Prussian soldier, though he does not ask where quarried. These beautiful improvements, beautiful humanities,—were done by whom? 'Done in 1584,' say the records, by 'George the Pious'; Duke of Liegnitz, Brieg and Wohlau; 156 years ago. 'Pious' his contemporaries called this George;—he was son of the *Erbverbrüderung* Duke, who is so important to us; he was grandfather's grandfather of the last Duke of all; after whom it was we that should have got these fine Territories; they should all have fallen to the Great Elector, had not the Austrian strong hand provided otherwise. George did these plantations, recoveries to the plough; made this perennial whinstone road across the swamps; upon which, notable to the roughest Prussian (being 'twelve feet high by eight feet square'), rises a Hewn Mass with this Inscription on it,—not of the name or date of George; but of a thought of his, which is not without a pious beauty to me;

Straverunt alii nobis, nos Posteritati;
Omnibus at Christus stravit ad astra viam.
Others have made roads for us; we make them for still others: Christ made a road to the stars for us all.[1]

[1] Zöllner, *Briefe über Schlesien*, i. 175; Hübner, i. t. 101.

I know not how many Brandenburgers of General Kleist's Detachment, or whether any, read this Stone; but they do all rustle past it there, claiming the Heritage of this Pious George; and their mute dim interview with him, in this manner, is a thing slightly more memorable than orders of the day, at this date.

It was on the 11th, two days after Ohlau, that General Kleist summoned Brieg; and Brieg answered resolutely, No. There is a garrison of 1,600 here, and a proper magazine: nothing for it but to 'mask' Brieg too; Kleist on this side the River, Jeetz on that,—had Jeetz once done with Namslau, which he has not by any means. Namslau's answer was likewise stiffly in the negative; and Jeetz cannot do Namslau, at least not the Castle, all at once; having no siege-cannon. Seeing such stiffness everywhere, Friedrich writes to Glogau, to the Young Dessauer, 'Siege-artillery hither! Swift, by the Oder; you don't need it where you are!'—and wishes it were arrived, for behoof of Neisse and these stiff humours.

Friedrich comes across to Ottmachau; sits there, in survey of Neisse, till his Cannon come

The Prussians met with serious resistance, for the first time (9th January, same day when Ohlau yielded), at a place called Ottmachau; a considerable little Town and Castle on the Neisse River, not far west of Neisse Town, almost at the very south of Silesia. It lay on the route of Schwerin's Column; long distances ahead of Liegnitz,—say, by straight highway a hundred miles;—during which, to right and to left, there had been nothing but submission hitherto. No resistance was expected here either, for there was not hope in any; only that Browne had been here; industrious to create delay till Neisse were got fully ready. He is, by every means, girding-up the loins of Neisse for a tight defence; has put 1,600 men into it, with proper stores for them, with a

12th-15th Jan. 1741]
resolute skilful Captain at the top of them: assiduous Browne had been at Ottmachau, as the outpost of Neisse, a day or two before; and, they say, had admonished them 'Not to yield on any terms, for he would certainly come to their relief.' Which doubtless he would have done, had it been in his power; but how, except by miracle, could it be? On the 9th of January, when Schwerin comes up, Browne is again waiting hereabouts. Again in defensive posture, but without force to undertake anything; stands on the Southern Uplands, with Böhmen and Mähren and the Giant Mountains at his back;—stands, so to speak, defensive at his own House-door, in this manner; and will have, after *seeing* Ottmachau's fate and Neisse's, to duck-in with a slam! At any rate, he had left these Towns in the above firm humour, screwed to the sticking-place; and had then galloped elsewhither to screw and prepare.

And so the Ottmachau Austrians, '260 picked grenadiers' (400 dragoons there also at first were, who, after flourishing about on the outskirts as if for fighting, rode away), fire '*desperat*,' says my intricate friend;[1] entirely refusing terms from Schwerin; kill twelve of his people (Major de Rège, distinguished Engineer Major, one of them): so that Schwerin has to bring petards upon them, four cannon upon them; and burst-in their Town Gate, almost their Castle Gate, and pretty much their Castle itself;—wasting three days of his time upon this paltry matter. Upon which they do signify a willingness for 'Free Withdrawal.' 'No, *ihr Herren*,' answers Schwerin; 'not now; after such mad explosion. His Majesty will have to settle it.' Majesty, who is by this time not far off, comes over to Ottmachau (January 12th); gives words of rebuke, rebuke not very inexorable; and admits them Prisoners of War. 'The officers were sent to Cüstrin, common men to Berlin;' the usual arrangement in such case. Ottmachau Town belongs to the Right Reverend von Sinzendorf, Bishop of Breslau, and Primate;

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 672-677, Orlich, i. 50.

whose especial Palace is in Neisse; though he 'commonly sends his refractory Priests to do their penance in the Schloss at Ottmachau here,'—and, I should say, had better himself make terms, and come out hitherward, under present aspects.

Friedrich continues at Ottmachau; headquarters there thenceforth, till he see Neisse settled. On the morrow, 13th, he learns that the Siege Artillery is at Grotkau; well forward towards Neisse; half way between Brieg and it. Same day, Colonel Camas returns to him out of Glatz; five of his men lost; and reports That Browne has had the roads torn up, that Glatz is mere ice and obstruction, and that nothing can be made of it at this season. Good news alternating with not so good.

The truth is, Friedrich has got no Strong Place in Schlesien; all strengths make unexpected defence; paltry little Namslau itself cannot be quite taken, Castle cannot, till Jeetz gets his siege-artillery,—which does not come along so fast as that to Neisse does. Here is an Excerpt from my Dryasdust, exact though abridged, concerning Jeetz:

'*January 24th*, 1741. Prussians, masters of the Town for a couple of weeks back, have got into the Church at Namslau, into the Cloister; are preparing plank floors for batteries, cutting loop-holes; diligent as possible,—siege-guns now at last just coming. The Castle fires fiercely on them, makes furious sallies, steals six of our oxen,—makes insolent gestures from the walls; at least one soldier does, this day. "Sir, may I give that fellow a shot?" asks the Prussian sentry. "Do, then," answers his Major: "too insolent that one!" And the sentry explodes on him; brings him plunging down, head foremost (*herunter pürzelte*); the too insolent mortal, silent enough thenceforth.'[1]—Jeetz did get his cannon, though not till now, this very day I think; and then, in a couple of days more, Jeetz finished-off Namslau ('officers to Cüstrin, common men to Berlin'); and thereupon blockades the Eastern side of Brieg, joining hands with Kleist on the Western: whereby Brieg, like Glogau, is completely masked,—till the season mend.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 703.

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Friedrich, now that his artillery is come, expects no difficulty with Neisse. A 'paltry hamlet (*bicoque*)' he playfully calls it; and, except this, Silesia is now his. Neisse got (which would be the desirable thing), or put under 'mask' as Glogau is, and as Brieg is being, Austria possesses not an inch of land within these borders. Here are some Epistolary snatches; still in the light style, not to say the flimsy and uplifted; but worth giving, so transparent are they; offhand, like words we had heard his Majesty *speak*, in his high mood:

King to M. Jordan, at Berlin (Two successive Letters)

1°. '*Ottmachau, 14th Jan.* 1741' (second day after our arrival there). 'My dear Monsieur Jordan, my sweet Monsieur Jordan, my quiet Monsieur Jordan, my good, my benign, my pacific, my humanest Monsieur Jordan,—I announce to Thy Serenity the conquest of Silesia; I warn thee of the bombardment of Neisse' (just getting ready), 'and I prepare thee for still more important projects; and instruct thee of the happiest successes that the womb of Fortune ever bore.

'This ought to suffice thee. Be my Cicero as to the justice of my cause, and I will be thy Cæsar as to the execution. Adieu: thou knowest whether I am not, with the most cordial regard, thy faithful Friend,—F.'

2°. '*Ottmachau, 17th January* 1741. I have the honour to inform your Humanity that we are christianly preparing to bombard Neisse; and that if the place will not surrender of good will, needs must that it be beaten to powder (*nécessité sera de l'abîmer*). For the rest, our affairs go the best in the world; and soon thou wilt hear nothing more of us. For in ten days it will all be over; and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and hearing you, in about a fortnight.

'I have seen neither my Brother' (August Wilhelm, not long ago at Strasburg with us, and betrothed since then) 'nor Keyserling: I left them at Brealau, not to expose them to the dangers of war. They perhaps will be a little angry; but what can I do?—The rather as, on this occasion, one cannot share in the glory, unless one is a mortar!

'Adieu, M. le Conseiller' (Poor's-*Rath*, so-styled). 'Go and amuse yourself with Horace, study Pausanias, and be gay over Anacreon. As to me, who for amusement have nothing but merlons, fascines and

gabions,[1] I pray God to grant me soon a pleasanter and peacefuler occupation, and you health, satisfaction and whatever your heart desires.—F.'[2]

King Friedrich to M. le Comte Algarotti (gone on a journey)

'*Ottmachau, 17th January* 1741' (same day as the above to Jordan). 'I have begun to settle the Figure of Prussia: the outline will not be altogether regular; for the whole of Silesia is taken, except one miserable hamlet (*bicoque*), which perhaps I shall have to keep blockaded till next spring.

'Up to this time, the whole conquest has cost only Twenty Men, and Two Officers, one of whom is the poor De Rège, whom you have seen at Berlin,'—De Rège, Engineer Major, killed here at Ottmachau, in Schwerin's late tussle.

'You are greatly wanting to me here. So soon as you have talked that business over, write to me about it.' (What is the business? Whither is the dusky Swan of Padua gone?) 'In all these three hundred miles I have found no human creature comparable to the Swan of Padua. I would willingly give ten cubic leagues of ground for a genius similar to yours. But I perceive I was about entreating you to return fast, and join me again,—while you are not yet arrived where your errand was. Make haste to arrive, then; to execute your commission, and fly back to me. I wish you had a Fortunatus Hat; it is the only thing defective in your outfit.

'Adieu, dear Swan of Padua: think, I pray you, sometimes of those who are getting themselves cut in slices' (*échiner*, hined) 'for the sake of glory here, and above all do not forget your friends who think a thousand times of you.—FÉDÉRIC.'[3]

The object of the dear Swan's journey, or even the whereabouts of it, cannot be discovered without difficulty; and is not much worth discovering. 'Gone to Turin,' we at last make out, 'with secret commissions;'[4] desirable to sound the Sardinian Majesty a little, who is Doorkeeper of the Alps, between France and Austria, and opens to the best bidder?

[1] Merlons are mounds of earth placed behind the solid or blind parts of the parapet (that is, between the embrasures) of a Fortification; fascines are bundles of brushwood for filling-up a ditch; gabions, baskets filled with earth, to be ranged in defence till you get trenches dug.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 84.

[3] *Ib.* xviii. 28.

[4] Denina, *La Prusse Littéraire* (Berlin, 1790), i. 198. A poor vague Book; only worth consulting in case of extremity.

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No great things of a meaning in this mission, we can guess, or Algarotti had not gone upon it,—though he is handy, at least, for keeping it unnoticed by the Gazetteer species. Nor was the Swan successful, it would seem; the more the pity for our Swan! However, he comes back safe; attends Friedrich in Silesia; and in the course of next month readers will see him, if any reader wished it.

CHAPTER VI

NEISSE IS BOMBARDED

NEISSE, which Friedrich calls a paltry hamlet (*bicoque*), is a pleasant strongly-fortified Town, then of perhaps 6 or 8,000 inhabitants, now of double that number; stands on the right or south bank of the Neisse,—at this day, on both banks. Pleasant broad streets, high strong houses, mostly of stone. Pleasantly encircled by green Hills, northward buttresses of the Giant Mountains; itself standing low and level, on rich ground much inclined to be swampy. A lesser river, Biele, or Bielau, coming from the South, flows leisurely enough into the Neisse,—filling all the Fortress ditches, by the road. Orchard-growth and meadow-growth are lordly (*herrlich*); a land rich in fruit, and flowing with milk and honey. Much given to weaving, brewing, stocking-making; and, moreover, trades greatly in these articles, and above all in Wine. Yearly on St. Agnes Day, '21st January, if not a Sunday,' there is a Wine-fair here; Hungarian, of every quality from Tokay downward, is gathered here for distribution into Germany and all the Western Countries. While you drink your Tokay, know that it comes through Neisse. St. Agnes Day falls but unhandily this year; and I think the Fair will, as they say, *ausbleiben*, or not be held.

Neisse is a Nest of Priests (*Pfaffen-Nest*), says Friedrich once; which came in this way. About 600 years ago, an

ill-conditioned Heir-Apparent of the Liegnitz Sovereign to whom it then belonged, quarrelled with his Father, quarrelled slightly with the Universe; and, after moping about for some time, went into the Church. Having Neisse for an apanage already his own, he gave it to the Bishop of Breslau; whose, in spite of the old Father's protestings, it continued, and continues. Bishops of Breslau are made very grand by it; Bishops of Breslau have had their own difficulties here. Thus once (in our Perkin-Warbeck time, A.D. 1497), a Duke of Oppeln, sitting in some Official Conclave or meeting of magnates here,—zealous for country privilege, and feeling himself insufferably put upon,—started up, openly defiant of Official men; glaring wrathfully into Duke Casimir of Teschen (Bohemian-Austrian Captain of Silesia), and into the Bishop of Breslau himself; nay, at last, flashed out his sword upon those sublime dignitaries. For which, by and by, he had to lay his head on the block, in the great square here; and died penitent, we hope.

This place, my Dryasdust informs me, had many accidents by floodage and by fire; was seized and re-seized in the Thirty-Years War especially, at a great rate: Saxon Arnheim, Austrian Holk, Swedish Torstenson; no end to the battering and burning poor Neisse had, to the big ransoms 'in new Reichsthalers and 300 casks of wine.' But it always rebuilt itself, and began business again. How happy when it could get under some effectual Protector, of the Liegnitz line, of the Austrian-Bohemian line, and this or the other battering, just suffered, was to be the last for some time!—Here again is a battering coming on it; the first of a series that are now imminent.

The reader is requested to look at Neisse; for besides the Tokay wine, there will things arrive there.—Neisse River, let us again mention, is one of Four bearing that name, and all belonging to the Oder:—could not they be labelled, then, or *numbered*, in some way? This Neisse, which we could call Neisse the *First* (and which careful readers may as well make

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acquaintance with on their Map, where too they will find Neisse the *Second*, 'the *Wüthende* or Roaring Neisse,' and two others which concern us less), rises in the 'Western Snow-Mountains (*Schneegebirge*),' South-Western or Glatz district of the Giant Mountains; drains Glatz County and grows big there; washes the Town of Glatz; then eastward by Ottmachau, by Neisse Town; whence turning rather abruptly north or north-east, it gets into the Oder not far south of Brieg.

Neisse as a Place of Arms, the chief Fortress of Silesia and the nearest to Austria, is extremely desirable for Friedrich; but there is no hope of it without some kind of Siege; and Friedrich determines to try in that way. From Ottmachau, accordingly, and from the other sides, the Siege-Artillery being now at hand, due force gathers itself round Neisse, Schwerin taking charge; and for above a week there is demonstrating and posting, summoning and parleying; and then, for three days, with pauses intervening, there is extremely furious bombardment, red-hot at times: 'Will you yield, then?'—with steady negative from Niesse. Friedrich's quarter is at Ottmachau, twelve miles off; from which he can ride over, to see and superintend. The fury of his bombardment, which naturally grieved him, testifies the intensity of his wish. But it was to no purpose. The Commandant, Colonel von Roth (the same who was proposed for Breslau lately, a wise head and a stout, famed in defences) had 'poured water on his ramparts,' after well repairing them,—made his ramparts all ice and glass;—and done much else. Would the reader care to look for a moment? Here, from our waste Paper-masses, is abundance, requiring only to be abridged:

'*January* 1741: *Monday 9th—Wednesday 11th.* Monday 9th, day when that sputter at Ottmachau began,—Prussian light-troops appeared transiently on the heights about Neisse, for the first time. Directly on sight of whom, Commandant Roth assembled the Burghers of the place:

took a new Oath of Fidelity from one and all; admonished them to do their utmost, as they should see him do. The able-bodied and likeliest of them (say about 400) he has had arranged into Militia Companies, with what drill there could be in the interim; and since his coming, has employed every moment in making ready. Wednesday 11th, he locks all the Gates, and stands strictly on his guard. The inhabitants are mostly Catholic; with sumptuous Bishops of Breslau, with *Kreusherren* (imaginary Teutsch or other Ritters with some reality of money), with Jesuit Dignitaries, Church and Quasi-Church Officialities, resident among them: population, high and low, is inclined by creed to the Queen of Hungary. Commandant Roth has only 1,200 regular soldiers; at the outside 1,600 men under arms: but he has gunpowder, he has meal; experience also and courage; and hopes these may suffice him for a time. One of the most determined Commandants; expert in the defence of strong places. A born Silesian (not Saxon, as some think),—and is of the Augsburg Confession; but that circumstance is not important here, though at Breslau Browne thought it was.

'*Thursday* 12*th*. The Prussians, in regular force, appear on the Kaninchen Berg (Cony Hill, so called from its rabbits), south of the River, evidently taking post there. Roth fires a signal shot; the Southern Suburbs of Neisse, as preappointed, go up in flame; crackle high and far; in a lamentable manner (*erbärmlich*), through the grim winter air.' This is the day Friedrich came over to Ottmachau, and settled the sputter there.

'Next day, and next again, the same phenomena at Neisse; the Prussians edging ever nearer, building their batteries, preparing to open their cannonade. Whereupon Roth burns the remaining Suburbs, with lamentable crackle; on all sides now are mere ashes. Bishop's Mill, Franciscan Cloister, Bishop's Pleasure-garden, with its summer-houses; Bishop's Hospital, and several Churches: Roth can spare none of these things, with the Prussians nestling there. Surely the Bishop himself, respectable Cardinal Graf von Sinzendorf, had better get out of these localities while time yet is?' 'Saturday 14th,' that was the day Friedrich, at Ottmachau, wrote as above to Jordan (Letter No. 1), while the Neisse Suburbs crackled lamentably, twelve miles off, 'Schwerin gets order to break-up, in person, from Ottmachau tomorrow, and begin actual business on the Kaninchen Hill yonder.

'*Sunday* 15*th*. Schwerin does; marches across the River; takes post on the south side of Neisse: notable to the Sunday rustics. Nothing but burnt villages and black walls for Schwerin, in that Cony-Hill quarter, and all round; and Roth salutes him with one twenty-four pounder, which did no hurt. And so the cannonade begins, Sunday 15th; and intermittently, on both sides of the River, continues, always bursting-out

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again at intervals, till Wednesday; a mere preliminary cannonade on Schwerin's part; making noise, doing little hurt: intended more to terrify, but without effect that way on Roth or the Townsfolk. The poor Bishop did, on the second day of it, come out, and make application to Schwerin; was kindly conducted to his Majesty, who happened to be over there; was kept to dinner; and easily had leave to retire to Freywalde, a Country-House he has, in the safe distance.[1] There let him be quiet, well out of these confused batterings and burnings of property.

'His Majesty's headquarter is at Ottmachau, but in two hours he can be here any day; and looks into everything; sorry that the cannonade does not yet answer. And remnants of suburbs are still crackling into flame; high Country-Houses of Kreuzherren, of Jesuits; a fanatic people seemingly all set against us. "If Neisse will not yield of good-will, needs is it must be beaten to powder," wrote his Majesty to Jordan in these circumstances, as we read above. Roth is sorry to observe, the Prussians have still one good Bishop's-mansion, in a place called the Karlau (Karl-Meadow), with the Bishop's winter fuel all ready stacked there; but strives to take order about the same.

'*Wednesday 18th.* This day two provocations happened. First, in the morning by his Majesty's order, Colonel Borck (the same we saw at Herstal) had gone with a Trumpeter towards Roth; intending to inform Roth how mild the terms would be, how terrible the penalty of not accepting them. But Roth or Roth's people singularly disregard Borck and his Parley Trumpet; answer its blasts by musketry; fire upon it, nay, again fire worse when it advances a step farther; on these terms Borck and Trumpet had to return. Which much angered his Majesty at Ottmachau that evening; as was natural. Same evening, our fine quarters in the Karlau crackled up in flame, the Bishop's winter firewood all along with it: this was provocation second. Roth had taken order with the Karlau; and got a resolute Butcher to do the feat, under pretext of bringing us beef. It is piercing cold; only blackened walls for us now in the Karlau or elsewhere. His Majesty, naturally much angered, orders for the morrow a doze of bomb-shells and red-hot balls. Plant a few mortars on the North side too, orders his Majesty.

'*Thursday 19th.* Accordingly, by 8 of the clock, cannon batteries reawaken with a mighty noise, and red-hot balls are noticeable; and at 10 the actual bombarding bursts out, terrible to hear and see;—first shell falling in Haubitz the Clothier's shop, but being happily got under. Roth has his City Militia companies, organised with water-hoses for quenching of the red-hot balls; in which they became expert. So that

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 68.

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though the fire caught many houses, they always put it out. Late in the night, hearing no word from Roth, the Prussians went to bed.

'*Friday 20th.* Still no word; on which, about 4 P.M., the Prussian batteries awaken again: volcanic torrent of red-hot shot and shells, for seven hours; still no word from Roth. About 11 at night his Majesty again sends a Drum (Parley Trumpet or whatever it is) to the Gate; formally summons Roth; asks him, "If he has well considered what this can lead to? Especially what he, Roth, meant by firing on our first Trumpet on Wednesday last?" Roth answered, "That as to the Trumpet, he had not heard of it before. On the other hand, that this mode of sieging by red-hot balls seems a little unusual; for the rest, that he has himself no order or intention but that of resisting to the last." Some say the Drum hereupon by order talked of "pounding Neisse into powder, mere child's-play hitherto;" to which Roth answered only by respectful dumb-show.

'*Saturday 21st—Monday 23d.* Midnight of Friday—Saturday, on this answer coming, the fire-volcanoes open again;—nine hours long; shells, and red-hot material, in terrible abundance. Which hit mostly the Churches, Jesuits' Seminariums and Collegiums; but produced no change in Roth. From 9 A.M. the batteries are silent. Silent still, next morning: Divine Service may proceed, if it like. But at 4 of the afternoon, the batteries awaken worse than ever; from seven to nine bombs going at once. Universal rage, of noise and horrid glare, making night hideous, till 10 of the clock; Roth continuing inflexible. This is the last night of the Siege.'

Friedrich perceived that Roth would not yield; that the utter smashing-down of Neisse might more concern Friedrich than Roth;—that, in fine, it would be better to desist till the weather altered. Next day, 'Monday 23d, between noon and 1 o'clock,' the Prussians drew back;—converted the siege into a blockade. Neisse to be masked, like Brieg and Glogau (Brieg only half done yet, Jeetz without cannon till tomorrow, 24th, and little Namslau still gesticulating): 'The only thing one could try upon it was bombardment. A Nest of Priests (*Pfaffen-Nest*); not many troops in it: but it cannot well be forced at present. If spring were here, it will cost a fortnight's work.'[1]

[1] *Friedrich to the Old Dessauer*: Fraction of Letter (Ottmachau, 16th-21st January 1741) cited by Orlich, i. 51;—from the Dessau Archives, where Herr Orlich has industriously been. To all but strictly military people these pieces of

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A noisy business; 'King's high person much exposed: a bombardier and then a sergeant were killed close by him, though in all he lost only five men.'[1]

Browne vanishes in a slight Flash of Fire

Browne all this while has hung on the Mountain-side, witnessing these things; sending stores towards Glatz south-westward, and 'ruining the ways' behind them; waiting what would become of Neisse. Neisse done, Schwerin is upon him; Browne makes off South-eastward, across the Mountains, for Moravia and home; Schwerin following hard. At a little place called Grätz,[2] on the Moravian border, Browne faced round, tried to defend the Bridge of the Oppa, sharply though without effect; and there came (January 25th) a hot sputter between them for a few minutes:—after which Browne vanished into the interior, and we hear, in these parts, comparatively little more of him during this War. Friend and foe must admit that he has neglected nothing; and fairly made the best of a bad business here. He is but an interim General, too; his Successor just coming; and the Vienna Board of War is frequently troublesome,—to whose windy speculations Browne replies with sagacious scepticism, and here and there a touch of veiled sarcasm, which was not likely to conciliate in high places. Had her Hungarian Majesty been able to retain Browne in his post, instead of poor Neipperg who was sent instead, there might have been a considerably different account to give of the sequel. But Neipperg was Tutor (War-Tutor) to the Grand-Duke;

Letters are the valuable feature of Orlich's Book; and a general reader laments that it does not all consist of such, properly elucidated and labelled into accessibility.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 680-690.

[2] The name, in old Slavic speech, signifies *Town*; and there are many *Grätzes*: *Königin*grätz (*Queen's*, which for brevity is now generally called *Königs*grätz, in Bohemia); Grätz in Styria; *Windisch*grätz (Wendish-town); etc.

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Browne is still of young standing (age only thirty-five), with a touch of veiled sarcasm; and things must go their course.

In Schlesien, Schwerin is now to command in chief; the King going off to Berlin for a little, naturally with plenty of errand there. The Prussian Troops go into Winter-quarters; spread themselves wide; beset the good points, especially the Passes of the Hills,—from Jägerndorf, eastward to the Jablunka leading towards Hungary;—nay, they can, and before long do, spread into the Moravian Territories, on the other side; and levy contributions, the Queen proving unreasonable.

It was Monday 23d, when the Siege of Neisse was abandoned. on Wednesday, Friedrich himself turns homeward; looks into Schweidnitz, looks into Liegnitz; and arrives at Berlin as the week ends,—much acclamation greeting him from the multitude. Except those Three masked Fortresses, capable of no defence to speak of, were Winter over, Silesia is now all Friedrich's,—has fallen wholly to him in the space of about Seven Weeks. The seizure has been easy; but the retaining of it, perhaps he himself begins to see more clearly, will have difficulties! From this point, the talk about *gloire* nearly ceases in his Correspondence. In those seven weeks he has, with *gloire* or otherwise, cut-out for himself such a life of labour as no man of his Century had.

CHAPTER VII

AT VERSAILLES, THE MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY CHANGES HIS SHIRT, AND BELLEISLE IS SEEN WITH PAPERS

WHILE Friedrich was so busy in Silesia, the World was not asleep around him; the world never is, though it often seems to be, round a man and what action he does in it. That Sunday morning, First Day of the Year 1741, in those

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same hours while Friedrich, with energy, with caution, was edging himself into Breslau, there went on in the Court of Versailles an interior Phenomenon; of which, having by chance got access to it face to face, we propose to make the reader participant before going farther.

Readers are languidly aware that phenomena do go on round their Friedrich; that their busy Friedrich, with his few Voltaires and renowned persons, are not the only population of their Century, by any means. Everybody is aware of that fact; yet, in practice, almost everybody is as good as not aware; and the World all round one's Hero is a darkness, a dormant vacancy. How strange when, as here, some Waste-paper spill (so to speak) turns up, which you can *kindle*; and, by the brief flame of it, bid a reader look with his own eyes!—From Herr Doctor Büsching, who did the *Geography* and about a Hundred other Books,—a man of great worth, almost of genius, could he have elaborated his Hundred Books into Ten (or distilled, into flasks of aquavitæ, what otherwise lies tumbling as tanks of mash and wort, now run very sour and malodorous);—it is from Herr Büsching that we gain the following rough Piece, illuminative if one can kindle it:

The Titular-Herr Baron Anton von Geusau, a gentleman of good parts, scholastic by profession, and of Protestant creed, was accompanying as Travelling Tutor, in those years, a young Graf von Reuss. Graf von Reuss is one of those indistinct Counts Reuss, who always call themselves 'Henry'; and, being now at the eightieth and farther, with uncountable collateral Henrys intertwisted, are become in effect anonymous, or of nomenclature inscrutable to mankind. Nor is the young one otherwise of the least interest to us;—except that Herr Anton, the Travelling Tutor, punctually kept a Journal of everything. Which Journal, long afterwards, came into the hands of Büsching, also a punctual man; and was by him abridged, and set forth in print in his *Beyträge*. Offering at present a singular daguerreotype glimpse of the then actual world, wherever Graf von Reuss and his Geusau happened to be. Nine-tenths of it, even in Büsching's Abridgment, are now fallen useless and wearisome; but to one studying the days that then were, even the effete commonplace of it occasionally becomes alive again. And

how interesting to catch, here and there, a Historical Figure on these conditions; Historical Figure's very self, in his workday attitude; eating his victuals; writing, receiving letters, talking to his fellow-creatures; unaware that Posterity, miraculously, through some chink of the Travelling Tutor's producing, has got its eye upon him!

'*Sunday* 1*st January* 1741, Geusau and his young Gentleman leave Paris, at 5 in the morning, and drive out to Versailles; intending to see the ceremonies of Newyear's day there. Very wet weather it had been, all Wednesday, and for days before;[1] but on this Sunday, Newyear's morning, all is ice and glass; and they slid about painfully by lamplight,—with unroughened horses, and on the Hilly or Meudon road, having chosen that as fittest, the waters being out;—not arriving at Court till 9. Nor finding very much to comfort them, except on the side of curiosity, when there. Ushers, *Introducteurs*, Cabinet Secretaries, were indeed assiduous to oblige; and the King's Levee will be: but if you follow it to the Chapel Royal to witness high mass, you must kneel at elevation of the host; and this, as reformed Christians, Reuss and his Tutor cannot undertake to do. They accept a dinner-invitation (12 the hour) from some good Samaritan of Quality, and, for sights, will content themselves with the King's Levee itself, and generally with what the King's Antechamber and Œil-de-Bœuf can exhibit to them. The Most Christian King's Levee' (*Lever*, literally here his Getting out of Bed) 'is a daily miracle of these localities, only grander on Newyear's day; and it is to the following effect:

'Till Majesty please to awaken, you saunter in the Salle des Ambassadeurs; whole crowds jostling one another there; gossiping together in a diligent, insipid manner;' gossip all reported; snatches of which have acquired a certain flavour by long keeping;—which the reader shall imagine. 'Meanwhile you keep your eye on the Grate of the Inner Court, which as yet is only ajar, Majesty inaccessible as yet. Behold, at last, Grate opens itself wide; sign that Majesty is out of bed; that the privileged of mankind may approach, and see the miracles.' Geusau continues, abridged by Büsching and us:

'The whole Assemblage passed now into the King's Anteroom; had to wait there about half an hour more, before the King's bedroom was opened. But then at last, lo you,—there is the King, visible to Geusau and everybody, "washing his hands." Which effected itself in this way: "The King was seated; a gentleman-in-waiting knelt before him, and held the Ewer, a square vessel, silver-gilt, firm upon the King's

[1] See in *Barbier* (ii. 283 et sqq.) what terrible Noah-like weather it had been; big houses, long in soak, tumbling down at last into the Seine; *châsse of St. Geneviève* brought out (two days ago), December 30th, to try it by miracle, etc. etc.

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breast; and another gentleman-in-waiting poured water on the King's hands." Merely an official washing, we perceive; the real, it is to be hoped, had, in a much more effectual way, been going on during the half-hour just elapsed. After washing, the King rose for an instant; had his dressing-gown, a grand yellow silky article with silver flowerings, pulled off, and flung round his loins; upon which he sat down again, and,'—observe it, ye privileged of mankind,—'the Change of Shirt took place! "They put the clean shirt down over his head," says Anton, "and plucked-up the dirty one from within, so that of the naked skin you saw little or nothing."' Here is a miracle worth getting out of bed to look at!

'His Majesty now quitted chair and dressing-gown; stood up before the fire; and, after getting-on the rest of his clothing, which, on account of Czarina Anne's death' (readers remember that), 'was of violet or mourning colour, he had the powder-mantle thrown round him, and sat down at the Toilette to have his hair frizzled. The Toilette, a table with white cover shoved into the middle of the room, had on it a mirror, a powder-knife, and'—no mortal cares what. 'The King,' what all mortals note, as they do the heavenly omens, 'is somewhat talky; speaks sometimes with the Dutch Ambassador, sometimes with the Pope's Nuncio, who seems a jocose kind of gentleman; sometimes with different French Lords, and at last with the Cardinal Fleury also,—to whom, however, he does not look particularly gracious,'—not particularly this time. These are the omens; happy who can read them!—'Majesty then did his morning-prayer, assisted only by the common Almoners-in-waiting (Cardinal took no hand, much less any other); Majesty knelt before his bed, and finished the business "in less than six seconds." After which mankind can ebb out to the Anteroom again; pay their devoir to the Queen's Majesty, which all do; or wait for the Transit to Morning Chapel, and see Mesdames of France and the others flitting past in their sedans.

'Queen's Majesty was already altogether dressed,' says Geusau, almost as if with some disappointment; 'all in black; a most affable courteous Majesty; stands conversing with the Russian Ambassador, with the Dutch ditto, with the Ladies about her, and at last, "in a friendly and merry tone," with old Cardinal Fleury. Her Ladies, when the Queen spoke with them, showed no constraint at all; leant loosely with their arms on the fire-screens, and took things easy. Mesdames of France'—Geusau saw Mesdames. Poor little souls, they are *Loque*, the *Cochon* (Rag, Pig, so Papa would call them, dear Papa), who become tragically visible again in the Revolution time:—all blooming young children as yet (Queen's Majesty some Thirty-seven gone), and little dreaming what lies fifty years ahead! King Louis's career of extraneous gallantries, which

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ended in the Parc-aux-Cerfs, is now just beginning: think of that too; and of her Majesty's fine behaviour under it; so affable, so patient, silent, now and always!—'In a little while, their Majesties go along the Great Gallery to Chapel;' whither the Protestant mind cannot with comfort accompany.[1]

This is the daily miracle done at Versailles to the believing multitude; only that on Newyear's day, and certain supreme occasions, the shirt is handed by a Prince of the Blood, and the towel for drying the royal hands by a ditto, with other improvements; and the thing comes out in its highest power of effulgence,—especially if you could see high mass withal. In the Antechamber and Œil-de-Bœuf, Geusau, among hundreds of phenomena fallen dead to us, saw the Four following, which have still some life:

1°. Many Knights of the Holy Ghost (*Chevaliers du Saint Esprit*) are about; magnificently piebald people, indistinct to us, and fallen dead to us: but there, among the company, do not we indisputably see, 'in full Cardinal's costume,' Fleury, the ancient Prime Minister talking to her Majesty? Blandly smiling; soft as milk, yet with a flavour of alcoholic wit in him here and there. That is a man worth looking at, had they painted him at all. Red hat, red stockings; a serenely definite old gentleman, with something of prudent wisdom, and a touch of imperceptible jocosity at times; mildly inexpugnable in manner: this King, whose Tutor he was twenty years ago, still looks to him as his father; Fleury is the real King of France at present. His age is eighty-seven gone; the King's is thirty (seven years younger than his Queen): and the Cardinal has red stockings and red hat; veritably there, successively in both Antechambers, seen by Geusau, January 1st, 1741: that is all I know.

2°. The Prince de Clermont, a Prince of the Blood, 'handed the shirt,' *teste* Geusau. Some other Prince, notable to Geusau, and to us nameless, had the honour of the 'towel': but this Prince de Clermont, a dissolute fellow of wasted parts, kind of Priest, kind of Soldier too, is seen visibly handing the shirt there;—whom the reader and I, if we cared about it, shall again see, getting beaten by Prince Ferdinand, at Crefeld, within twenty years hence. These are points first and second, slightly noticeable, slightly if at all.

Of the actual transit to high mass, transit very visible in the Great

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, ii. 59-78.

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Gallery or Œil-de-Bœuf, why should a human being now say anything? Queen, poor Stanislaus's Daughter, and her Ladies, in their sublime sedans, one flood of jewels, sail first; next sails King Louis, shirt warm on his back, with 'Thirty-four Chevaliers of the Holy Ghost' escorting; next 'the Dauphin' (Boy of eleven, Louis XVI.'s Father), and 'Mesdames of France, with'—but even Geusau stops short. Protestants cannot enter that Chapel, without peril of idolatry; wherefore Geusau and Pupil kept strolling in the general Œil-de-Bœuf,—and 'the Dutch Ambassador approved of it,' he for one. And here now is another point, slightly noticeable:

3°. High mass over, his Majesty sails back from Chapel, in the same magnificently piebald manner; and vanishes into the interior; leaving his Knights of the Holy Ghost, and other Courtier multitude, to simmer about, and ebb away as they found good. Geusau and his young Reuss had now the honour of being introduced to various people; among others 'to the Prince de Soubise.' Prince de Soubise: frivolous, insignificant being; of whom I have no portrait that is not nearly blank, and content to be so;—though Herr von Geusau would have one, with features and costume to it, when he heard of the Beating at Rossbach, long after! Prince de Soubise is pretty much a blank to everybody;—and no sooner are we loose of him, than (what every reader will do well to note)

4°. Our Herren Travellers are introduced to a real Notability: Monseigneur, soon to be Maréchal, the Comte de Belleisle; whom my readers and I are to be much concerned with, in time coming. 'A tall lean man (*langer hagerer Mann*), without much air of quality,' thinks Geusau; but with much swift intellect and energy, and a distinguished character, whatever Geusau might think. 'Comte de Belleisle was very civil; but apologised, in a courtly and kind way, for the hurry he was in; regretting the impossibility of doing the honours to the Comte de Reuss in this Country,—his, Belleisle's, Journey into Germany, which was close at hand, overwhelming him with occupations and engagements at present. And indeed, even while he spoke to us,' says Geusau, 'all manner of Papers were put into his hand.'[1]

'Journey to Germany, Papers put into his hand': there is perhaps no Human Figure in the world, this Sunday (except the one Figure now in those same moments over at Breslau, gently pressing upon the locked Gates there), who is so momentous for our Silesian Operations; and indeed he will kindle all Europe into delirium; and produce mere thunder

[1] Büsching, ii. 79; see Barbier, ii. 282, 287.

and lightning, for seven years to come,—with almost no result in it, except Silesia! A tall lean man; there stands he, age now fifty-six, just about setting-out on such errand. Whom one is thankful to have seen for a moment, even in that slight manner.

Of Belleisle and his Plans

Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet, Comte de Belleisle, is Grandson of that Intendant Fouquet, sumptuous Financier, whom Louis XIV. at last threw out, and locked into the Fortress of Pignerol, amid the Savoy Alps, there to meditate for life, which lasted thirty years longer. It was never understood that the sumptuous Fouquet had altogether stolen public moneys, nor indeed rightly what he had done to merit Pignerol; and always, though fallen somehow into such dire disfavour, he was pitied and respected by a good portion of the public. 'Has angered Colbert,' said the public; 'dangerous rivalry to Colbert; that is what has brought Pignerol upon him.'

Out of Pignerol that Fouquet never came; but his Family bloomed-up into light again; had its adventures, sometimes its troubles, in the Regency time, but was always in a rising way:—and here, in this tall lean man getting papers put into his hand, it has risen very high indeed. Going as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Germanic Diet, 'To assist good neighbours, as a neighbour and Most Christian Majesty should, in choosing their new Kaiser to the best advantage': that is the official colour his mission is to have. Surely a proud mission;—and Belleisle intends to execute it in a way that will surprise the Germanic Diet and mankind. Privately, Belleisle intends that he, by his own industries, shall himself choose the right Kaiser, such Kaiser as will suit the Most Christian Majesty and him; he intends to make a new French thing of Germany in general; and carries in his head plans of an amazing nature! He and a Brother

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he has, called the Chevalier de Belleisle, who is also a distinguished man, and seconds M. le Comte with eloquent fire and zeal in all things, are grandsons of that old Fouquet, and the most shining men in France at present. France little dreams how much better it perhaps were, had they also been kept safe in Pignerol!—

The Count, lean and growing old, is not healthy; is ever and anon tormented, and laid-up for weeks, with rheumatisms, gouts and ailments: but otherwise he is still a swift ardent elastic spirit; with grand schemes, with fiery notions and convictions, which captivate and hurry-off men's minds more than eloquence could, so intensely true are they to the Count himself;—and then his Brother the Chevalier is always there to put them into the due language and logic, where needed.[1] A magnanimous high-flown spirit; thought to be of supreme skill both in War and in Diplomacy; fit for many things; and is still full of ambition to distinguish himself, and tell the world at all moments, '*Me voilà*; World, I too am here!'—His plans, just now, which are dim even to himself, except on the hither skirt of them, stretch out immeasurable, and lie piled up high as the skies. The hither skirt of them, which will suffice the reader at present, is:

That your Grand-Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, shall in no wise, as the world and Duke Franz expect, be the Kaiser chosen. Not he, but another who will suit France better: 'Kur-Sachsen perhaps, the so-called King of Poland? Or say it were Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, the hereditary friend and dependant of France? We are not tied to a man: only, at any and at all rates, not Grand-Duke Franz.' This is the grand, essential and indispensable point, alpha and omega of points; very clear this one to Belleisle,—and towards this the first steps, if as yet only the first, are also clear to him. Namely that 'the 27th of February next,'—which is the time set by Kur-Mainz and the native Officials for the actual meeting of their Reichstag to begin Election Business, will

[1] Voltaire, xxviii. 74; xxix. 392; etc.

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be too early a time; and must be got postponed.[1] Postponed; which will be possible, perhaps for long; one knows not for how long: that is a first step definitely clear to Belleisle. Towards which, as preliminary to it and to all the others in a dimmer state, there is a second thing clear, and has even been officially settled (all but the day): That, in the meanwhile, and surely the sooner the better, he, Belleisle, Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary to the Reichstag coming,—do, in his most dazzling and persuasive manner, make a Tour among German Courts. Let us visit, in our highest and yet in our softest splendour, the accessible German Courts, especially the likely or well-disposed: Mainz, Köln, Trier, these, the three called Spiritual, lie on our very route; then Pfalz, Baiern, Sachsen:—we will tour diligently up and down; try whether, by optic machinery and art-magic of the mind, one cannot bring them round.

In all these preliminary steps and points, and even in that alpha and omega of excluding Grand-Duke Franz, and getting a Kaiser of his own, Belleisle succeeded. With painful results to himself and to millions of his fellow-creatures, to readers of this History, among others. And became in consequence the most famous of mankind; and filled the whole world with rumour of Belleisle, in those years.—A man of such intrinsic distinction as Belleisle, whom Friedrich afterwards deliberately called a great Captain, and the only Frenchman with a genius for war; and who, for some time, played in Europe at large a part like that of Warwick the Kingmaker: how has he fallen into such oblivion? Many of my readers never heard of him before; nor, in writing or otherwise, is there symptom that any living memory now harbours him, or has the least approach to an image of him! 'For the

[1] Adelung, ii. 185 ('27th February—1st March 1741, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn,' appointed by Kur-Mainz 'Arch-Chancellor of the *Reich*,' under date November 3d, 1740):—*ib.* 236 ('Delay for a month or two,' suggests Kur-Pfalz, on January 12th, seconded by others in the French interest);—upon which the appointment, after some arguing, collapsed into the vague, and there ensued delay enough; actual Election not till January 24th, 1742.

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times are babbly,' says Goethe, 'And then again the times are dumb:

'Denn geschwätzig sind die Zeiten,
Und sie sind auch wieder stumm.'

Alas, if a man sow only chaff, in never so sublime a manner, with the whole Earth and the long-eared populations looking on, and chorally singing approval, rendering night hideous,—it will avail him nothing. And that, to a lamentable extent, was Belleisle's case. His scheme of action was in most felicitously just accordance with the national sense of France, but by no means so with the Laws of Nature and of Fact; his aim, grandiose, patriotic, what you will, was unluckily false and not true. How could 'the times' continue talking of him? They found they had already talked too much. Not to say that the French Revolution has since come; and has blown all that into the air, miles aloft,—where even the solid part of it, which must be recovered one day, much more the gaseous, which we trust is forever irrecoverable, now wanders and whirls; and many things are abolished, for the present, of more value than Belleisle!—

For my own share, being, as it were, forced accidentally to look at him again, I find in Belleisle a really notable man; far superior to the vulgar of noted men, in his time or ours. Sad destiny for such a man! But when the general Life-element becomes so unspeakably phantasmal as under Louis XV., it is difficult for any man to be real; to be other than a play-actor, more or less eminent and artistically dressed. Sad enough, surely, when the truth of your relation to the Universe, and the tragically earnest meaning of your Life, is quite lied out of you, by a world sunk in lies; and you can, with effort, attain to nothing but to be a more or less splendid lie along with it! Your very existence all become a vesture, a hypocrisy and hearsay; nothing left of you but this sad faculty of sowing chaff in the fashionable

manner! After Friedrich and Voltaire, in both of whom, under the given circumstances, one finds a perennial reality, more or less,—Belleisle is next; none *fails* to escape the mournful common lot by a nearer miss than Belleisle.

Beyond doubt, there are in this man the biggest projects any French head has carried, since Louis XIV. with his sublime periwig first took to striking the stars. How the indolent Louis XV. and the pacific Fleury have been got into this sublimely adventurous mood? By Belleisle chiefly, men say; —and by King Louis's first Mistresses, blown upon by Belleisle; poor Louis having now, at length, left his poor Queen to her reflections, and taken into that sad line, in which by degrees he carried it so far. There are three of them, it seems;—the first female souls that could ever manage to kindle, into flame or into smoke, in this or any other kind, that poor torpid male soul: those Mailly Sisters, three in number (I am shocked to hear), successive, nay, in part simultaneous! They are proud women, especially the two younger; with ambition in them, with a bravura magnanimity, of the theatrical or operatic kind; of whom Louis is very fond. 'To raise France to its place, your Majesty; the top of the Universe, namely!' 'Well; if it could be done,—and quite without trouble?' thinks Louis. Bravura magnanimity, blown upon by Belleisle, prevails among these high Improper-Females, and generally in the Younger Circles of the Court; so that poor old Fleury has had no choice but to obey it or retire. And so Belleisle stalks across the Œil-de-Bœuf in that important manner, visibly to Geusau; and is the shining object in Paris, and much the topic there at present.

A few weeks hence, he is farther,—a little out of the common turn, but not beyond his military merits or capabilities,—made Maréchal de France;[1] by way of giving him a new splendour in the German Political World, and assisting in his operations there, which depend much upon

[1] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, i. 356 (12th February 1741).

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the laws of vision. French epigrams circulate in consequence, and there are witty criticisms; to which Belleisle, such a dusky world of Possibility lying ahead, is grandly indifferent. Maréchal de France;—and Geusau hears (what is a fact) that there are to be 'thirty young French Lords in his suite'; his very 'Livery,' or mere plush retinue, 'to consist of 110 persons'; such an outfit for magnificence as was never seen before. And in this equipment, 'early in March' (exact day not given), magnificence of outside corresponding to grandiosity of faculty and idea, Belleisle, we shall find, does practically set-off towards Germany;—like a kind of French Belus, or God of the Sun; capable to dazzle weak German Courts, by optical machinery, and to set much rotten thatch on fire!—

'There are curious daguerreotype glimpses of old Paris to be found in that Notebook of Geusau's,' says another Excerpt; 'which come strangely home to us, like reality at first-hand;—and a rather unexpected Paris it is, to most readers; many things then alive there, which are now deep underground. Much Jansenist Theology afloat; grand French Ladies piously eager to convert a young Protestant Nobleman like Reuss; sublime Dorcases, who do not rouge, or dress high, but eschew the evil world, and are thrifty for the Poor's sake, redeeming the time. There is a Cardinal de Polignac, venerable sage and ex-political person, of astonishing erudition, collector of Antiques (with whom we dined); there is the Chevalier Ramsay, theological Scotch Jacobite, late Tutor of the young Turenne. So many shining persons, now fallen indistinct again. And then, besides gossip, which is of mild quality and in fair proportion,—what talk, casuistic and other, about the Moral Duties, the still feasible Pieties, the Constitution Unigenitus! All this alive, resonant at dinner-tables of Conservative stamp; the Miracles of Abbé Paris much a topic there:—and not a whisper of Infidel Philosophies; the very name of Voltaire not once mentioned in the Reuss section of Parisian things.

'There is rumour now and then of a "Comte de Rothenbourg," conspicuous in the Parisian circles; a shining military man, but seemingly in want of employment; who has lost in gambling, within the last four years, upwards of 50,000*l.* (1,300,000 livres, the exact cipher given). This is the Graf von Rothenburg whom Friedrich made acquaintance with, in the Rhine Campaign six years ago, and has ever since had in his eye;—whom, in a few weeks hence, Friedrich beckons over to him into

the Prussian States: "Hither, and you shall have work!" [Jan. 1741] Which Rothenburg accepts; with manifold advantage to both parties:—one of Friedrich's most distinguished friends for the rest of his life.

'Of Cardinal Polignac there is much said, and several dinners with him are transacted, dialogue partly given: a pious wise old gentleman really, in his kind (age now eighty-four); looking mildly forth upon a world just about to overset itself and go topsyturvy, as he sees it will. His *Anti-Lucretius* was once such a Poem!—but we mention him here because his fine Cabinet of Antiques came to Berlin on his death, Friedrich purchasing; and one often hears of it (if one cared to hear) from the Prussian Dryasdust in subsequent years.[1]

'Of Friedrich's unexpected Invasion of Silesia there are also talkings and surmisings, but in a mild indifferent tone, and much in the vague. And in the best-informed circles it is thought Belleisle will manage to *have* Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen of Hungary's Husband, chosen Kaiser, and, in some mild good way, put an end to all that';—which is far indeed from Belleisle's intention!

CHAPTER VIII

PHENOMENA IN PETERSBURG

I KNOW not whether Major Winterfeld, who was sent to Petersburg in December last, had got back to Berlin in February, now while Friedrich is there: but for certain the good news of him had, That he had been completely successful, and was coming speedily, to resume his soldier duties in right time. As Winterfeld is an important man (nearly buried into darkness in the dull Prussian Books), let us pause for a moment on this Negotiation of his;—and on the mad Russian vicissitudes which preceded and followed, so far as they concern us. Russia, a big demi-savage neighbour next door, with such caprices, such humours and interests,

[1] Came to Charlottenburg August 1742 (old Polignac had died November last, ten months after those Geusau times): cost of the Polignac Cabinet was 40,000 thalers (6,000*l.*) say some, 90,000 livres (under 4,000*l.*) say others; cheap at either price;—and, by chance, came opportunely, 'a fire having just burnt-down the Academy Edifice,' and destroyed much ware of that kind. Rödenbeck, i. 73; Seyfarth (Anonymous), *Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern*, i. 236.

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is always an important, rather delicate object to Friedrich; and Fortune's mad wheel is plunging and canting in a strange headlong way there, of late. Czarina Anne, we know, is dead; the Autocrat of All the Russias following the Kaiser of the Romans within eight days. Iwan, her little Nephew, still in swaddling-clothes, is now Autocrat of All the Russias if he knew it, poor little red-coloured creature; and Anton Ulrich and his Mecklenburg Russian Princess—But let us take up the matter where our Note-books left it, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time:

'Czarina Anne with the big cheek,' continues that Notebook,[1] 'was extremely delighted to see little Iwan; but enjoyed him only two months; being herself in dying circumstances. She appointed little Iwan her Successor, his Mother and Father to be Guardians over him; but one Bieren (who writes himself Biron, and "Duke of Courland," being Czarina's Quasi-Husband these many years) to be Guardian, as it were, over both them and him. Such had been the truculent insatiable Bieren's demand on his Czarina. "You are running on your destruction," said she, with tears; but complied, as she had been wont.

'Czarina Anne died 28th October 1740; leaving a Czar in his cradle; little Czar Iwan of two months, with Mother and Father to preside over him, and to be themselves presided over by Bieren, in this manner.[2] This was the first great change for Anton Ulrich; but others greater are coming. Little Anton, readers know, is Friedrich's Brother-in-law, much patronised by Austria; Anton's spouse is the Half-Russian Princess Catherine of Mecklenburg (now wholly Russian, and called Princess Anne), whom Friedrich at one time thought of applying for, in his distress about a Wife. These two, will they side with Prussia, will they side with Austria? It was hardly worth inquiry, had not Fortune's wheel made suddenly a great cant, and pitched them to the top, for the time being.

'Bieren lasted only twenty days. He was very high and arbitrary upon everybody; Anne and Anton Ulrich suffering naturally most from him. They took counsel with Feldmarschall Münnich on the matter; who, after study, declared it a remediable case. Friday 18th November, Münnich had, by invitation, to dine with Duke Bieren; Münnich went

[1] Suprà, vol. iii. p. 261.

[2] Mannstein, pp. 264-267 (28th October, by Russian or Old Style, is '17th'; we *translate*, in this and other cases, Russian or English, into New Style, *unless* the contrary is indicated).

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accordingly that day, and dined; Duke looking a little flurried, they say: and the same evening, dinner being quite over, and midnight come, Münnich had his measures all taken, soldiers ready, warrant in hand;—and arrested Bieren in his bed; mere Siberia, before-sunrise, looming upon Bieren. Never was such a change as this from 18th day to 19th with a supreme Bieren. Our friend Mannstein, excellent punctual Aide-de-Camp of Münnich, was the executor of the feat; and has left punctual record of it, as he does of everything,—what Bieren said, and what Madam Bieren, who was a little obstreperous on the occasion.[1] What side Anton Ulrich and Spouse will take in a quarrel between Prussia and Austria, is now well worth asking.

'Anton Ulrich and Wife Anne, that is to say, "Regent Anne" and "Generalissimo Anton Ulrich," now ruled, with Münnich for right-hand man; and these were high times for Anton Ulrich, Generalissimo and Czar's-Father; who indeed was modest, and did not often interfere in words, though grieved at the foolish ways his Wife had. An indolent flabby kind of creature, she, unfit for an Autocrat; sat in her private apartments, all in a huddle of undress; had foolish notions,—especially had soubrettes who led her about by the ear. And then there was a "Princess Elizabeth," Cousin-german of Regent Anne,—daughter, that is to say, last child there now was, of Peter the Great and his little brown Catherine:—who should have been better seen to. Harmless foolish Princess, not without cunning; young, plump, and following merely her flirtations and her orthodox devotions; very orthodox and soft, but capable of becoming dangerous, as a centre of the disaffected. As "Czarina Elizabeth" before long, and ultimately as "*infâme Catin du Nord*," she—' But let us not anticipate!

It was in this posture of affairs, about a month after it had begun, that Winterfeld arrived in Petersburg; and addressed himself to Münnich, on the Prussian errand. Winterfeld was Münnich's Son-in-law (properly stepson-in-law, having married Münnich's stepdaughter, a Fräulein von Malzahn, of good Prussian kin); was acquainted with the latitudes and longitudes here, and well equipped for the operation in hand. To Madam Münnich, once Madam Malzahn, his Mother-in-law, he carried a diamond ring of 1,200*l.*, 'small testimony of his Prussian Majesty's regard to so high a Prussian Lady'; to Münnich's Son and Madam's a present of 3,000*l.* on the like score: and the wheels being

[1] Mannstein, p. 268.

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oiled in this way, and the stream so strong (son Winterfeld an ardent man, father Münnich the like, supreme in Russia, and the thing itself a salutary thing), the diplomatic speed obtained was great. Winterfeld had arrived in Petersburg December 19th: Treaty of Alliance to the effect, 'Firm friends and good neighbours, we Two, Majesties of Prussia and of All the Russias; will help each the other, if attacked, with 12,000 men,'—was signed on the 27th: whole Transaction, so important to Friedrich, complete in eight days. Austrian Botta, directly on the heel of those unsatisfactory Dialogues about Silesian roads, about troops that were pretty, but had never looked the wolf in the face,—had rushed off, full speed, for Petersburg, in hopes of running athwart such a Treaty as Winterfeld's, and getting one for Austria instead. But he arrived too late; and perhaps could have done nothing had he been in time. Botta tried his utmost for years afterwards, above ground and below, to obstruct and reverse this thing; but it was to no purpose, and even to less; and only, in result, brought Botta himself into flagrant diplomatic trouble and scandal; which made noise enough in the then Gazetteer world, and was the finale of Botta's Russian efforts,[1] though not worth mentioning now. The Russian Notebook continues:

'Münnich, supreme in Russia since Bieren's removal, had wise counsels for the Regent Anne and her Husband; though, perhaps, being a high old military gentleman, he might be somewhat abrupt in his ways. And there were domestic Ostermanns, foreign Bottas, La Chétardies, and dangerous Intriguers and Opposition figures, to improve any grudge that might arise. Sure enough, in March 1741, Feldmarschall Münnich was forbid the Court (some Ostermann succeeding him there): "Ever true to your two Highnesses, though no longer needed;"—and withdrew, in a lofty friendly strain; his Son continuing at Court, though Papa had withdrawn. Supreme Münnich had lasted about four months; Supreme Bieren hardly three weeks;—and Siberia is still agape.

'Münnich being gone to his own Town-Mansion, and Regent Anne

[1] Adelung, iii. II. 289; Mannstein, p. 375 ('Lapuschin Plot,' of Botta's raising; found out 'August 1743';—Botta put in arrest, etc.).

sitting in hers in a huddle of undress; little accessible to her long-headed melancholic Ostermann, and too accessible to her Livonian maid; with poor little Anton Ulrich pouting and remonstrating, but unable to help,—this state of matters, with such intrigues undermining it, could not last forever. And had not Princess Elizabeth been of indolent luxurious nature, intent upon her prayers and flirtations, it would have ended sooner even than it did. Princess Elizabeth had a Surgeon called L'Estoc; a Marquis de la Chétardie, a highflown French Excellency (who used to be at Berlin, to our young Friedrich's delight), was her—What shall I say? La Chétardie himself had no scruple to say it! These two plotted for her; these were ready,—could she have been got ready; which was not so easy. Regent Anne had her suspicions; but the Princess was so indolent, so good: at last, when directly taxed with such a thing, the Princess burst into ingenuous weeping; quite disarmed Regent Anne's suspicions;—but found she had now better take L'Estoc's advice, and proceed at once. Which she did.

'And so, on the morrow morning, 5th December 1741, by aid of the Preobrazinsky Regiment, and the motions usual on such occasions,—in fact by merely pulling out the props from an undermined state of matters,—she reduced said state gently to ruin, ready for carting to Siberia, like its foregoers; and was hereby Czarina of All the Russias, prosperously enough for the rest of her life. Twenty years or rather more. An indolent, orthodox, plump creature, disinclined to cruelty; "not an ounce of nun's flesh in her composition," said the wits. She maintained the Friedrich Treaty, indignant at Botta and his plots; was well with Friedrich, or might have been kept so by management, for there was no cause of quarrel, but the reverse, between the Countries,—could Friedrich have held his witty tongue, when eavesdroppers were by. But he could not always; though he tried. And sarcastic quizzing (especially if it be truth too), on certain female topics, what Improper-Female, Czarina of All the Russias, could stand it? The history is but a distressing one, a disgusting one, in human affairs. Elizabeth was orthodox, too, and Friedrich not, "the horrid man!" The fact is,—fact dismally indubitable, though it is huddled into discreet dimness, and all details of it (as to what Friedrich's witticisms were, and the like) are refused us in the Prussian Books,—indignation, owing to such dismal cause, became fixed hate on the Czarina's part, and there followed terrible results at last: a Czarina risen to the cannibal pitch upon a man, in his extreme need;—"*infâme Catin du Nord*," thinks the man! Friedrich's wit cost him dear; him, and half a million others still dearer, twenty years hence.'—Till which time we will gladly leave the Czarina and it.

Major von Winterfeld had been in Russia before this; and had wooed his fair Malzahn there. He is the same

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Winterfeld whom we once saw dining by the wayside with the late Friedrich Wilhelm, on that last Review-Journey his Majesty made. A Captain in the Potsdam Giants at that time; always in great favour with the late King; and in still greater with the present,—who finds in him, we can dimly discover, and pretty much in him alone, a soul somewhat like his own; the one real 'peer' he had about him. A man of little education; bred in camps; yet of a proud natural eminency, and rugged nobleness of genius and mind. Let readers mark this fiery hero-spirit, lying buried in those dull Books, like lightning among clay. Here is another anecdote of his Russian business:

'Winterfeld had gone, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, with a party of Prussian drill-sergeants for Petersburg' (year not given); 'and duly delivered them there. He naturally saw much of Feldmarschall Münnich, naturally saw the Step-daughter of the Feldmarschall, a shining beauty in Petersburg; Winterfeld himself a man of shining gifts, and character; and one of the handsomest tall men in the world. Mutual love between the Fräulein and him was the rapid result. But how to obtain marriage? Winterfeld cannot marry, without leave had of his superiors: you, fair Malzahn, are Hof-Dame of Princess Elizabeth, all your fortune the jewels you wear; and it is too possible she will not let you go!

'They agreed to be patient, to be silent; to watch warily till Winterfeld got home to Prussia, till the Fräulein Malzahn could also contrive to get home. Winterfeld once home, and the King's consent had, the Fräulein applied to Princess Elizabeth for leave of absence: "A few months, to see my friends in Deutschland, your Highness!" Princess Elizabeth looked hard at her; answered evasively this and that. At last, being often importuned, she answered plainly, "I almost feel convinced thou wilt never come back!" Protestations from the Fräulein were not wanting:—"Well then," said Elizabeth, "if thou art so sure of it, leave me thy jewels in pledge. Why not?" The poor Fräulein could not say why; had to leave her jewels, which were her whole fine fortune, "worth 100,000 roubles" (20,000*l.*); and is now the brave Wife of Winterfeld;—but could never, by direct entreaty or circuitous interest and negotiation, get back the least item of her jewels. Elizabeth, as Princess and as Czarina, was alike deaf on that subject. Now or henceforth that proved an impossible private enterprise for Winterfeld, though he had so easily succeeded in the public one.'[1]

[1] Retzow, *Charakteristik des siebenjährigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), i. 45 *n.*

The new Czarina was not unmerciful. Münnich and Company were tried for life; were condemned to die, and did appear on the scaffold (29th January 1742), ready for that extreme penalty; but were there, on the sudden, pardoned or half-pardoned by a merciful new Czarina, and sent to Siberia and outer darkness. Whither Bieren had preceded them. To outer darkness also, though a milder destiny had been intended them at first, went Anton Ulrich and his Household. Towards native Germany at first; they had got as far as Riga on the way to Germany, but were detained there, for a long while (owing to suspicions, to Botta Plots, or I know not what), till finally they were recalled into Russian exile. Strict enough exile, seclusion about Archangel and elsewhere; in convents, in obscure uncomfortable places:—little Iwan, after vicissitudes, even went underground; grew to manhood, and got killed (partly by accident, not quite by murder), some twenty-three years hence, in his dungeon in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, below the level of the Ladoga waters there. Unluckier Household, which once seemed the luckiest of the world, was never known. Canted suddenly, in this way, from the very top of Fortune's wheel to the very bottom; never to rise more;—and did not even die, at least not all die, for thirty or forty years after.[1]

This is the Chétardie-L'Estoc conspiracy, of 5th December 1741; the pitching-up of Princess Elizabeth, and the pitching-down of Anton Ulrich and his Münnichs, who had before pitched Bieren down. After which, matters remained more stationary at Petersburg: Czarina Elizabeth, fat indolent soul,

[1] Anton Ulrich, not till 15th May 1775 (two Daughters of his went, after this, to 'Horstens, a poor Country-House in Jutland,' whither Catherine II. had manumitted them, with pension;—she had wished Anton Ulrich to go home, many years before; but he would not, from shame).—Iwan had perished 5th August 1764 (Catherine II. blamed for his death, but without cause); Iwan's Mother, Princess Anne, (mercifully) 18th March 1746. See Russian Histories, *Tooke*, *Castéra*, etc.,—none of which, except *Mannstein*, is good for much, or to be trusted without scrutiny.

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floated with a certain native buoyancy, with something of bulky steadiness, in the turbid plunge of things, and did not sink. On the contrary, her reign, so called, was prosperous, though stupid; her big dark Countries, kindled already into growth, went on growing rather. And, for certain, she herself went on growing, in orthodox devotions of spiritual type (and in strangely heterodox ditto of *non*-spiritual!); in indolent mansuetudes (fell rages, if you cut on the *raws* at all); in perpetual incongruity; and, alas, at last, in brandy-and-water,—till, as '*infâme Catin du Nord*,' she became terribly important to some persons!

At her accession, and for two years following, Czarina Elizabeth, in spite of real disinclination that way, had a War on her hands: the Swedish War (August 1741—August 1743), which, after long threatening on the Swedish side, had broken-out into unwelcome actuality, in Anton Ulrich's time; and which could not, with all the Czarina's industry, be got rid of or staved off; Sweden being bent upon the thing, reason or no reason. War not to be spoken of, except on compulsion, in the most voluminous History! It was the unwisest of wars, we should say, and in practice probably the contemptiblest; if there were not one other Swedish War coming, which vies with it in these particulars, of which we shall be obliged to speak, more or less, at a future stage. Of this present Russian-Swedish war, having happily almost nothing to do with it, we can, except in the way of transient chronology, refrain altogether from speaking or thinking.

Poor Sweden, since it shot Karl XII. in the trenches at Fredericshall, could not get a King again; and is very anarchic under its Phantasm King and free National Palaver, —Senate with subaltern Houses,—which generally has French gold in its pocket, and noise instead of wisdom in its head. Scandalous to think of or behold. The French, desirous to keep Russia in play during these high Belleisle adventures now on foot, had, after much egging, bribing, flattering, persuaded vain Sweden into this War with Russia. 'At

Narva they were 80,000, we 8,000; and what became of them!' cry the Swedes always. Yes, my friends, but you had a Captain at Narva; you had not yet shot your Captain when you did Narva! 'Faction of Hats,' 'Faction of Caps' (that is, *night*caps, as being somnolent and disinclined to France and War): seldom did a once-valiant far-shining Nation sink to such depths, since they shot their Captain, and said to Anarchy, '*Thou* art Captaincy, we see, and the Divine thing!' Of the Wars and businesses of such a set of mortals let us shun speaking, where possible.

Mannstein gives impartial account, pleasantly clear and compact, to such as may be curious about this Swedish-Russian War; and, in the didactic point of view, it is not without value. To us the interesting circumstance is, that it does not interfere with our Silesian operations at all; and may be figured as a mere accompaniment of rumbling discord, or vacant far-off noise, going on in those Northern parts,—to which therefore we hope to be strangers in time coming. Here are some dates, which the reader may take with him, should they chance to illustrate anything:

'*August 4th*, 1741. The Swedes declare War: "Will recover their lost portions of Finland, will," etc. etc. They had long been meditating it; they had Turk negotiations going on, diligent emissaries to the Turk (a certain Major Sinclair for one, whom the Russians waylaid and assassinated to get sight of his Papers), during the late Turk-Russian War; but could conclude nothing while that was in activity; concluded only after that was done,—striking the iron when grown *cold*. A chief point in their Manifesto was the assassination of this Sinclair; scandal and atrocity, of which there is no doubt now the Russians were guilty. Various pretexts for the War:—prime movers to it, practically, were the French, intent on keeping Russia employed while their Belleisle German adventure went on, and who had even bargained with third-parties to get-up a War there, as we shall see.

'*September 3d*, 1741. At Wilmanstrand,—key of Wyborg, their frontier stronghold in Finland, which was under Siege,—the Swedes (about 5,000 of them, for they had nothing to live upon, and lay scattered about in fractions) made fight, or skirmish, against a Russian attacking party: Swedes, rather victorious on their hill-top, rushed

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down; and totally lost their bit of victory, their Wilmanstrand, their Wyborg, and even the War itself;—for this was, in literal truth, the only fighting done by them in the entire course of it, which lasted near two years more. The rest of it was retreat, capitulation, loss on loss without stroke struck; till they had lost all Finland, and were like to lose Sweden itself,—Dalecarlian mutiny bursting out ("Ye traitors, misgovernors, worthy of death!"), with invasive Danes to rear of it;—and had to call-in the very Russians to save them from worse. Czarina Elizabeth at the time of her accession, six months after Wilmanstrand, had made truce, was eager to make peace: "By no means!" answered Sweden, taking arms again, or rather taking legs again; and rushing ruin-ward, at the old rate, still without stroke.

'*June 28th*, 1743. They did halt; made Peace of Abo (Truce and Preliminaries signed there, that day: Peace itself, August 17th); Czarina magnanimously restoring most of their Finland (thinking to herself, "Not done enough for me yet; cook it a little yet!");—and settling who their next King was to be, among other friendly things. And in November following, Keith, in his Russian galleys, with some 10,000 Russians on board, arrived in Stockholm; protective against Danes and mutinous Dalecarles: stayed there till June of next year 1744.'[1] Is not this a War!

On the Russian side, General Keith, under Fieldmarshal Lacy as chief in command (the same Keith whom we saw at Oczakow under Münnich, some time ago), had a great deal of the work and management; which was of a highly miscellaneous kind, commanding fleets of gunboats, and much else; and readers of *Mannstein* can still judge,—much more could King Friedrich, earnestly watching the affair itself as it went on,—whether Keith did not do it in a solid and quietly eminent and valiant manner. Sagacious, skilful, imperturbable, without fear and without noise; a man quietly ever ready. He had quelled, once, walking direct into the heart of it, a ferocious Russian mutiny, or uproar from below, which would

[1] Adelung ii. 445. Mannstein, pp. 297 (Wilmanstrand Affair, himself present) —365 (Peace)—373 (Keith's *return* with his galleys). Comte de Hordt (present also, on the Swedish side, and subsequently a Soldier of Friedrich's), *Mémoires* (Berlin, 1789), i. 18-88. The murder of Sinclair (done by 'four Russian subalterns, two miles from Naumburg in Silesia, 17th June 1739, about 7 P.M.)' is amply detailed from Documents, in a late Book: Weber, *Aus Vier Jahrunderten* (Leipzig, 1858), i. 274-279.

have ruined everything in few minutes more.[1] He suffered, with excellent silence, now and afterwards, much ill-usage from above withal;—till Friedrich himself, in the third year hence, was lucky enough to get him as General. Friedrich's Sister Ulrique, the marriage of Princess Ulrique,—that also, as it chanced, had something to do with this Peace of Abo. But we anticipate too far.

CHAPTER IX

FRIEDRICH RETURNS TO SILESIA

FRIEDRICH stayed only three weeks at home; moving about, from Berlin to Potsdam, to Reinsberg and back: all the gay world is in Berlin, at this Carnival time; but Friedrich has more to do with business, of a manifold and over-earnest nature, than with Carnival gaieties. French Valori is here, 'my fat Valori,' who is beginning to be rather a favourite of Friedrich's: with Excellency Valori, and with the other Foreign Excellencies, there was diplomatic passaging in these weeks; and we gather from Valori, in the inverse way (Valori fallen sulky), that it was not ill done on Friedrich's part. He had some private consultation with the Old Dessauer, too; 'probably on military points,' thinks Valori. At least there was noticed more of the drill-sergeant than before, in his handling of the Army, when he returned to Silesia, continues the sulky one. 'Troops and generals did not know him again,'—so excessively strict was he grown, on the sudden. And truly 'he got into details which were beneath, not only a Prince who has great views, but even a simple Captain of Infantry,'—according to my (Valori's) military notions and experiences![2]

The truth is, Friedrich begins to see, more clearly than he

[1] Mannstein, p. 130 (no date, April—May 1742).
[2] Valori, i. 99.

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did with *Gloire* dazzling him, that his position is an exceedingly grave one, full of risk, in the then mood and condition of the world; that he, in the whole world, has no sure friend but his Army; and that in regard to *it* he cannot be too vigilant! The world is ominous to this youngest of the Kings more than to another. Sounds as of general Political Earthquake grumble audibly to him from the deeps: all Europe likely, in any event, to get to loggerheads on this Austrian Pragmatic matter; the Nations all watching *him*, to see what he will make of it:—fugleman he to the European Nations, just about bursting-up on such an adventure. It may be a glorious position, or a not glorious; but, for certain, it is a dangerous one, and awfully solitary!—

Fuglemen the world and its Nations always have, when simultaneously bent anywhither, wisely or unwisely; and it is natural that the most adventurous spirit take that post. Friedrich has not sought the post; but following his own objects, has got it; and will be ignominiously lost, and trampled to annihilation under the hoofs of the world, if he do not mind! To keep well ahead;—to be rapid as possible; that were good:—to step aside were still better! And Friedrich we find is very anxious for that; 'would be content with the Duchy of Glogau, and join Austria;' but there is not the least chance that way. His Special Envoy to Vienna, Gotter, and along with him Borck the regular Minister, are come home; all negotiation hopeless at Vienna; and nothing but indignant war-preparation going on there, with the most animated diligence, and more success than had seemed possible. That is the law of Friedrich's Silesian Adventure: 'Forward, therefore, on these terms; others there are not: waste no words!' Friedrich recognises to himself what the law is; pushes stiffly forward, with a fine silence on all that is not practical, really with a fine steadiness of hope, and audacity against discouragements. Of his anxieties, which could not well be wanting, but which it is royal to keep strictly under lock and key, of these there is no hint to Jordan or to any-

body; and only through accidental chinks, on close scrutiny, can we discover that they exist. Symptom of despondency, of misgiving or repenting about his Enterprise, there is none anywhere, Friedrich's fine gifts of *silence* (which go deeper than the lips) are noticeable here, as always; and highly they availed Friedrich in leading his life, though now inconvenient to Biographers writing of the same!—

It was not on matters of drill, as Valori supposes, that Friedrich had been consulting with the Old Dessauer: this time it was on another matter. Friedrich has two next Neighbours greatly interested, none more so, in the Pragmatic Question: Kur-Sachsen, Polish King, a foolish greedy creature, who is extremely uncertain about his course in it (and indeed always continued so, now against Friedrich, now for him, and again against); and Kur-Hanover, our little George of England, whose course is certain as that of the very stars, and direct against Friedrich at this time, as indeed, at all times not exceptional, it is apt to be. Both these Potentates must be attended to, in one's absence; method to be gentle but effectual; the Old Dessauer to do it:—and this is what these consultings had turned upon; and in a month or two, readers, and an astonished Gazetteer world, will see what comes of them.

It was February 19th when Friedrich left Berlin; the 21st he spends at Glogau, inspecting the Blockade there, and not ill content with the measures taken: 'Press that Wallis all you can,' enjoins he: 'Hunger seems to be slow about it! Summon him again, were your new Artillery come up; threaten with bombardment; but spare the Town, if possible. Artillery is coming: let us have done here, and soon!' Next day he arrives, not at Breslau as some had expected, but at Schweidnitz sidewards; a strong little Town, at least an elaborately fortified, of which we shall hear much in time coming. It lies a day's ride west of Breslau; and will be quieter for business than a big gazing Capital would be,—were Breslau even one's own city; which it is not, though

perhaps tending to be. Breslau is in transition circumstances at present; a little uncertain *whose* it is, under its Münchows and new managers: Breslau he did not visit at all on this occasion. To Schweidnitz certain new regiments had been ordered, there to be disposed of in reinforcing: there, 'in the Count Hoberg's Mansion,' he principally lodges for six weeks to come; shooting-out on continual excursions; but always returning to Schweidnitz, as the centre, again.

Algarotti, home from Turin (not much of a success there, but always melodious for talk), had travelled with him; Algarotti, and not long after, Jordan and Maupertuis, bear him company, that the vacant moments too be beautiful. We can fancy he has a very busy, very anxious, but not an unpleasant time. He goes rapidly about, visiting his posts, —chiefly about the Neisse Valley; Neisse being the prime object, were the weather once come for siege-work. He is in many Towns (specified in *Rödenbeck* and the Books, but which may be anonymous here); doubtless on many Steeples and Hill-tops; questioning intelligent natives, diligently using his own eyes: intent to make personal acquaintance with this new Country,—where, little as he yet dreams of it, the deadly struggles of his Life lie waiting him, and which he will know to great perfection before all is done!

Neisse lies deep enough in Prussian environment; like Brieg, like Glogau, strictly blockaded; our posts thereabouts, among the Mountains, thought to be impregnable. Nevertheless, what new thing is this? Here are swarms of loose Hussar-Pandour people, wild Austrian Irregulars, who come pouring out of Glatz Country; disturbing the Prussian posts towards that quarter; and do not let us want for Small War (*Kleine Krieg*) so-called. General Browne, it appears, is got back to Glatz at this early season, he and a General Lentulus busy there; and these are the compliments they send! A very troublesome set of fellows, infesting one's purlieus in winged predatory fashion; swooping down like a cloud of vulturous harpies on the sudden; fierce enough, if the chance

favour; then to wing again, if it do not. Communication, especially reconnoitring, is not safe in their neighbourhood. Prussian Infantry, even in small parties, generally beats them; Prussian Horse not, but is oftener beaten,—not drilled for this rabble and their ways. In pitched fight they are not dangerous, rather are despicable to the disciplined man; but can, on occasion, do a great deal of mischief.

Thus, it was not long after Friedrich's coming into these parts, when he learnt with sorrow that a Body of '500 Horse and 500 Foot' (or say it were only 300 of each kind, which is the fact[1]) had eluded our posts in the Mountains, and actually got into Neisse. 'The Foot will be of little consequence,' writes Friedrich; 'but the Horse, which will disturb our communications, are a considerable mischief.' This was on the 5th of March. And about a week before, on the 27th of February, there had wellnigh a far graver thing befallen,—namely the capture of Friedrich himself, and the sudden end of all these operations.

Skirmish of Baumgarten, 27th February 1741

In most of the Anecdote-Books there used to figure, and still does, insisting on some belief from simple persons, a wonderful Story in very vague condition: How once 'in the Silesian Wars,' the King, in those Upper Neisse regions, in the Wartha district between Glatz and Neisse, was, one day, within an inch of being taken,—clouds of Hussars suddenly rising round him, as he rode reconnoitring, with next to no escort, only an adjutant or so in attendance. How he shot away, keeping well in the shade; and ere long whisked into a Convent or Abbey, the beautiful Abbey of Kamenz in those parts; and found Tobias Stusche, excellent Abbot of the place, to whom he candidly disclosed his situation. How the excellent Tobias thereupon instantly ordered the bells to be rung for a mass extraordinary, Monks not knowing why; and,

[1] Orlich, i. 79; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 68.

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after bells, made his appearance in high costume, much to the wonder of his Monks, with a *second* Abbot, also in high costume, but of shortish stature, whom they never saw before or after. Which two Abbots, or at least Tobias, proceeded to do the so-called divine office there and then; letting loose the big chant especially, and the growl of organs, in a singularly expressive manner. How the Pandours arrived in clouds meanwhile; entered, in searching parties, more or less reverent of the mass; searched high and low; but found nothing, and were obliged to take Tobias's blessing at last, and go their ways. How the Second Abbot thereupon swore eternal friendship with Tobias, in the private apartments; and rode off as—as a rescued Majesty, determined to be more cautious in Pandour Countries for the future![1]—Which story, as to the body of it, is all myth; though, as is oftenest the case, there lies in it some soul of fact too. The History-Books, which had not much heeded the little fact, would have nothing to do with this account of it. Nevertheless the people stuck to their Myth; so that Dryasdust (in punishment for his sinful blindness to the human and divine significance of facts) was driven to investigate the business; and did at last victoriously bring it home to the small occurrence now called *Skirmish of Baumgarten*, which had nearly become so great in the History of the World,—to the following effect.

There are Two Valleys with roads that lead from that Southwest quarter of Silesia towards Glatz, each with a little Town at the end of it, looking up into it: Wartha the name of the one; Silberberg that of the other. Through the Wartha Valley, which is southernmost, young Neisse River comes rushing down,—the blue mountains thereabouts very pretty, on a clear spring day, says my touring friend. Both

[1] Hildebrandt, *Anekdoten*, i. 1-7. Pandour proper is a *foot*-soldier (tall raw-boned ill-washed biped, in copious Turk breeches, rather barish in the top parts of him; carries a very long musket, and has several pistols and butcher's-knives stuck in his girdle): specifically a footman; but readers will permit me to use him withal, as here, in the generic sense.

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at Wartha, and at Silberberg the little Town which looks into the mouth of the northernmost Valley, the Prussians have a post. Old Derschau, Malplaquet Derschau, with headquarters at Frankenstein, some seven or eight miles nearer Schweidnitz, has not failed in that precaution. Friedrich wished to visit Silberberg and Wartha; set out accordingly, 27th February, with small escort, carelessly as usual: the Pandour people had wind of it; knew his habits on such occasions; and, gliding through other roadless valleys, under an adventurous Captain, had determined to whirl him off. And they were in fact not far from succeeding, had not a mistake happened.

Silberberg, and Wartha the southernmost, which stands upon the Neisse River (rushing out there into the plainer country), are each about seven or eight miles from Frankenstein, the Headquarters; and there are relays of posts, capable of supporting one another, all the way from Frankenstein to each. Friedrich rode to Silberberg first; examined the post, found it right; then rode across to Wartha, seven or eight miles southward; examined Wartha likewise; after which, he sat down to dinner in that little Town, with an Officer or two for company,—having, I suppose, found all right in both the posts. In the way hither, he had made some change in the relay arrangements, which at first involved some diminution of his own escort, and then some marching about and redistributing: so that, externally, it seemed as if the Principal Relay-party were now marching on Baumgarten, an intermediate Village,—at least so the Pandour Captain understands the movements going on; and crouches into the due thickets in consequence, not doubting but the King himself is for Baumgarten, and will be at hand presently. Principal relay-party, a squadron of Schulenburg's Dragoons, with a stupid Major over them, is not quite got into Baumgarten, when 'with horrible cries, the Pandour Captain with about 500 Horse,' plunges out of cover, direct upon the throat of it: and Friedrich, at Wartha, is but just begun dining when tumult of distant musketry

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breaks in upon him. With Friedrich himself, at this time, as I count, there might be 150 Horse; in Wartha post itself are at least 'forty hussars and fifty foot.' By no means 'nothing but a single adjutant,' as the Myth bears.

The stupid Major ought to have beaten this rabble, though above two to one of him. But he could not, though he tried considerably; on the contrary, he was himself beaten; obliged to make off, leaving 'ten dragoons killed, sixteen prisoners, one standard and two kettle-drums':—victory and all this plunder, ye Pandour gentry; but evidently no King. The Pandour gentry, on the instant, made off too, alarm being abroad; got into some side-valley, with their prisoners and drum-and-standard honours, and vanished from view of mankind.

Friedrich had started from dinner; got his escort under way, with the forty hussars and the fifty foot, and what small force was attainable; and hurried towards the scene. He did see, by the road, another strongish party of Pandours; dashed them across the Neisse River out of sight;—but, getting to Baumgarten, found the field silent, and ten dead men upon it. 'I always told you those Schulenburg Dragoons were good for nothing!' writes he to the Old Dessauer; but gradually withal, on comparing notes, finds what a danger he had run, and how rash and foolish he had been. 'An *étourderie* (foolish trick),' he calls it, writing to Jordan; 'a black eye;' and will avoid the like. Vienna got its two kettle-drums and flag; extremely glad to see them; and even sang *Te-Deum* upon them, to general edification.[1] This is the naked primordial substance out of which the above Myth grew to its present luxuriance in the popular imagination. Place, the little Village of Baumgarten; day 27th February 1741. Of Tobias Stusche or the Convent of Kamenz, not one authentic word on this occasion. Tobias did get promotions, favours in coming years: a worthy Abbot, deserving promotion on general grounds; and master of a Convent

[1] Orlich, i. 62-64.

very picturesque, but twelve miles from the present scene of action.

Aspects of Breslau

Friedrich avoided visiting Breslau, probably for the reasons above given; though there are important interests of his there, especially his chief Magazine; and issues of moment are silently working forward. Here are contemporary Excerpts (in abridged form), which are authentic, and of significance to a lively reader:

'*Breslau, Middle of January* 1741. The Prussian Envoy, Herr von Gotter, had appeared here, returning from Vienna; Gotter, and then Borck, who made no secret in Breslau society, That not the slightest hope of a peaceable result existed, as society might have flattered itself; but that war and battle would have to decide this matter. A Saxon Ambassador was also here, waiting some time; message thought to be insignificant:—probably some vague admonitory stuff again from Kur-Sachsen (Polish King, son of August the Strong, a very insignificant man), who acts as *Reichs-Vicarius* in those Northern parts.' For the reader is to know, there are Reichs-Vicars more than one (nay, more than two on this occasion, with considerable jarring going on about them); and I could say much about their dignities, limits, duties,[1]—if indeed there were any duties, except dramatic ones! But the Reich itself, and Vicarship along with it, are fallen into a nearly imaginary condition; and the Regensburg Diet (not Princes now, but mere Delegates of Princes, mostly Bombazine People), which, 'ever since 1663,' has sat continual, instead of now and then, is become an Enchanted Wiggery, strange to look upon, under those earnest stars. 'As King Friedrich did not call at Breslau,' after those Neisse bombardments, but rolled past, straight homewards, the three Excellencies all departed,—Borck and Gotter to Berlin, the Saxon home again with his insignificant message.

'*January 19th.* Schwerin too was here in the course of the winter to see how the magazines and other war-preparations, were going on: Breslau outwardly and inwardly is whirling with business, and offers phenomena. For instance, it is known that the Army-Chest, heaps of silver and gold in it, lies in the Scultet Garden-House, where the King lodged; and that only one sentry walks there, and that in the guardhouse

[1] Adelung, ii. 143, etc; Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, pp. 585-589.

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itself, which is some way off, there are only thirty men. January 19th, about 9 of the clock,[1] alarm rises, That 2,000 *Diebs-Gesindel* (Collective Thief-rabble of Breslau and dependencies) are close by; intending a stroke upon said Garden-House and Army-Chest! Perhaps this rumour sprang of its own accord;—or perhaps not quite? It had been very rife; and ran high; not without remonstrances in Town-Hall, and the like, which we can imagine. Issue was, The Officer on post at Scultet's loaded his treasure in carts; conveyed it, that same night, to the interior of the City, in fact to the *Oberamts-Haus* (Government-House that was);—which doubtless was a step in the right direction. For now the Two Feld-Kriegs-Commissariat Gentlemen (one of whom is the expert Münchow, son of our old Cüstrin friend), supreme Prussian Authorities here, do likewise shift out of their inns; and take old Schaffgotsch's apartments in the same Oberamts-Haus; mutely symbolling that perhaps *they* are likely to become a kind of Government. And the reader can conceive how, in such an element, the function of governing would of itself fall more and more into their hands. They were consummately polite, discreet, friendly towards all people; and did in effect manage their business, tax-gatherings in money and in kind with a perfection and precision which made the evil a minimum.

'*February* 17*th*. * * This day also, there arrived at Breslau by boat up the Oder, ten heavy cannon, three mortars, and ammunition of powder, bombshells, balls, as much as loaded fifty wagons; the whole of which were, in like manner, forwarded to Ohlau. This day, as on other days before and after. Great Magazines forming here; the Military chiefly at Ohlau; at Breslau the Provender part,—and this latter under noteworthy circumstances. In the Dom-Island, namely; which is definable (in a case of such necessity) as being "outside the walls." Especially as the Reverend Fathers have mostly glided into corners, and left the place vacant. In the Dom-Island, it certainly is; and such a stock,—all bought for money down, and spurred forward while the roads were under frost,—"such a stock as was not thought to be in all Silesia," says exaggerative wonder. The vacant edifices in the Dom-Island are filled to the neck with meal and corn; the Prussian brigade now quartering there ("without the walls," in a sense) to guard the same. And in the Bishop's Garden' (poor Sinzendorf, far enough away and in no want of it just now) 'are mere haymows, bigger than houses: who can object,—in a case of necessity? No man, unless he politically meddle, is meddled with; politically meddling, you are at once picked up; as one or two are,—clapped into gentle arrest, or, like old Schaffgotsch, and even Sinzendorf before long, requested to leave the Country till it get settled. Rigour

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 700.

there is, but not intentional injustice on Münchow's part, and there is a studious avoidance of harsh manner.

'*February—March.* Considerable recruiting in Schlesien: six hundred recruits have enlisted in Breslau alone. Also his Prussian Majesty has sent a supply of Protestant Preachers, ordained for the occasion, to minister where needed;—which is piously acknowledged as a god-send in various parts of Silesia. Twelve came first, all Berliners; soon afterwards, others from different parts, till, in the end, there were about Sixty in all. Rigorous, punctilious avoidance of offence to the Catholic minorities, or of whatever least thing Silesian Law does not permit, is enjoined upon them; "to preach in barns or town-halls, where by Law you have no Church." Their salary is about 30*l.* a year; they are all put under supervision of the Chaplain of Margraf Karl's Regiment' (a judicious Chaplain, I have no doubt, and fit to be a Bishop); and so far as appears, mere benefit is got of them by Schlesien as well as by Friedrich, in this function. Friedrich is careful to keep the balance level between Catholic and Protestant; but it has hung at such an angle, for a long while past! In general, we observe the Catholic Dignitaries, and the zealous or fanatic of that creed, especially the Jesuits, are apt to be against him: as for the non-fanatic, they expect better government, secular advantage; these latter weigh doubtfully, and with less weight whichever way. In the general population, who are Protestant, he recognises friends;—and has sent them Sixty Preachers, which by Law was their due long since. Here follow two little traits, comic or tragi-comic, with which we can conclude:

'Detached Jesuit parties, here and there, seem to have mischief in hand in a small way, encouraging deserters and the like;—and we keep an eye on them. No discontent elsewhere, at least none audible; on the contrary, much enlisting on the part of the Silesian youth, with other good symptoms. But in the Dom, there is, singular to say, a Goblin found walking, one night;—advancing, not with airs from Heaven, upon the Prussian sentry there! The Prussian sentry handles arms; pokes determinedly into the Goblin, and finding him solid, ever more determinedly, till the Goblin shrieked "Jesus Maria!" and was hauled to the Guardhouse for investigation.' A weak Goblin; doubtless of the valet kind; worth only a little whipping; but testifies what the spirit is.

'Another time, two deserter Frenchmen getting hanged' (such the law in aggravated cases), 'certain polite Jesuits, who had by permission been praying and extreme-unctioning about them, came to thank the Colonel after all was over. Colonel, a grave practical man, needs no "thanks"; would, however, "advise your Reverences to teach your people that perjury is not permissible, that an oath sworn ought to be kept"; and in fine "would advise you Holy Fathers hereabouts, and others, to

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have a care lest you get into'—And twitching his reins, rode away without saying into what."[1]

Austria is standing to Arms

Schwerin has been doing his best in this interim; collecting magazines with double diligence while the roads are hard, taking-up the Key-positions far and wide, from the Jablunka round to the Frontier Valleys of Glatz again. He was through Jablunka, at one time; on into Mähren, as far as Olmütz; levying contributions, emitting patents: but as to intimidating her Hungarian Majesty, if that was the intention, or changing her mind at all, that is not the issue got. Austria has still strength, and Pragmatic Sanction and the Laws of Nature have! Very fixed is her Hungarian Majesty's determination, to part with no inch of Territory, but to drive the intrusive Prussians home well punished.

How she has got the funds is, to this day, a mystery;—unless George and Walpole, from their Secret-Service Moneys, have smuggled her somewhat? For the Parliament is not sitting, and there will be such jargonings, such delays: a preliminary 100,000*l.*, say by degrees 200,000*l.*,—we should not miss it, and in her Majesty's hands it would go far! Hints in the English Dryasdust we have; but nothing definite; and we are left to our guesses.[2] A romantic story, first set current by Voltaire, has gone the round of the world, and still appears in all Histories: How in England there was a Subscription set on foot for her Hungarian Majesty; outcome of the enthusiasm of English Ladies of quality,—old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough putting down her name for 40,000*l.*, or indeed putting down the ready sum itself; magnanimous veteran that she was. Voltaire says, omitting date and circumstance, but speaking as if it were indubitable, and a

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 723.

[2] Tindal (xx. 497) says expressly 200,000*l.*, but gives no date or other particular.

thing you could see with eyes: 'The Duchess of Marlborough, widow of him who had fought for Karl VI.' (and with such signal returns of gratitude from the said Karl VI.), 'assembled the principal Ladies of London; who engaged to furnish 100,000*l.* among them; the Duchess herself putting down' (*en deposa*, tabling *in corpore*) '40,000*l.* of it. The Queen of Hungary had the greatness of soul to refuse this money;—needing only, as she intimated, what the Nation in Parliament assembled might please to offer her.'[1]

One is sorry to run athwart such a piece of mutual magnanimity; but the fact is, on considering a little and asking evidence, it turns out to be mythical. One Dilworth, an innocent English soul (from whom our grandfathers used to learn *Arithmetic*, I think), writing on the spot some years after Voltaire, has this useful passage: 'It is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders. Voltaire was misinformed; and would perhaps learn, by a second inquiry, a truth less splendid and amusing. A Contribution was, by News-writers upon their own authority, fruitlessly proposed. It ended in nothing: the Parliament voted a supply;'—that did it, Mr. Dilworth; supplies enough, and many of them! 'Fruitlessly, by News-writers on their own authority;' that is the sad fact.[2]

It is certain, little George, who considers Pragmatic Sanction as the Keystone of Nature, in a manner, has been venturing far deeper than purse for that adorable object, and indeed has been diving, secretly, in muddier waters than we expected, to a dangerous extent, on behalf of it, at this very

[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (*Siècle de Louis XV*, c. 6), xxviii. 79.

[2] *The Life and Heroick Actions of Frederick III.* (*sic*, a common blunder), by W. H. Dilworth, M.A. (London, 1758), p. 25. A poor little Book, one of many coming out on that subject just then (for a reason we shall see on getting thither); which contains, of available now, the above sentence and no more. Indeed its brethren, one of them by Samuel Johnson (*impransus*, the imprisoned giant), do not even contain that, and have gone wholly to zero.—Neither little Dilworth nor big Voltaire give the least shadow of specific date; but both evidently mean Spring 1742 (not 1741).

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time. In the first days of March, Friedrich has heard from his Minister at Petersburg of a *detestable Project*,[1]—project for 'Partitioning the Prussian Kingdom,' no less; for fairly cutting into Friedrich, and paring him down to the safe pitch, as an enemy to Pragmatic and mankind. They say, a Treaty, Draught of a Treaty, for that express object, is now ready; and lies at Petersburg, only waiting signature. Here is a Project! Contracting parties (Russian signature still wanting) are: Kur-Sachsen; her Hungarian Majesty; King George; and that Regent Anne (*Mrs.* Anton Ulrich, so to speak), who sits in a huddle of undress,—impatient of Political objects, but sensible to the charms of handsome men. To the charms of Count Lynar, especially; the handsomest of Danish noblemen (more an ancient Roman than a Dane), whom the Polish Majesty, calculating cause and effect, had despatched to her, with that view, in the dead of winter lately. To whom she has given ear;—dismissing her Münnich, as we saw above;—and is ready for signing, or perhaps has signed![2] Friedrich's astonishment, on hearing of this 'detestable Project,' was great. However, he takes his measures on it;—right lucky that he has the Old Dessauer, and machinery for acting on Kur-Sachsen and the Britannic Majesty. 'Get your machinery in gear!' is naturally his first order. And the Old Dessauer does it, with effect: of which by and by.

Never did I hear, before or since, of such a plunge into the muddy unfathomable, on the part of little George, who was an honourable creature, and dubitative to excess: and truly this rash plunge might have cost him dear, had not he directly scrambled out again. Or did Friedrich exaggerate to himself his Uncle's real share in the matter? I always guess, there had been more of loose talk, of hypothesis and fond hope, in regard to George's share, than of determinate fact or procedure on his own part. The transaction, having

[1] Orlich, i. 83 (scrap of Note to Old Dessauer; no date allowed us; 'early in March').
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 68.

had to be dropped on the sudden, remains somewhat dark; but, in substance, it is not doubtful;[1] and Parliament itself took afterwards to poking into it, though with little effect. Kur-Sachsen's objects in the adventure were of the earth, earthy; but on George's part it was pure adoration of Pragmatic Sanction, anxiety for the Keystone of Nature, and lest Chaos come again. In comparison with such transcendent divings, what is a little Secret-Service money!—

The Count Lynar of this adventure, who had well nigh done such a feat in Diplomacy, may turn-up transiently again. A conspicuous, more or less ridiculous person of those times. Büsching (our Geographical friend) had gone with him, as Excellency's Chaplain, in this Russian Journey; which is a memorable one to Büsching; and still presents vividly, through his Book, those haggard Baltic Coasts in mid-winter, to readers who have business there. Such a journey for grimness of outlook, upon pine-tufts and frozen sand; for cold (the Count's very tobacco-pipe freezing in his mouth), for hardship, for bad lodging, and extremity of dirt in the unfreezable kinds, as seldom was. They met, one day on the road, a Lord Hyndford, English Ambassador just returning from Petersburg, with his fourgons and vehicles, and arrangements for sleep and victual, in an enviably luxurious condition,—whom we shall meet, to our cost. They saw, in the body, old Fieldmarshal Lacy, and dined with him, at Riga; who advised brandy schnapps; a recipe rejected by Büsching. And other memorabilia, which by accident hang about this Lynar.[2]—All through Regent Anne's time he continued a dangerous object to Friedrich; and it was a relief when Elizabeth *Catin* became Autocrat, instead of Deshabille Anne and her Lynar. Adieu to him, for fifteen years or more.

Of Friedrich's military operations, of his magazines, posts, diligent plannings and gallopings about, in those weeks; of all this the reader can form some notion by looking on the

[1] Tindal, xx. 497.

[2] Büsching, *Beyträge*, vi. 132-164.

map and remembering what has gone before: but that subterranean growling which attended him, prophetic of Earthquake, that universal breaking-forth of Bedlams, now fallen so extinct, no reader can imagine. Bedlams totally extinct to everybody; but which were then very real, and raged wide as the world, high as the stars, to a hideous degree among the then sons of men;—unimaginable now by any mortal.

And, alas, this is one of the grand difficulties for my readers and me; Friedrich's Life-element having fallen into such a dismal condition. Most dismal, dark, ugly, that Austrian-Succession Business, and its world-wide battlings, throttlings and intriguings: not Dismal Swamp, under a coverlid of London Fog, could be uglier! A Section of 'History' so-called, which human nature shrinks from; of which the extant generation already knows nothing, and is impatient of hearing anything! Truly, Oblivion is very due to such an Epoch: and from me far be it to awaken, beyond need, its sordid Bedlams, happily extinct. But without Life-element, no Life can be intelligible; and till Friedrich and one or two others are extricated from it, Dismal Swamp cannot be quite filled in. Courage, reader!—Our Constitutional Historian makes this further reflection:

'English moneys, desperate Russian intrigues, Treaties made and Treaties broken—If instead of Pragmatic Sanction with eleven Potentates guaranteeing, Maria Theresa had at this time had 200,000 soldiers and a full treasury (as Prince Eugene used to advise the late Kaiser), how different might it have been with her, and with the whole world that fell upon one another's throats in her quarrel! Some eight years of the most disastrous War; and except the falling of Silesia to its new place, no result gained by it. War at any rate inevitable, you object? English-Spanish War having been obliged to kindle itself; French sure to fall in, on the Spanish side; sure to fall upon Hanover, so soon as beaten at sea, and thus to involve all Europe? Well, it is too likely. But, even in that case, the poor English would have gone upon their necessary Spanish War, by the direct road and with their eyes open, instead of somnambulating and stumbling over the chimney-tops; and the settlement might have come far sooner, and far cheaper to mankind. —Nay, we are to admit that the new place for Silesia was, likewise, the

place appointed it by just Heaven; and Friedrich's too was a necessary War. Heaven makes use of Shadow-hunting Kaisers too; and its ways in this mad world are through the great Deep.'

The Young Dessauer captures Glogau (March 9th); *the Old Dessauer, by his Camp at Göttin* (April 2d), *checkmates certain Designing Persons*

Money somewhere her Hungarian Majesty has got; that is one thing evident. She has an actual Army on foot, 'drawn out of Italy,' or whence she could; formidable Army, says rumour, and getting well equipped;—and here are the Pandour Precursors of it, coming down like storm-clouds through the Glatz valleys;—nearly finishing the War for her at a stroke, the other day, had accident favoured;—and have thrown reinforcement of 600 into Neisse. Friedrich is not insensible to these things; and amid such alarms from far and from near, is becoming eager to have, at least, Glogau in his hand. Glogau, he is of opinion, could now, and should, straightway be done.

Glogau is not a strong place; after all the repairing, it could stand little siege, were we careless of hurting it. But Wallis is obstinate; refuses Free Withdrawal; will hold out to the uttermost, though his meal is running low. He pretends there is relief coming; relief just at hand; and once, in midnight time, 'lets-off a rocket and fires six guns,' alarming Prince Leopold as if relief were just in the neighbourhood. A tough industrious military man; stiff to his purpose, and not without shift.

Friedrich thinks the place might be had by assault: 'Open trenches; set your batteries going, which need not injure the Town; need only alarm Wallis, and *terrify* it; then, under cover of this noise and feint of cannonading, storm with vigour.' Leopold, the Young Dessauer, is cautious; wants petards if he must storm, wants two new battalions if he must open trenches;—he gets these requisites, and is still cunctatory. Friedrich has himself got the notion, 'from clear

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intelligence,' true or not, that relief to Glogau is actually on way; and under such imminences, Russian and other, in so ticklish a state of the world, he becomes more and more impatient that this thing were done. In the first week of March, still hurrying about on inspection-business, he writes, from four or five different places ('Mollwitz near Brieg' is one of them, a Village we shall soon know better), Note after Note to Leopold; who still makes difficulties, and is not yet perfect to the last finish in his preparations. 'Preparations!' answers Friedrich impatiently (date *Mollwitz, 5th March*, the third or fourth impatient Note he has sent); and adds, just while quitting Mollwitz for Ohlau, this Postscript in his own hand:

P.S. 'I am sorry you have not understood me! They have, in Böhmen, a regular enterprise on hand for the rescue of Glogau. I have Infantry enough to meet them; but Cavalry is quite wanting. You must therefore, without delay, begin the siege. Let us finish there, I pray you!'[1]

And next day, Monday 6th, to cut the matter short, he despatches his General-Adjutant Goltz in person (the distance is above seventy miles), with this Note wholly in autograph, which nothing vocal on Leopold's part will answer:

'*Ohlau, 6th March.* As I am certainly informed that the Enemy will make some attempt, I hereby with all distinctness command, That, so soon as the petards are come' (which they are), 'you attack Glogau. And you must make your Arrangement (*Disposition*) for more than one attack; so that if one fail, the other shall certainly succeed. I hope you will put-off no longer;—otherwise the blame of all the mischief that might arise out of longer delay must lie on you alone.'[2]

Goltz arrived with this emphatic Piece, Tuesday Evening, after his course of seventy miles: this did at last rouse our cautious Young Dessauer; and so there is next obtainable, on much compression, the following authentic Excerpt:

'*Glogau, 8th March* 1741. His Durchlaucht the Prince Leopold

[1] Orlich, i. 70. [2] *Ibid.* i. 71.

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summoned all the Generals at noon; and informed them That, this very night, Glogau must be won. He gave them their Instructions in writing: where each was to post himself; with what detachments; how to proceed. There are to be Three Attacks: one up stream, coming on with the River to its right; one down stream, River to its left; and a third from the landward side, perpendicular to the other two. The very captains that shall go foremost are specified; at what hour each is to leave quarters, so that all be ready simultaneously, waiting in the posts assigned;—against what points to advance out of these, and storm Rampart and Wall. Places, times, particulars, everything is fixed with mathematical exactitude: "Be steady, be correct, especially be silent; and so far as Law of Nature will permit, be simultaneous! When the big steeple of Glogau peals Midnight,—Forward, with the first stroke; with the second, much more with the twelfth stroke, be one and all of you, in the utmost silence, advancing! And, under pain of death, two things: Not one shot till you are in; No plundering when you are."—In this manner is the silent three-sided avalanche to be let go. Whereupon,' says my Dryasdust, 'the Generals retired; and had, for one item, their fire-arms all cleaned and new-loaded.'[1]

Without plans of Glogau, and more detail and study than the reader would consent to, there can no Narrative be given. Glogau has Ramparts, due Ring-fence, palisaded and repaired by Wallis; inside of this is an old Town-Wall, which will need petards: there are about 1,000 men under Wallis, and altogether on the works, not to count a mortar or two, fifty-eight big guns. The reader must conceive a poor Town under blockade, in the wintry night-time, with its tough Count Wallis; ill-off for the necessaries of life; Town shrouded in darkness, and creeping quietly to its bed. This on the one hand: and on the other hand, Prussian battalions marching up, at 10 o'clock or later, with the utmost softness of step; 'taking post behind the ordinary field-watches'; and at length, all standing ranked, in the invisible dark; silent, like machinery, like a sleeping avalanche: Husht!—No sentry from the walls dreams of such a thing. 'Twelve!' sings out the steeple of Glogau; and in grim whisper the word is, '*Vorwärts!*' and the three-winged avalanche is in motion.

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 823; ii. 165.

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They reach their glacises, their ditches, covered ways, correct as mathematics; tear-out chevaux-de-frise, hew-down palisades, in the given number of minutes: Swift, ye Regiment's-carpenters; smite your best! Four cannon-shot do now boom-out upon them; which go high over their heads, little dreaming how close at hand they are. The glacis is thirty feet high, of stiff slope, and slippery with frost: no matter, the avalanche, led on by Leopold in person, by Margraf Karl the King's Cousin, by Adjutant Goltz and the chief personages, rushes up with strange impetus; hews-down a second palisade; surges in;—Wallis's sentries extinct, or driven to their main guards. There is a singular fire in the besieging party. For example, Four Grenadiers,—I think of this First Column, which succeeded sooner, certainly of the Regiment Glasenapp,—four grenadiers, owing to slippery or other accidents, in climbing the glacis, had fallen a few steps behind the general body; and on getting to the top, took the wrong course, and rushed along rightward instead of leftward. Rightward, the first thing they come upon is a mass of Austrians still ranked in arms; Fifty-two men, as it turned out, with their Captain over them. Slight stutter ensues on the part of the Four Grenadiers; but they give one another the hint, and dash forward: 'Prisoners?' ask they sternly, as if all Prussia had been at their rear. The Fifty-two, in the darkness, in the danger and alarm, answered 'Yes.'—'Pile arms, then!' Three of the grenadiers stand to see that done; the fourth runs off for force, and happily gets back with it before the comedy had become tragic for his comrades. 'I must make acquaintance with these four men,' writes Friedrich, on hearing of it; and he did reward them by present, by promotion to sergeantcy (to ensigncy one of them), or what else they were fit for. Grenadiers of Glasenapp: these are the men Friedrich heard swearing-in under his window, one memorable morning when he burst into tears! At half-past Twelve, the Ramparts, on all sides, are ours.

The Gates of the Town, under axe and petard, can make

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little resistance, to Leopold's Column or the other two. A hole is soon cut in the Town-Gate, where Leopold is; and gallant Wallis, who had rallied behind it, with his Artillery-General and what they could get together, fires through the opening, kills four men; but is then (by order, and not till then) fired upon, and obliged to draw back, with his Artillery-General mortally hurt. Inside he attempts another rally, some 200 with him; and here and there perhaps a house-window tries to give shot; but it is to no purpose, not the least stand can be made. Poor Wallis is rapidly swept back, into the Market-place, into the Main Guardhouse; and there piles arms: 'Glogau yours, Ihr Herren, and we prisoners of War!' The steeple had not yet quite struck One. Here has been a good hour's-work!

Glogau, as in a dream, or half-awake, and timidly peeping from behind window-curtains, finds that it is a Town taken. Glogau easily consoles itself, I hear, or even is generally glad; Prussian discipline being so perfect, and ingress now free for the necessaries of life. There was no plundering; not the least insult: no townsman was hurt; not even in houses where soldiers had tried firing from windows. The Prussian Battalions rendezvous in the Market-place, and go peaceably about their patrolling, and other business; and meddle with nothing else. They lost, in killed, ten men; had of killed and wounded, forty-eight; the Austrians rather more.[1] Wallis was to have been set free on parole; but was not,—in retaliation for some severity of General Browne's in the interim (picking-up of two Silesian Noblemen, suspected of Prussian tendency, and locking them in Brünn over the Hills),—and had to go to Berlin, till that was repaired. To the wounded Artillery-General there was every tenderness shown, but he died in few days. The other Prisoners were marched to the Cüstrin-Stettin quarter; 'and many of them took Prussian service.'

[1] Orlich, i. 75, 78; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 829; irreconcilable otherwise, in some slight points.

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And this is the Scalade of Glogau: a shining feat of those days; which had great rumour in the Gazettes, and over all the then feverish Nations, though it has now fallen dim again, as feats do. Its importance at that time, its utility to Friedrich's affairs, was undeniable; and it filled Friedrich with the highest satisfaction, and with admiration to overflowing. Done 9th March 1741; in one hour, the very earliest of the day.

Goltz posted back to Schweidnitz with the news; got thither about 5 P.M.; and was received, naturally, with open arms. Friedrich in person marched out, next morning, to make *Feu-de-joie* and *Te-Deum*-ing;—there was Royal Letter to Leopold, which flamed through all the Newspapers, and can still be read in innumerable Books; Letter omissible in this place. We remark only how punctual the King is, to reward in money as well as praise, and not the high only, but the low that had deserved: to Prince Leopold he presents 2,000*l.*; to each private soldier who had been of the storm, say half-a-guinea,—doubling and quadrupling, in the special cases, to as high as twenty guineas, of our present money. To the old Gazetteers, and their readers everywhere, this of Glogau is a very effulgent business; bursting out on them, like sudden Bude-light, in the uncertain stagnancy and expectancy of mankind. Friedrich himself writes of it to the Old Dessauer.

'The more I think of the Glogau business, the more important I find it. Prince Leopold has achieved the prettiest military stroke (*die schönste Action*) that has been done in this Century. From my heart I congratulate you on having such a Son. In boldness of resolution, in plan, in execution, it is alike admirable; and quite gives a turn to my affairs.'[1]

And indeed, it is a perfect example of Prussian discipline, and military quality in all kinds; such as it would be difficult to match elsewhere. Most potently correct; coming out everywhere with the completeness and exactitude of mathe-

[1] Date, 13th March 1741 (Orlich, i. 77).

matics; and has in it such a fund of martial fire, not only ready to blaze out (which can be exampled elsewhere), but capable of bottling itself *in*, and of lying silently ready. Which is much rarer; and very essential in soldiering! Due a little to the *Old* Dessauer, may we not say, as well as to the Young? Friedrich Wilhelm is fallen silent; but his heavy labours, and military and other drillings to Prussian mankind, still speak with an audible voice.

About three weeks after this of Glogau, Leopold the Old Dessauer, over in Brandenburg, does another thing which is important to Friedrich, and of great rumour in the world. Steps out, namely, with a force of 36,000 men, horse, foot and artillery, completely equipped in all points; and takes Camp, at this early season, at a place called Göttin, not far from Magdeburg, handy at once for Saxony and for Hanover; and continues there encamped,—'merely for review purposes.' Readers can figure what an astonishment it was to Kur-Sachsen and British George; and how it struck the wind out of their Russian Partition-Dream, and awoke them to a sense of the awful fact!—Capable of being slit in pieces, and themselves partitioned, at a day's warning, as it were! It was on April 2d, that Leopold, with the first division of the 36,000, planted his flag near Göttin. No doubt it was the 'detestable Project' that had brought him out, at so early a season for tent-life, and nobody could then guess why. He steadily paraded here, all summer; keeping his 36,000 well in drill, since there was nothing else needed of him.

The Camp at Göttin flamed greatly abroad through the timorous imaginations of mankind, that Year; and in the Newspapers are many details of it. And besides the important general fact, there is still one little point worth special mention: namely, that old Fieldmarshal Katte (Father of poor Lieutenant Katte whom we knew) was of it; and perhaps even got his death by it: 'Chief Commander of the Cavalry here,' such honour had he; but died at his post, in a couple

of months, 'at Rekahn, May 31st';[1] poor old gentleman, perhaps unequal to the hardships of field-life at so early a season of the year.

Friedrich takes the Field, with some Pomp; goes into the Mountains,—but comes fast back

At Glogau there was Homaging, on the very morrow after the storm: on the second day, the superfluous regiments marched off; no want of vigorous activity to settle matters on their new footing there. General Kalkstein (Friedrich's old Tutor, whom readers have forgotten again) is to be Commandant of Glogau; an office of honour, which can be done by deputy except in cases of real stress. The place is to be thoroughly new-fortified,—which important point they commit to Engineer Wallrave, a strong-headed, heavy-built Dutch Officer, long since acquired to the service, on account of his excellence in that line; who did, now and afterwards, a great deal of excellent engineering for Friedrich; but for himself (being of deep stomach withal, and of life too dissolute) made a tragic thing of it ultimately. As will be seen, if we have leisure.

In seven or eight days, Prince Leopold having wound-up his Glogau affairs, and completed the new preliminaries there, joins the King at Schweidnitz. In the highest favour, as was natural. Kalkstein is to take a main hand in the Siege of Neisse; for which operation it is hoped there will soon be weather, if not favourable yet supportable. What of the force was superfluous at Glogau had at once marched off, as we observed; and is now getting re-distributed where needful. There is much shifting about; strengthening of posts, giving-up of posts: the whole of which readers shall imagine for themselves,—except only two points that are worth remembering: *First*, that Kalkstein with about 12,000 takes post at Grotkau, some twenty-five miles north of Neisse, ready to

[1] *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 254.

move on, and open trenches, when required: and *second*, that Holstein-Beck gets posted at Frankenstein (chief place of that Baumgarten skirmish), say thirty-five miles west-by-north of Neisse; and has some 8 or 10,000 Horse and Foot thereabouts, spread up and down,—who will be much wanted, and not procurable, on an occasion that is coming.

Friedrich has given-up the Jablunka Pass; called-in the Jablunka and remoter posts; anxious to concentrate, before the Enemy get nigh. That is the King's notion; and surely a reasonable one; the *area* of the Prussian Army, as I guess it from the Maps, being above 2,000 square miles, beginning at Breslau only, and leaving out Glogau. Schwerin thinks differently, but without good basis. Both are agreed, 'The Austrian Army cannot take the field till the forage come,' till the new grass spring, which its cavalry find convenient. That is the fair supposition; but in that both are mistaken, and Schwerin the more dangerously of the two.—Meanwhile the Pandour swarms are observably getting rifer, and of stormier quality; and they seem to harbour farther to the East than formerly, and not to come all out of Glatz. Which perhaps are symptomatic circumstances? The worst effect of these preliminary Pandour clouds is, Your scout-service cannot live among them; they hinder reconnoitring, and keep the Enemy veiled from you. Of that sore mischief Friedrich had, first and last, ample experience at their hands! This is but the first instalment of Pandours to Friedrich; and the mere foretaste of what they can do in the veiling way.

Behind the Mountains, in this manner, all is inane darkness to Friedrich and Schwerin. They know only that Neipperg is rendezvousing at Olmütz; and judge that he will still spend many weeks upon it; the real facts being: That Neipperg,—'who arrived in Olmütz on the 10th of March,' the very day while Glogau was homaging,—has been, he and those above him and those under him, driving preparations forward at a furious rate. That Neipperg held,—I think at Steinberg his hithermost post, some twenty miles hither of

27th March 1741]
Olmütz,—a Council of War, 'all the Generals and even Lentulus from Glatz, present at it,' day not given; where the unanimous decision was, 'March straightway; save Neisse, since Glogau is gone!'—and in fine, That on the 26th, Neipperg took the road accordingly, 'in spite of furious snow blowing in his face'; and is ever since (30,000 strong, says rumour, but perhaps 10,000 of them mere Pandours) unweariedly climbing the Mountains, laboriously jingling forward with his heavy guns and ammunition-wagons; 'contending with the steep snowy icy roads';—intent upon saving Neisse. This is the fact; profoundly unknown to Friedrich and Schwerin; who will be much surprised, when it becomes patent to them at the wrong time.

Schweidnitz, 27th March. This day Friedrich, with considerable apparatus, pomp and processional cymballing, greatly the reverse of his ulterior use and wont in such cases, quitted Schweidnitz and his Algarottis; solemnly opening Campaign in this manner; and drove off for Ottmachau, having work there for tomorrow.

The Siege of Neisse is now to proceed forthwith; trenches to be opened April 4th. Friedrich is still of opinion, that his posts lie too wide apart; that especially Schwerin, who is spread among the Hills in Jägerndorf Country, ought to come down, and take closer order for covering the siege.[1] Schwerin answers, That if the King will spare him a reinforcement of eight squadrons and nine battalions (says 1,200 Horse, 9,000 Foot), he will maintain himself where he is, and no Enemy shall get across the Mountains at all. That is Schwerin's notion; who surely is something of a judge. Friedrich assents; will himself conduct the reinforcement to Schwerin, and survey matters, with his own eyes, up yonder. Friedrich marches from Ottmachau, accordingly, 29th March;—Kalkstein, Holstein-Beck, and others are to be rendezvoused before Neisse, in the interim; trenches ready for opening on the

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 70.

sixth day hence;—and in this manner, climbs these mountains, and sees Jägerndorf Country for the first time.

Beautiful blue world of Hills, ridge piled on ridge behind that Neisse region; fruitful valleys lapped in them, with grim stone Castles and busy little Towns disclosing themselves as we advance: that is Jägerndorf Country,—which Uncle George of Anspach, hundreds of years ago, purchased with his own money; which we have now come to lay hold of as his Heir! Friedrich, I believe, thinks little of all this, and does not remember Uncle George at all. But such are the facts; and the Country, regarded or not, is very blue and beautiful, with the Spring sun shining on it; or with the sudden Spring storms gathering wildly on the peaks, as if for permanent investiture, but vanishing again straightway, leaving only a powdering of snow.

He met Schwerin at Neustadt, half way to Jägerndorf; whither they proceeded next day. 'What news have you of the Enemy?' was Friedrich's first question. Schwerin has no news whatever; only that the Enemy is far off, hanging in long thin straggle from Olmütz westward. 'I have a spy out,' said Schwerin; 'but he has not returned yet,'—nor ever will, he might have added. If diligent readers will now take to their Map,* and attend day by day, an invincible Predecessor has compelled what next follows into human intelligibility, and into the Diary Form, for their behoof;—readers of an idler turn can skip: but this confused hurry-skurry of marches issues in something which all will have to attend to.

'*Jagerndorf, 2d April* 1741. This is the day when the Old Dessauer makes appearance with the first brigades of his Camp at Göttin. Friedrich is satisfied with what he has seen of Jägerndorf matters; and intends returning towards Neisse, there to commence on the 4th. He is giving his final orders, and on the point of setting off, when—Seven Austrian Deserters, "Dragoons of Lichtenstein," come in; and report, That Neipperg's Army is within a few miles! And scarcely had they

* Map at p. 140.

[2d-10th April 1741]
done answering and explaining, when sounds rise of musketry and cannon, from our outposts on that side; intimating that here is Neipperg's Army itself. Seldom in his life was Friedrich in an uglier situation. In Jägerndorf, an open Town, are only some three or four thousand men, "with three fieldpieces, and as much powder as will charge them forty times." Happily these proved only the Pandour outskirts of Neipperg's Army, scouring about to reconnoitre, and not difficult to beat; the real body of it is ascertained to be at Freudenthal, fifteen miles to westward, southwestward; making toward Neisse, it is guessed, by the other or western road, which is the nearer to Glatz and to the Austrian force there.

'Had Neipperg known what was in Jägerndorf—! But he does not know. He marches on, next morning, at his usual slow rate; wide clouds of Pandours accompanying and preceding him; skirmishing-in upon all places' (upon Jägerndorf, for instance, though fifteen miles wide of their road), 'to ascertain if Prussians are there. One can judge whether Friedrich and Schwerin were thankful when the huge alarm produced nothing! "The mountain," as Friedrich says, "gave birth to a mouse;"—nay it was a "mouse" of essential vital use to Friedrich and Schwerin; a warning, That they must instantly collect themselves, men and goods; and begone one and all out of these parts, double-quick towards Neisse. Not now with the hope of besieging Neisse,—far from that;—but of getting their wide-scattered posts together thereabouts, and escaping destruction in detail!

'*April 4th, Headquarters Neustadt.* By violent exertion, with the sacrifice only of some remote little storehouses, all is rendezvoused at Jägerndorf, within two days; and this day they march; King and vanguard reaching Neustadt, some twenty-five miles forward, some twenty still from Neisse. At Neustadt, the posts that had stood in that neighbourhood are all assembled, and march with the King tomorrow. Of Neipperg, except by transitory contact with his Pandour clouds, they have seen nothing: his road is pretty much parallel to theirs, and some fifteen miles leftward, Glatzward; goes through Zuckmantel, Ziegenhals, straight upon Neisse.[1] Neipperg's men are wearied with the long climb out of Mähren; and he struggles towards Neisse as the first object;—holding upon Glatz and Lentulus with his left. Numerous orders have been speeded from the King's quarters, at Jägerndorf, and here at

[1] Zuckmantel, 'Twitch-Cloak,' occurs more than once as a Town's name in those regions: name which, says my Dryasdust without smile visible, it got from robberies done on travellers, 'twitchings of your cloak,' with stand-and-deliver, as you cross those wild mountain spaces. (Zeiller, *Beschreibung des Königreichs Boheim*, Frankfurt, 1650;—a rather worthless old Book, like the rest of Zeiller's in that kind.)

Neustadt; order especially to Holstein-Beck at Frankenstein, and to Kalkstein at Grotkau, How they are to unite, first with one another; and then to cross Neisse River, and unite with the King,—to which end there is already a Bridge laid for them, or about to be laid in good time.

'*April 5th, Headquarters Steinau.* Steinau is a little Town twenty miles east of Neisse, on the road to Kosel' (strongish place, on the Oder, some forty miles farther east): 'here Friedrich, with the main body, take their quarters; rearguard being still at Neustadt. Temporary Bridge there is, ready or all but ready, at Sorgau' (twelve miles to north of us, on our left): 'by this Kalkstein, with his 10,000, comes punctually across; while other brigades from the Kosel side are also punctual in getting in; which is a great comfort: but of Holstein-Beck there is no vestige, nor did there ever appear any. Holstein, "whom none of the repeated orders sent him could reach," says Friedrich, "remained comfortably in his quarters; and looked at the Enemy rushing past him to right and left, without troubling his head with them."[1] The too easy-minded Holstein! Austrian Deserters inform us, That General Neipperg arrived today with his Army in Neisse; and has there been joined by Lentulus with the Glatz force, chiefly cavalry, a good many thousands. We may be attacked, then, this very night, if they are diligent? Friedrich marks-out ground and plan in such case, and how and where each is to rank himself. There came nothing of attack; but the poor little Village of Steinau, with so many troops in it and baggage-drivers stumbling-about, takes fire; burns to ashes; "and we had great difficulty in saving the artillery and powder through the narrow streets, with the houses all burning on each hand."' Fancy it,—and the poor shrieking inhabitants; gone to silence long since with their shrieks, not the least whisper left of them. 'The Prussians bivouack on the field, each in the place that has been marked out. Night extremely cold.'

In this poor Steinau was a Schloss, which also went up in fire; disclosing certain mysteries of an almost mythical nature to the German Public. It was the Schloss of a Gräfin von Callenberg; a dreadful old Dowager of Medea-Messalina type, who 'always wore pistols about her'; pistols, and latterly, with more and more constancy, a brandy-bottle;—who has been much on the tongues of men for a generation back. Herr Nüssler (readers recollect shifty Nüssler) knew her, in the way of business, at one time; with pity, if also with horror. Some weeks ago, she was, by the Austrian Commandant at Neisse, summoned out of this Schloss, as in correspondence with Prussian Officers: peasants breaking-in, tied her with ropes to the bed where she was; put bed and her into a farm-cart, and in that scandalous manner delivered her at Neisse to the Commandant; by which adventure, and its rages and unspeakabilities,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 70.

[2d-10th April 1741]
the poor old Callenberg is since dead. And now the very Schloss is dead; and there is finis to a human dust-vortex, such as is sometimes noisy for a time. Perhaps Nüssler may again pass that way, if we wait.[1]

'*April 6th, Headquarters Friedland.* To Friedland on the 6th;—and do not, as expected, get away next morning. Friedland is ten miles down the Neisse, which makes a bend of near ninety degrees opposite Steinau; and runs thence straight north for the Oder, which it reaches some dozen miles or more above Brieg. Both Steinau and Friedland are a good distance from the River; Friedland, the nearer of the two, with Sorgau Bridge direct west of it, is perhaps eight miles from that important structure. There, being now tolerably rendezvoused, and in strength for action, Friedrich purposes to cross Neisse River tomorrow; hoping perhaps to meet Holstein-Beck, and incorporate him; anxious, at any rate, to get between the Austrians and Ohlau, where his heavy Artillery, his Ammunition, not to mention other indispensables, are lying. The peculiarity of Neipperg at this time is, that the ground he occupies bears no proportion to the ground he commands. His regular Horse are supposed to be the best in the world; and of the Pandour kind, who live, horse and man, mainly upon nothing (which means upon theft), his supplies are unlimited. He sits like a volcanic reservoir, therefore, not like a common fire of such and such intensity and power to burn;—casts the ashes of him, on all sides, to many miles distance.

'*Friday 7th April, Friedland* (still Headquarters). Unluckily, on trying, there is no passage to be had at Sorgau. The Officer on charge there still holds the Bridge, but has been obliged to break away the farther end of it; "Lentulus and Dragoons, several thousands strong" (such is the report), having taken post there. Friedrich commands that the Bridge be reinstated; fieldpieces to defend it; Prince Leopold to cross, and clear the ways. All Friday, Friedrich waiting at Friedland, was spent in these details. Leopold in due force started for Sorgau, himself with Cavalry in the van; Leopold did storm across, and go charging and fencing, some space, on the other side; but, seeing that it was in truth Lentulus, and Dragoons without limit, had to send report accordingly; and then to wind himself to this side again, on new order from the King. What is to be done, then? Here is no crossing. Friedrich decides to go down the River; he himself to Löwen, perhaps near twenty miles farther down, but where there is a Bridge and Highway leading over; Prince Leopold, with the heavier divisions and baggages, to Michelau, some miles nearer, and there to build his Pontoons and cross. Which was effected, with success. And so,

'*Saturday 8th April,* With great punctuality, the King and Leopold

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, ii. 273 et sqq.

met at Michelau, both well across the Neisse. Here on Pontoons, Leopold had got across about noon; and precisely as he was finishing, the King's Column, which had crossed at Löwen, and come up the left bank again, arrived. The King, much content with Leopold's behaviour, nominates him General of Infantry, a stage higher in promotion, there and then. Brieg Blockade is, as natural, given up; the Blockading Body joining with the King, this morning, while he passed that way. From Holstein-Beck not the least whisper,—nor to him, if we knew it.

'Neipperg has quitted Neisse; but walks invisible within clouds of Pandours; nothing but guessing as to Neipperg's motions. Rightly swift, and awake to his business, Neipperg might have done, might still do, a stroke upon us here. But he takes it easy; marches hardly five miles a-day, since he quitted Neisse again. From Michelau, Friedrich for his part turns southwestward, in quest of Holstein and other interests; marches towards Grotkau, not intending much farther that night. Thick snow blowing in their faces, nothing to be seen ahead, the Prussian column tramps along.[1] In Leipe, a little Hamlet sidewards of the road, short way from Grotkau, our Hussar Vanguard had found Austrian Hussars; captured forty, and from them learned that the Austrian Army is in Grotkau; that they took Grotkau half an hour before, and are there! A poor Lieutenant Mitschepfal (whom I think Friedrich used to know in Reinsberg) lay in Grotkau, "with some sixty recruits and deserters," says Friedrich,—and with several hundreds of camp-labourers (intended for the trenches, which will *not* now be opened):—Mitschepfal made a stout defence; but, after three hours of it, had to give-in: and there is nothing now for us at Grotkau. "Halt," therefore! Neipperg is evidently pushing towards Ohlau, towards Breslau, though in a leisurely way; there it will behove us to get the start of him, if humanly possible: To the right about, therefore, without delay! The Prussians repass Leipe (much to the wonder of its simple people); get along, some seven miles farther, on the road for Ohlau; and quarter, that night, in what handy villages there are; the King's Corps in two Villages, which he calls "Pogrel and Alsen,"'—which are to be found still on the Map as 'Pogarell and Alzenau,' on the road from Löwen towards Ohlau.

This is the end of that March into the Mountains, with Neisse Siege hanging triumphant ahead. These are the King's quarters, this wintry Spring night, Saturday 8th April 1741; and it is to be guessed there is more of care than of sleep provided for him there. Seldom, in his life, was Friedrich in

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 156.

a more critical position; and he well knows it, none better. And could have his remorses upon it,—were these of the least use in present circumstances. Here are two Letters which he wrote that night; veiling, we perceive, a very grim world of thoughts; betokening, however, a mind made up. Jordan, Prince August Wilhelm Heir-Apparent, and other fine individuals who shone in the Schweidnitz circle lately, are in Breslau, safe sheltered against this bad juncture; Maupertuis was not so lucky as to go with them.

The King to Prince August Wilhelm (in Breslau)

'Pogarell, 8th April 1741.

'MY DEAREST BROTHER,—The Enemy has just got into Silesia; We are not more than a mile (*quart de mille*) from them. Tomorrow must decide our fortune.

'If I die, do not forget a Brother who has always loved you very tenderly. I recommend to you my most dear Mother, my Domestics, and my First Battalion' (*Lifeguard of Foot*, men picked from his own old Ruppin Regiment and from the disbanded Giants, star of all the Battalions).[1] 'Eichel and Schuhmacher' (Two of the Three Clerks) 'are informed of all my testamentary wishes. Remember me always, you; but console yourself for my death: the glory of the Prussian Arms, and the honour of the House have set me in action, and will guide me to my last moment. You are my sole Heir: I recommend to you, in dying, those whom I have the most loved during my life: Keyserling, Jordan, Wartensleben; Hacke, who is a very honest man; Fredersdorf' (Factotum), 'and Eichel, in whom you may place entire confidence. I bequeath 8,000 crowns (1,200*l.*), which I have with me, to my Domestics; but all that I have elsewhere depends on you. To each of my Brothers and Sisters make a present in my name; a thousand affectionate regards (*amitiés et compliments*) to my Sister of Baireuth. You know what I think on their score; and you know better than I could tell you, the tenderness and all the sentiments of most inviolable friendship with which I am, dearest Brother,—Your faithful Brother and Servant till death, FÉDÉRIC.'[2]

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[1] See Preuss, i. 144, iv. 309; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin*, iii. 1252.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 85; List of Friedrich's Testamentary arrangements in Note there,—Six in all, at different times, besides this.

The King to M. Jordan (in Breslau)

'Pogarell, 8th April 1741.

'MY DEAR JORDAN,—We are going to fight tomorrow. Thou knowest the chances of war; the life of Kings not more regarded than that of private people. I know not what will happen to me.

'If my destiny is finished, remember a friend, who loves thee always tenderly: if Heaven prolong my days, I will write to thee after tomorrow, and thou wilt hear of our victory. Adieu, dear friend; I shall love thee till death.—FÉDÉRIC.'[1]

The King, we incidentally discover somewhere, 'had no sleep that night'; none, 'nor the next night either,'—such a crisis coming, still not come.

CHAPTER X

BATTLE OF MOLLWITZ

'TOMORROW,' Sunday, did not prove the Day of Fight, after all. Being a day of wild drifting snow, so that you could not see twenty paces, there was nothing for it but to sit quiet. The King makes all his dispositions; sketches out punctually, to the last item, where each is to station himself, how the Army is to advance in Four Columns, ready for Neipperg wherever he may be,—towards Ohlau at any rate, whither it is not doubted Neipperg is bent. These snowy six-and-thirty hours at Pogarell were probably, since the Cüstrin time, the most anxious of Friedrich's life.

Neipperg, for his part, struggles forward a few miles, this Sunday April 9th; the Prussians rest under shelter in the wild weather. Neipperg's headquarters, this night, are a small Village or Hamlet, called Mollwitz: there and in the adjacent Hamlets, chiefly in Laugwitz and Grüningen, his Army lodges itself:—he is now fairly got between us and

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 98.

10th April 1741]
Ohlau,—if, in the blowing drift, we knew it, or he knew it. But, in this confusion of the elements, neither party knows of the other: Neipperg has appointed that tomorrow, Monday 10th, shall be a rest-day:—appointment which could by no means be kept, as it turned out!

Friedrich had despatched messengers to Ohlau, that the force there should join him; messengers are all captured. The like message had already gone to Brieg, some days before, and the Blockading Body, a good few thousands strong, quitted Brieg, as we saw, and effected their junction with him. All day, this Sunday 9th, it still snows and blows; you cannot see a yard before you. No hope now of Holstein-Beck. Not the least news from any quarter; Ohlau uncertain, too likely the wrong way: What is to be done? We are cut-off from our Magazines, have only provision for one other day. 'Had this weather lasted,' says an Austrian reporter of these things, 'his Majesty would have passed his time very ill.'[1]

Of the Battle of Mollwitz, as indeed of all Friedrich's Battles, there are ample accounts new and old, of perfect authenticity and scientific exactitude; so that in regard to military points the due clearness is, on study, completely attainable. But as to personal or human details, we are driven back upon a miscellany of sources; most of which, indeed all of which except Nicolai, when he sparingly gives us anything, are of questionable nature; and, without intending to be dishonest, do run out into the mythical, and require to be used with caution. The latest and notablest of these,

[1] *Feldzüge der Preussen* (the complete Title is, *Sammlung ungedrückter Nachrichten so die Geschichte der Feldzüge der Preussen von* 1740 *bis* 1779 *erläutern*, or in English words, *Collection of unprinted Narratives which elucidate the Prussian Campaigns from* 1740 *to* 1779: 5 voll. Dresden, 1782-5), i. 33. Excellent Narratives, modest, brief, effective (from Private Diaries and the like; many of them given also in *Seyfarth*); well worth perusal by the studious military man, and creditably characteristic of the Prussian writers of them and actors in them.

in regard to Mollwitz, is the pamphlet of a Dr. Fuchs; from which, in spite of its amazing quality, we expect to glean a serviceable item here and there.[1] It is definable as probably the most chaotic Pamphlet ever written; and in many places, by dint of uncorrected printing, bad grammar, bad spelling, bad sense, and in short, of intrinsic darkness in so vivacious a humour, it has become abstruse as Sanscrit; and really is a sharp test of what knowledge you otherwise have of the subject. Might perhaps be used in that way, by the Examining Military Boards, in Prussia and elsewhere, if no other use lie in it? Fuchs's own contributions, mere ignorance, folly and credulity, are not worth interpreting: but he has printed, and in the same abstruse form, one or two curious Parish Manuscripts, particularly a '*History*' of this War, privately jotted down by the then Schoolmaster of Mollwitz, a good simple accurate old fellow-creature; through whose eyes it is here and there worth while to look. In regard to Fuchs himself, a late Tourist says:

'This "Centenary-Celebration Pamphlet" (Celebration itself, so obtuse was the Country, did not take effect) was by a zealous, noisy but not wise, old Medical Gentleman of these parts, called Dr. Fuchs (*Fox*); who had set his heart on raising, by subscription, a proper National Monument on the Field of Mollwitz, and so closing his old career. Subscriptions did not take, in that April 1841, nor in the following months or twelvemonths: the zealous Doctor, therefore, indignantly drew his own purse; got a big Obelisk of Granite hewn ready, with suitable Inscription on it; carted his big Obelisk from the quarries of Strehlen; assembled the Country round it, on Mollwitz Field; and passionately discoursed and pleaded, That at least the Country should bring block-and-tackle, with proper framework, and set up this Obelisk on the pedestal he had there built for it. The country listened cheerfully (for the old Doctor was a popular man, clever though flighty); but the Country was again obtuse in the way of active furtherance, and would not even bring block-and-tackle. The old Doctor had to answer, "Well, then!" and go on his way on more serious errands. The cattle have much undermined, and rubbed down, his poor Pedestal, which is of rubble-work; his Obelisk

[1] *Jubelschrift zur Feier* (Centenary) *der Schlacht bei Mollwitz, 10 April* 1741 von Dr. Medicinæ Fuchs (Brieg, 10th April 1841).

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still lies mournfully horizontal, uninjured;—and really ought to be set up, by some parish-rate, or effort of the community otherwise.'[1]

From the old Mollwitz Schoolmaster we distil the following:

'*Mollwitz, Sunday 9th April.* Country, for two days back, was in new alarm by the Austrian Garrison of Brieg now left at liberty, who sallied out upon the Villages about, and plundered black-cattle, sheep, grain, and whatever they could come at. But this day (Sunday) in Mollwitz the whole Austrian Army was upon us. First, there went 300 Hussars through the Village to Grüningen, who quartered themselves there; and rushed hither and thither into houses, robbing and plundering. From one they took his best horses, from another they took linen, clothes, and other furnitures and victual. General Neuburg' (Neipperg) 'halted here at Mollwitz, with the whole Army; before the Village, in mind to quarter. And quarter was settled, so that a *Bauer*' (Plough-Farmer) 'got four to five companies to lodge, and a *Gärtner*' (Spade-Farmer) 'two or three hundred cavalry. The houses were full of Officers, the *Gärte*' (Garths) 'and the Fields full of horsemen and baggage; and all round, you saw nothing but fires burning; the *Zäune*' (wooden railings) 'were instantly torn down for firewood; the hay, straw, barley and haver, were eaten away, and brought to nothing; and everything from the barns was carried out. And, as the whole army could not lodge itself with us, 1,100 Infantry quartered at Laugwitz; Bärzdorf got 400 Cavalry; and this day, nobody knew what would come of it.'[2]

Monday morning, the Prussians are up betimes; King Friedrich, as above noted, had not, or had hardly at all, slept during those two nights, such his anxieties. This morning, all is calm, sleeked out into spotless white; Pogarell and the world are wrapt as in a winding-sheet, near two feet of snow on the ground. Air hard and crisp; a hot sun possible about noon season. 'By daybreak' we are all astir, rendezvousing, ranking,—into Four Columns; ready to advance in that fashion for battle, or for deploying into battle, wherever the Enemy turn up. The orders were all given overnight, two nights ago; were all understood, too, and known to be rhadamanthine; and, down to the lowest pioneer, no man is uncertain what to do. If we but knew where the Enemy is; on which side of us; what doing, what intending?

[1] Tourist's Note (Brieg, 1858).

[2] Extract in *Fuchs*, p. 6.

Scouts, General-Adjutants are out on the quest; to no purpose hitherto. One young General-Adjutant, Saldern, whose name we shall know again, has ridden northward, has pulled bridle some way north of Pogarell; hangs, gazing diligently through his spyglass, there;—can see nothing but a Plain of silent snow, with sparse bearding of bushes (nothing like a hedge in these countries), and here and there a tree, the miserable skeleton of a poplar:—when happily, owing to an Austrian Dragoon—Be pleased to accept (in abridged form) the poor old Schoolmaster's account of a small thing:

'Austrian Dragoon of the regiment Althan, native of Kriesewitz in this neighbourhood, who was billeted in Christopher Schönwitz's, had been much in want of a clean shirt, and other interior outfit; and had, last night, imperatively despatched the man Schölzke, a farm-servant of the said Christopher's, off to his, the Dragoon's, Father in Kriesewitz, to procure such shirt or outfit, and to return early with the same; under penalty of—Schölzke and his master dare not think under what penalty. Schölzke, floundering homewards with the outfit from Kriesewitz, flounders at this moment into Saldern's sphere of vision: "Whence, whither?" asks Saldern: "Dost thou know where the Austrians are?" "*Recht gut*: in Mollwitz, whither I am going!" Saldern takes him to the King,—and that was the first clear light his Majesty had on the matter.'[1] That or something equivalent, indisputably was; Saldern and 'a Peasant,' the account of it in all the Books.

The King says to this Peasant, 'Thou shalt ride with me today!' And Schölzke, Ploschke others call him,—heavyfooted rational biped knowing the ground there practically, every yard of it,—did, as appears, attend the King all morning; and do service, that was recognisable long years afterwards. 'For always,' say the Books, 'when the King held review here, Ploschke failed not to make appearance on the field of Pogarell, and get recognition and a gift from his Majesty.'

At break of day the ranking and arranging began. Pogarell clock is near striking ten, when the last squadron or battalion quits Pogarell; and the Four columns, punctiliously correct, are all under way. Two on each side of Ohlau Highway; steadily advancing, with pioneers ahead to clear any obstacle there may be. Few obstacles; here and there a

[1] Fuchs, pp. 6, 7.

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little ditch (where Ploschke's advice may be good, under the sleek of the snow), no fences, smooth wide Plain, nothing you would even call a knoll in it for many miles ahead and around. Mollwitz is some seven miles north from Pogarell; intermediate lie dusty fractions of Villages more than one; two miles or more from Mollwitz we come to Pampitz on our left, the next considerable, if any of them can be counted considerable.

'All these Dorfs, and indeed most German ones,' says my Tourist, are made on one type; an agglomerate of dusty farmyards, with their stalls and barns; all the farmyards huddled together in two rows; a broad negligent road between, seldom mended, never swept except by the elements. Generally there is nothing to be seen, on each hand, but thatched roofs, dead clay walls and rude wooden gates; sometimes a poor public-house, with probable beer in it; never any shop, nowhere any patch of swept pavement, or trim gathering-place for natives of a social gossipy turn: the road lies sleepy, littery, good only for utilitarian purposes. In the middle of the Village stands Church and Churchyard, with probably some gnarled trees around it: Church often larger than you expected; the Churchyard, always fenced with high stone-and-mortar wall, is usually the principal military post of the place. Mollwitz, at the present day, has something of whitewash here and there; one of the farmer people, or more, wearing a civilised prosperous look. The belfry offers you a pleasant view: the roofs and steeples of Brieg, pleasantly visible to eastward; villages dotted about, Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Hermsdorf, clear to your inquiring: and to westward, and to southward, tops of Hill-country in the distance. Westward, twenty miles off, are pleasant Hills; and among them, if you look well, shadowy Town-spires, which you are assured are Strehlen, a place also of interest in Friedrich's History.—Your belfry itself, in Mollwitz, is old, but not unsound; and the big iron clock grunts heavily at your ear, or perhaps bursts out in a too deafening manner, while you study the topographies. Pampitz, too, seems prosperous, in its littery way; the Church is bigger and newer,'—owing to an accident we shall hear of soon;—'Country all about seems farmed with some industry, but with shallow ploughing; liable to drought. It is very sandy in quality; shorn of umbrage; painfully naked to an English eye.' That is the big champaign, coated with two feet of snow, where a great Action is now to go forward.

Neipperg, all this while, is much at his ease on this white

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resting-day. He is just sitting down to dinner at the Dorfschulze's (Village Provost, or miniature Mayor of Mollwitz), a composed man; when—rockets or projectiles, and successive anxious sputterings from the steeple-tops of Brieg, are hastily reported: what can it mean? Means little perhaps;—Neipperg sends out a Hussar party to ascertain, and composedly sets himself to dine. In a little while his Hussar party will come galloping back, faster than it went; faster and fewer;—and there will be news for Neipperg during dinner! Better have had one idle fellow, one of your 20,000, on the Belfry-top here looking out, though it was a rest-day?—

The truth is, the Prussian advance goes on with punctilious exactitude, by no means rapidly. Colonel Count von Rothenburg,—the same whom we lately heard of in Paris as a miracle of gambling,—he now here, in a new capacity, is warily leading the Vanguard of Dragoons; warily, with the Four Columns well to rear of him: the Austrian Hussar party came upon Rothenburg, not two miles from Mollwitz; and suddenly drew bridle.* Them Rothenburg tumbles to the right-about, and chases;—finds on advancing, the Austrian Army totally unaware. It is thought, had Rothenburg dashed forward, and sent word to the rearward to dash forward at their swiftest, the Austrian Army might have been cut in pieces here, and never have got together to try battle at all. But Rothenburg had no orders; nay, had orders Not to get into fighting;—nor had Friedrich himself, in this his first Battle, learned that feline or leonine promptitude of spring which he subsequently manifested. Far from it! Indeed this punctilious deliberation, and slow exactitude as on the review-ground, is wonderful and noteworthy at the first start of Friedrich;—the faithful apprentice-hand still rigorous to the rules of the old shop. Ten years hence, twenty years hence, had Friedrich found Neipperg in this condition, Neipperg's account had been soon settled!—Rothenburg drove

* Plan at p. 140.

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back the Hussars, all manner of successive Hussar parties, and kept steadily ahead of the main battle, as he had been bidden.

Pampitz Village being now passed, and in rear of them to left, the Prussian Columns halt for some instants; burst into field-music; take to deploying themselves into line. There is solemn wheeling, shooting-out to right and left, done with spotless precision: once in line,—in two lines, 'each three men deep,' lines many yards apart,—they will advance on Mollwitz; still solemnly, field-music guiding, and banners spread. Which will be a work of time. That the King's frugal field-dinner was shot away, from its camp-table near Pampitz (as Fuchs has heard), is evidently mythical; and even impossible, the Austrians having yet no cannon within miles of him; and being intent on dining comfortably themselves, not on firing at other people's dinners.

Fancy Neipperg's state of mind, busy beginning dinner in the little Schulze's, or Town-Provost's house, when the Hussars dashed-in at full gallop, shouting '*Der Feind*, The Enemy! All in march there; vanguard this side of Pampitz; killed forty of us!'—Quick, your Plan of Battle, then? Whitherward; How; What? answer or perish! Neipperg was infinitely struck; dropt knife and fork: 'Send for Römer, General of the Horse!' Römer did the indispensable: a swift man, not apt to lose head. Römer's battle-plan, I should hope, is already made; or it will fare ill with Neipperg and him. But beat, ye drummers; gallop, ye aides-de-camp as for life! The first thing is to get our Force together; and it lies scattered about in Three other Villages besides Mollwitz, miles apart. Neipperg's trumpets clangour, his aides-de-camp gallop: he has his left wing formed, and the other parts in a state of rapid genesis, Horse and Foot pouring-in from Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Grüningen, before the Prussians have quite done deploying themselves, and got well within shot of him. Römer, by birth a Saxon gentleman, by all accounts a superior soldier and excellent General of Horse,

commands this Austrian left wing; General Göldlein,[1] a Swiss veteran of good parts, presiding over the Infantry in that quarter. Neipperg himself, were he once complete, will command the right wing.

Neipperg is to be in two lines, as the Prussians are, with horse on each wing, which is orthodox military order. His length of front, I should guess, must have been something better than two English miles: a sluggish Brook, called of Laugwitz, from the Village of that name which lies some way across, is on his right hand; sluggish, boggy; stagnating towards the Oder in those parts:—improved farming has, in our time, mostly dried the strip of bog, and made it into coarse meadow, which is rather a relief amid the dry sandy element. Neipperg's right is covered by that. His left rests on the Hamlet of Grüningen, a mile-and-half northeast of Mollwitz;—meant to have rested on Hermsdorf nearly east, but the Prussians have already taken that up. The sun coming more and more round to west of south (for it is now past noon) shines right in Neipperg's face, and is against him: how the wind is, nobody mentions,—probably there was no wind. His regular Cavalry, 8,600, outnumbers twice or more that of the Prussians, not to mention their quality; and he has fewer Infantry, somewhat in proportion;—the entire force on each side is scarcely above 20,000, the Prussians slightly in majority by count. In field-pieces Neipperg is greatly outnumbered; the Prussians having about threescore, he only eighteen.[2] And now here *are* the Prussians, close upon our left wing, not yet in contact with the right,—which in fact is not yet got into existence;—thank Heaven they have not come before our left got into existence, as our right (if you knew it) has not yet quite finished doing!—

The Prussians, though so ready for deploying, have had their own difficulties and delays. Between the boggy Brook

[1] (Anonymous) *Maria Theresa* (already cited), p. 8 *n*.
[2] Kausler, *Atlas der merkwürdigsten Schlachten*, p. 232.

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of Laugwitz on their left, and the Village of Hermsdorf, two miles distant, on which their right wing is to lean, there proves not to be room enough;[1] and then, owing to mistake of Schulenburg (our old pipe-clay friend, who commands the right wing of Horse here, and is not up in time), there is too much room. Not room enough for all the Infantry, we say: the last Three Battalions of the front line therefore, the three on the outmost right, wheel round, and stand athwart; *en potence* (as soldiers say), or at right angles to the first line; hanging to it like a kind of lid in that part, —between Schulenburg and them,—had Schulenburg come up. Thus are the three battalions got rid of at least; 'they cap the First Prussian line rectangularly, like a lid,' says my Authority,—lid which does not reach to the Second Line by a good way. This accidental arrangement had material effects on the right wing. Unfortunate Schulenburg did at last come up:—had he miscalculated the distances, then? Once on the ground, he will find he does not reach to Hermsdorf after all, and that there is now too much room! What his degree of fault was I know not; Friedrich has long been dissatisfied with these dragoons of Schulenburg; 'good for nothing, I always told you' (at that Skirmish of Baumgarten): and now here is the General himself fallen blundering!—In respect of Horse, the Austrians are more than two to one; to make out our deficiency, the King, imitating something he had read about Gustavus Adolphus, intercalates the Horse-Squadrons, on each wing, with two Battalions of Grenadiers, and *so* lengthens them;—'a manœuvre not likely to be again imitated,' he admits.

All these movements and arrangements are effected above a mile from Mollwitz, no enemy yet visible. Once effected, we advance again with music sounding, sixty pieces of artillery well in front,—steady, steady!—across the floor of snow which is soon beaten smooth enough, the stage, this day, of a great adventure. And now there is the Enemy's left wing,

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 73.

Römer and his Horse; their right wing wider away, and not yet, by a good space, within cannon-range of us. It is towards Two of the afternoon; Schulenburg now on his ground, laments that he will not reach to Hermsdorf;—but it may be dangerous now to attempt repairing that error? At Two of the clock, being now fairly within distance, we salute Römer and the Austrian left, with all our sixty cannon; and the sound of drums and clarionets is drowned in universal artillery thunder. Incessant, for they take (by order) to 'swift-shooting,' which is almost of the swiftness of musketry in our Prussian practice; and from sixty cannon, going at that rate, we may fancy some effect. The Austrian Horse of the left wing do not like it; all the less as the Austrians, rather short of artillery, have nothing yet to reply with.

No Cavalry can stand long there, getting shivered in that way; in such a noise, were there nothing more. 'Are we to stand here like milestones, then, and be all shot without a stroke struck?' 'Steady!' answers Römer. But nothing can keep them steady: 'To be shot like dogs (*wie Hünde*)! For God's sake (*Um Gottes Willen*), lead us forward, then, to have a stroke at them!'—in tones ever more plangent, plaintively indignant; growing ungovernable. And Römer can get no orders; Neipperg is on the extreme right, many things still to settle there; and here is the cannon-thunder going, and soon their very musketry will open. And—and there is Schulenburg, for one thing, stretching himself out eastwards (rightwards) to get hold of Hermsdorf; thinking this an opportunity for the manœuvre. 'Forward!' cries Römer; and his Thirty Squadrons, like bottled whirlwind now at last let loose, dash upon Schulenburg's poor Ten (five of them of Schulenburg's own regiment),—who are turned sideways too, trotting towards Hermsdorf, at the wrong moment,—and dash them into wild ruin. That must have been a charge! That was the beginning of hours of chaos, seemingly irretrievable, in that Prussian right wing.

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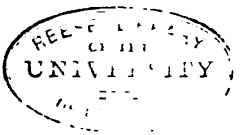
For the Prussian Horse fly wildly; and it is in vain to rally. The King is among them; has come in hot haste, conjuring and commanding: poor Schulenburg addresses his own regiment, 'Oh shame, shame! shall it be told, then?' rallies his own regiment, and some others; charges fiercely in with them again; gets a sabre-slash across the face,—does not mind the sabre-slash, small bandaging will do;—gets a bullet through the head (or through the heart, it is not said which);[1] and falls down dead; his regiment going to the winds again, and *his* care of it and of other things concluding in this honourable manner. Nothing can rally that right wing; or the more you rally, the worse it fares: they are clearly no match for Römer, these Prussian Horse. They fly along the front of their own First Line of Infantry, they fly between the Two Lines; Römer chasing,—till the fire of the Infantry (intolerable to our enemies, and hitting some even of our fugitive friends) repels him. For the notable point in all this was the conduct of the Infantry; and how it stood in these wild vortexes of ruin; impregnable, immovable, as if every man of it were stone; and steadily poured-out deluges of fire,—'five Prussian shots for two Austrian':—such is perfect discipline against imperfect; and the iron ramrod against the wooden.

The intolerable fire repels Römer, when he trenches on the Infantry: however, he captures nine of the Prussian sixty guns; has scattered their Horse to the winds; and charges again and again, hoping to break the Infantry too,—till a bullet kills him, the gallant Römer; and some other has to charge and try. It was thought, had Göldlein with his Austrian Infantry advanced to support Römer at this juncture, the Battle had been gained. Five times, before Römer fell and after, the Austrians charged here; tried the Second Line too; tried once to take Prince Leopold in rear there. But Prince Leopold faced round, gave intolerable fire; on one face as on the other, he, or the Prussian Infantry anywhere,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 899.



is not to be broken. 'Prince Friedrich,' one of the Margraves of Schwedt, King's Cousin, whom we did not know before, fell in these wild rallyings and wrestlings; 'by a cannon-ball, at the King's hand,' not said otherwise where. He had come as Volunteer, few weeks ago, out of Holland, where he was a rising General: he has met his fate here,—and Margraf Karl, his Brother, who also gets wounded, will be a mournful man tonight.

The Prussian Horse, this right wing of it, is a ruined body; boiling in wild disorder, flooding rapidly away to rearward,—which is the safest direction to retreat upon. They 'sweep away the King's person with them,' say some cautious people; others say, what is the fact, that Schwerin entreated, and as it were commanded, the King to go; the Battle being, to all appearance, irretrievable. Go he did, with small escort, and on a long ride,—to Oppeln, a Prussian post, thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a Bridge over the Oder and a safe country beyond. So much is indubitable; and that he despatched an Aide-de-Camp to gallop into Brandenburg, and tell the Old Dessauer, 'Bestir yourself! Here all seems lost!'—and vanished from the Field, doubtless in very desperate humour. Upon which the extraneous world has babbled a good deal, 'Cowardice! Wanted courage: Haha!' in its usual foolish way; not worth answer from him or from us. Friedrich's demeanour, in that disaster of his right wing, was furious despair rather; and neither Schulenburg nor Margraf Friedrich, nor any of the captains, killed or left living, was supposed to have sinned by 'cowardice' in a visible degree!—

Indisputable it is, though there is deep mystery upon it, the King vanishes from Mollwitz Field at this point for sixteen hours, into the regions of Myth, 'into Fairyland,' as would once have been said; but reappears unharmed in tomorrow's daylight: at which time, not sooner, readers shall hear what little is to be said of this obscure and much-disfigured small affair. For the present we hasten back to

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Mollwitz,—where the murderous thunder rages unabated all this while; the very noise of it alarming mankind for thirty miles round. At Breslau, which is thirty good miles off, horrible dull grumble was heard from the southern quarter ('still better, if you put a staff in the ground, and set your ear to it'); and from the steeple-tops, there was dim cloud-land of powder-smoke discernible in the horizon there. 'At Liegnitz,' which is twice the distance, 'the earth sensibly shook,'[1]—at least the air did, and the nerves of men.

'Had Göldlein but advanced with his Foot, in support of gallant Römer!' say the Austrian Books. But Göldlein did not advance; nor is it certain he would have found advantage in so doing: Göldlein, where he stands, has difficulty enough to hold his own. For the notable circumstance, miraculous to military men, still is, How the Prussian Foot (men who had never been in fire, but whom Friedrich Wilhelm had drilled for twenty years) stand their ground, in this distraction of the Horse. Not even the Two outlying Grenadier Battalions will give way: those poor intercalated Grenadiers, when their Horse fled on the right and on the left, they stand there, like a fixed stone-dam in that wild whirlpool of ruin. They fix bayonets, 'bring their two field-pieces to flank' (Winterfeld was Captain there), and, from small arms and big, deliver such a fire as was very unexpected. Nothing to be made of Winterfeld and them. They invincibly hurl back charge after charge; and, with dogged steadiness, manœuvre themselves into the general Line again; or into contact with the Three superfluous Battalions, arranged *en potence*, whom we heard of. Those Three, ranked athwart in this right wing ('like a lid,' between First Line and second), maintained themselves in like impregnable fashion,—Winterfeld commanding;—and proved unexpectedly, thinks Friedrich, the saving of the whole. For they also stood their ground immovable like rocks; steadily spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm upon them, fruitless: 'Steady, *meine*

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*; and Jordan's Letter, infrà.

Kinder; fix bayonets, handle ramrods! There is the Horse-deluge thundering in upon you; reserve your fire, till you see the whites of their eyes, and get the word; then give it them, and again give it them: see whether any man or any horse can stand it!'

Neipperg, soon after Römer fell, had ordered Göldlein forward; Göldlein with his Infantry did advance, gallantly enough: but to no purpose. Göldlein was soon shot dead; and his Infantry had to fall back again, ineffectual or worse. Iron ramrods against wooden; five shots to two: what is there but falling back? Neipperg sent fresh Horse from his right wing, with Berlichingen, a new famed General of Horse; Neipperg is furiously bent to improve his advantage, to break those Prussians, who are mere musketeers left bare, and thinks that will settle the account: but it could in no wise be done. The Austrian Horse, after their fifth trial, renounce charging; fairly refuse to charge any more; and withdraw dispirited out of ball-range, or in search of things not impracticable. The Hussar part of them did something of plunder to rear-ward;—and, besides poor Maupertuis's adventure (of which by and by), and an attempt on the Prussian baggage and knapsacks, which proved to be 'too well guarded,'—'burnt the Church of Pampitz,' as some small consolation. The Prussians had stript their knapsacks, and left them in Pampitz: the Austrians, it was noticed, stript theirs in the Field; built walls of them, and fired behind the same, in a kneeling, more or less protected posture,—which did not avail them much.

In fact, the Austrian Infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it: neither Infantry nor Cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. In spite of their knapsack walls, various regiments have shrunk out of ball-range; and several cannot, by any persuasion, be got to come into it again. Others, who do reluctantly advance,—see what a figure they make; man after man edging away as he can, so that the regiment 'stands forty to

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eighty men deep, with lanes through it every two or three yards;' permeable everywhere to Cavalry, if we had them; and turning nothing to the Enemy but colour-sergeants and bare poles of a regiment! And Römer is dead, and Göldlein of the Infantry is dead. And on their right wing, skirted by that marshy Brook of Laugwitz,—Austrian right wing had been weakened by detachments, when Berlichingen rode off to succeed Römer,—the Austrians are suffering: Posadowsky's Horse (among whom is Rothenburg, once vanguard), strengthened by remnants who have rallied here, are at last prospering, after reverses. And the Prussian fire of small arms, at such rate, has lasted now for five hours. The Austrian Army, becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough.

These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition, too, he knows is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges:—Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little; breaks forth into universal field-music, and with banners spread, starts in mass wholly, 'Forwards!' Forwards towards these Austrians and the setting sun.

An intelligent Austrian Officer, writing next week from Neisse,[1] confesses he never saw anything more beautiful. 'I can well say, I never in my life saw anything more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow-straight, and their front like a line (*schnurgleich*), as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder.' Grand picture indeed; but not to be enjoyed as a Work of Art, for it is coming upon us! 'The spirits of our Army sank altogether,' continues he; 'the Foot plainly giving way, Horse refusing to come forward, all things wavering towards dissolution:'—so that Neipperg, to avoid worse, gives the word to go;—

[1] *Feldzüge der Preussen* (above cited), i. 38.

and they roll off at double-quick time, through Mollwitz, over Laugwitz Bridge and Brook, towards Grotkau by what routes they can. The sun is just sunk; a quarter to eight, says the intelligent Austrian Officer,—while the Austrian Army, much to its amazement, tumbles forth in this bad fashion.

They had lost nine of their own cannon, and all of those Prussian nine which they once had, except one: eight cannon *minus*, in all. Prisoners of them were few, and none of much mark: two Fieldmarshals, Römer and Göldlein, lie among the dead; four more of that rank are wounded. Four standards too are gone; certain kettledrums and the like trophies, not in great number. Lieutenant-General Browne was of these retreating Austrians; a little fact worth noting: of his actions this day, or of his thoughts (which latter surely must have been considerable), no hint anywhere. The Austrians were not much chased; though they might have been,—fresh Cavalry (two Ohlau regiments, drawn hither by the sound [1]) having hung about to rear of them, for some time past; unable to get into the Fight, or to do any good till now. Schwerin, they say, though he had two wounds, was for pursuing vigorously: but Leopold of Anhalt over-persuaded him; urged the darkness, the uncertainty. Berlichingen, with their own Horse, still partly covered their rear; and the Prussians, Ohlauers included, were but weak in that branch of the service. Pursuit lasted little more than two miles, and was never hot. The loss of men, on both sides, was not far from equal, and rather in favour of the Austrian side:—Austrians counted in killed, wounded and missing, 4,410 men; Prussians 4,613;[2]—but the Prussians bivouacked on the ground, or quartered in these Villages, with victory to crown them, and the thought that their hard

[1] Interesting correct account of their movements and adventures this day and some previous days, in Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, ii. 142-148.

[2] Orlich, i. 108; Kausler, p. 235, correct; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 895, incorrect.

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day's-work had been well done. Besides Margraf Friedrich, Volunteer from Holland, there lay among the slain Colonel Count von Finckenstein (Old Tutor's Son), King's friend from boyhood, and much loved. He was of the six whom we saw consulting at the door at Reinsberg, during a certain ague-fit; and he now rests silent here, while the matter has only come thus far.

Such was Mollwitz, the first Battle for Silesia; which had to cost many Battles first and last. Silesia will be gained, we can expect, by fighting of this kind in an honest cause. But here is something already gained, which is considerable, and about which there is no doubt. A new Military Power, it would appear, has come upon the scene; the Gazetteer-and-Diplomatic world will have to make itself familiar with a name not much heard of hitherto among the Nations. 'A Nation which can fight,' think the Gazetteers; 'fight almost as the very Swedes did; and is led on by its King too,—who may prove, in his way, a very Charles XII., or small Macedonia's Madman, for aught one knows?' In which latter branch of their prognostic the Gazetteers were much out.—

The Fame of this Battle, which is now so sunk out of memory, was great in Europe; and struck, like a huge war-gong, with long resonance, through the general ear. M. de Voltaire had run across to Lille in those Spring days: there is a good Troop of Players in Lille; a Niece, Madame Denis, wife of some Military Commissariat Denis, important in those parts, can lodge the divine Emilie and me;—and one could at last see *Mahomet*, after five years of struggling, get upon the boards, if not yet in Paris by a great way, yet in Lille, which is something. *Mahomet* is getting upon the boards on those terms; and has proceeded, not amiss, through an Act or two, when a Note from the King of Prussia was handed to Voltaire, announcing the victory of Mollwitz. Which delightful Note Voltaire stopt the performance till he read to the Audience: 'Bravissimo!' answered the Audience. 'You

will see,' said M. de Voltaire to the friends about him, 'this Piece at Mollwitz will make mine succeed:' which proved to be the fact.[1] For the French are Anti-Austrian; and smell great things in the wind. 'That man is mad, your Most Christian Majesty?' 'Not quite; or at any rate not mad only!' think Louis and his Belleisles now.

Dimly poring in those old Books, and squeezing one's way into face-to-face view of the extinct Time, we begin to notice what a clangorous rumour was in Mollwitz to the then generation of mankind;—betokening many things; universal European War, as the first thing. Which duly came to pass; as did, at a slower rate, the ulterior thing, not yet so apparent, that indeed a new hour had struck on the Time Horologe, that a new Epoch had risen. Yes, my friends. New Charles XII. or not, here truly has a new Man and King come upon the scene: capable perhaps of doing something? Slumberous Europe, rotting amid its blind pedantries, its lazy hypocrisies, conscious and unconscious: this man is capable of shaking it a little out of its stupid refuges of lies, and ignominious wrappages and bed-clothes, which will be its grave-clothes otherwise; and of intimating to it, afar off, that there is still a Veracity in Things, and a Mendacity in Sham-Things, and that the difference of the two is infinitely more considerable than was supposed.

This Mollwitz is a most deliberate, regulated, ponderously impressive (*gravitätisch*) Feat of Arms, as the reader sees; done all by Regulation methods, with orthodox exactitude; in a slow, weighty, almost pedantic, but highly irrefragable manner. It is the triumph of Prussian Discipline; of military orthodoxy well put in practice: the honest outcome of good natural stuff in those Brandenburgers, and of the supreme virtues of Drill. Neipperg and his Austrians had much despised Prussian soldiering: 'Keep our soup hot,' cried they, on running out this day to rank themselves; 'hot a little, till we drive these fellows to the Devil!' That was

[1] Voltaire *Œuvres* (*Vie Privée*), ii. 74.

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their opinion, about noon this day: but that is an opinion they have renounced for all remaining days and years.—It is a Victory due properly to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer, who are far away from it. Friedrich Wilhelm, though dead, fights here, and the others only do his bidding on this occasion. His Son, as yet, adds nothing of his own; though he will ever henceforth begin largely adding,—right careful withal to lose nothing, for the Friedrich Wilhelm contribution is invaluable, and the basis of everything:—but it is curious to see in what contrast this first Battle of Friedrich's is with his latter and last ones

Considering the Battle of Mollwitz, and then, in contrast, the intricate Pragmatic Sanction, and what their consequences were and their antecedents, it is curious once more! This, then, is what the Pragmatic Sanction has come to? Twenty years of world-wide diplomacy, cunningly-devised spider-threads overnetting all the world, have issued here. Your Congresses of Cambray, of Soissons, your Grumkow-Seckendorf Macchiavelisms, all these might as well have lain in their bed. Real Pragmatic Sanction would have been, A well-trained Army and your Treasury full. Your Treasury is empty (nothing in it but those foolish 200,000 English guineas, and the passionate cry for more): and your Army is not trained as this Prussian one; cannot keep its ground against this one. Of all those long-headed Potentates, simple Friedrich Wilhelm, son of Nature, who had the honesty to do what Nature taught him, has come out gainer. You all laughed at him as a fool: do you begin to see now who was wise, who fool? He has an Army that 'advances on you with glittering musketry, steady as on the parade-ground, and pours out fire like one continuous thunder-peal;' so that, strange as it seems, you find there will actually be nothing for you but—taking to your heels, shall we say?—rolling off with despatch, as second-best! These things are of singular omen. Here stands one that will avenge Friedrich

Wilhelm,—if Friedrich Wilhelm were not already sufficiently avenged by the mere verdict of facts, which is palpably coming out, as Time peels the wiggeries away from them more and more. Mollwitz and such places are full of veracity; and no head is so thick as to resist conviction in that kind.

Of Friedrich's Disappearance into Fairyland, in the Interim; and of Maupertuis's similar Adventure

Of the King's Flight, or sudden disappearance into Fairyland, during this first Battle, the King himself, who alone could have told us fully, maintained always rigorous silence, and nowhere drops the least hint. So that the small fact has come down to us involved in a great bulk of fabulous cobwebs, mostly of an ill-natured character, set a-going by Voltaire, Valori and others (which fabulous process, in the good-natured form, still continues itself); and, except for Nicolai's good industry (in his *Anekdoten*-Book), we should have difficulty even in guessing, not to say understanding, as is now partly possible. The few real particulars,—and those do verify themselves, and hang perfectly together, when the big globe of fable is burnt off from them,—are to the following effect.

'Battle lost,' said Schwerin: 'but what is the loss of a Battle to that of your Majesty's own Person? For Heaven's sake, go; get across the Oder; be you safe, till this decide itself!' That was reasonable counsel. If defeated, Schwerin can hope to retreat upon Ohlau, upon Breslau, and save the Magazines. This side the Oder, all will be movements, a whirlpool of Hussars; but beyond the Oder, all is quiet, open. To Ohlau, to Glogau, nay, home to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer with his Camp at Göttin, the road is free, by the other side of the Oder.—Schwerin and Prince Leopold urging him, the King did ride away; at what hour, with what suite, or with what adventures (not mostly fabulous) is

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not known :—but it was towards Löwen, fifteen miles off (where he crossed Neisse River, the other day); and thence towards Oppeln, on the Oder, eighteen miles farther; and the pace was swift. Leopold, on reflection, ordered off a Squadron of Gens d'Armes to overtake his Majesty, at Löwen or sooner; which they never did. Passing Pampitz, the King threw Fredersdorf a word, who was among the baggage there: 'To Oppeln; bring the Purse, the Privy Writings!' Which Fredersdorf, and the Clerks (and another Herr, who became Nicolai's Father-in-law in after years) did; and joined the King at Löwen; but I hope stopped there.

The King's suite was small, names not given; but by the time he got to Löwen, being joined by cavalry fugitives and the like, it had got to be seventy persons: too many for the King. He selected what was his of them; ordered the gates to be shut behind him on all others, and again rode away. The Leopold Squadron of Gens d'Armes did not arrive till after his departure; and having here lost trace of him, called halt, and billeted for the night. The King speeds silently to Oppeln on his excellent bay horse, the worse-mounted gradually giving in. At Oppeln is a Bridge over the Oder, a free Country beyond: Regiment La Motte lay, and as the King thinks, still lies in Oppeln;—but in that he is mistaken. Regiment La Motte is with the baggage at Pampitz, all this day; and a wandering Hussar Party, some sixty Austrians, have taken possession of Oppeln. The King, and the few who had not yet broken down, arrive at the gate of Oppeln, late, under cloud of night: 'Who goes?' cried the sentry from within. 'Prussians! A Prussian Courier!' answer they;—and are fired upon through the gratings; and immediately draw back, and vanish unhurt into Night again. 'Had those Hussars only let him in!' said Austria afterwards: but they had not such luck. It was at this point, according to Valori, that the King burst forth into audible ejaculations of a lamentable nature. There is no getting over, then, even to Brandenburg, and in an insolvent con-

dition. Not open insolvency and bankrupt disgrace; no, ruin, and an Austrian jail, is the one outlook. '*Oh mon Dieu*, O God, it is too much (*c'en est trop*)!' with other the like snatches of lamentation;[1] which are not inconceivable in a young man, sleepless for the third night, in these circumstances; but which Valori knows nothing of, except by malicious rumour from the valet class, — who have misinformed Valori about several other points.

The King riding diligently, with or without ejaculations, back towards Löwen, comes at an early hour to the Mill of Hilbersdorf, within a mile-and-half of that place. He alights at the Mill; sends one of his attendants, almost the only one now left, to inquire what is in Löwen. The answer, we know, is: 'A squadron of Gens d'Armes there; furthermore, a Prussian Adjutant come to say, Victory at Mollwitz!' Upon which the King mounts again;—issues into daylight, and concludes these mythical adventures. That 'in Löwen, in the shop at the corner of the Marketplace, Widow Panzern, subsequently Wife Something-else, made his Majesty a cup of coffee, and served a roast fowl along with it,' cannot but be welcome news, if true; and that 'his Majesty got to Mollwitz again before dark that same day,'[2] is liable to no controversy.

In this way was Friedrich snatched by Morgante into Fairyland, carried by Diana to the top of Pindus (or even by Proserpine to Tartarus, through a bad sixteen hours), till the Battle-whirlwind subsided. Friendly imaginative spirits would, in the antique time, have so construed it: but these moderns were malicious-valetish, not friendly; and wrapped the matter in mere stupid worlds of cobweb, which require burning. Friedrich himself was stone-silent on this matter, all his life after; but is understood never quite to have pardoned Schwerin for the ill-luck of giving him such advice.[3]

[1] Valori, i. 104. [2] Fuchs, p. 11.

[3] Nicolai, ii. 180-195 (the one true account); Laveaux, i. 194; Valori, i. 104; etc., etc. (the myth in various stages). Most distractedly mythical of all, with the truth clear before it, is the latest version, just come out, in *Was sich die Schlesier vom alten Fritz erzählen* (Brieg, 1860), pp. 113-125.

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Friedrich's adventure is not the only one of that kind at Mollwitz; there is another equally indubitable,—which will remain obscure, half-mythical to the end of the world. The truth is, that Right Wing of the Prussian Army was fallen chaotic, ruined; and no man, not even one who had seen it, can give account of what went on there. The sage Maupertuis, for example, had climbed some tree or place of impregnability ('tree' Voltaire calls it, though that is hardly probable), hoping to see the Battle there. And he did see it, much too clearly at last! In such a tide of charging and chasing, on that Right Wing and round all the Field in the Prussian rear; in such wide bickering and boiling of Horse-currents,—which fling out, round all the Prussian rear quarters, such a spray of Austrian Hussars for one element,—Maupertuis, I have no doubt, wishes much he were at home, doing his sines and tangents. An Austrian Hussar-party gets sight of him, on his tree or other standpoint (Voltaire says elsewhere he was mounted on an ass, the malicious spirit!)—too certain, the Austrian Hussars got sight of him: his purse, gold watch, all he has of movable is given frankly; all will not do. There are frills about the man, fine laces, cloth; a goodish yellow wig on him, for one thing:—their Slavonic dialect, too fatally intelligible by the pantomime accompanying it, forces sage Maupertuis from his tree or standpoint; the big red face flurried into scarlet, I can fancy; or scarlet and ashy-white mixed; and—Let us draw a veil over it! He is next seen shirtless, the once very haughty, blustery, and now much-humiliated man; still conscious of supreme acumen, insight and pure science; and, though an Austrian prisoner and a monster of rags, struggling to believe that he is a genius and the Trismegistus of mankind. What a pickle! The sage Maupertuis, as was natural, keeps passionately asking, of gods and men, for an Officer with some tincture of philosophy, or even who could speak French. Such Officer is at last found; humanely advances him money, a shirt and suit of clothes; but can in no wise dispense with his going to

Vienna as prisoner. Thither he went accordingly; still in a mythical condition. Of Voltaire's laughing, there is no end; and he changes the myth from time to time, on new rumours coming; and there is no truth to be had from him.[1]

Thus much is certain: at Vienna, Maupertuis, prisoner on parole, glided about for some time in deep eclipse, till the Newspapers began babbling of him. He confessed then that he was Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth; but for the rest, 'told rather a blind story about himself,' says Robinson; spoke as if he had been of the King's suite, 'riding with the King,' when that Hussar accident befel;—rather a blind story, true story being too sad. The Vienna Sovereignties, in the turn things had taken, were extremely kind; Grand-Duke Franz handsomely pulled out his own watch, hearing what road the Maupertuis one had gone; dismissed the Maupertuis, with that and other gifts, home:—to Brittany (not to Prussia), till times calmed for engrafting the Sciences.[2]

On Wednesday, Friedrich writes this Note to his Sister; the first utterance we have from him since those wild roamings about Oppeln and Hilbersdorf Mill:

King to Wilhelmina (at Baireuth; two days after Mollwitz)

'Ohlau, 12th April 1741.

'MY DEAREST SISTER,—I have the satisfaction to inform you that we have yesterday' (day before yesterday; but some of us have only had one sleep!) 'totally beaten the Austrians. They have lost more than 5,000 men, killed, wounded and prisoners. We have lost Prince Friedrich, Brother of Margraf Karl; General Schulenburg, Wartensleben of the Carabineers, and many other Officers. Our troops did miracles; and the result shows as much. It was one of the rudest Battles fought within memory of man.

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[1] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (*Vie Privée*), ii. 33-4; and see his *Letters* for some weeks after the event.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 902; Robinson's Despatch (Vienna, 22d April 1741, N.S.); Voltaire, ubi suprà.

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'I am sure you will take part in this happiness; and that you will not doubt of the tenderness with which I am, my dearest Sister,'—Yours wholly,—FÉDÉRIC.[1]

And on the same day there comes, from Breslau, Jordan's Answer to the late anxious little Note from Pogarell; anxieties now gone, and smoky misery changed into splendour of flame:

Jordan to the King (finds him at Ohlau)

'Breslau, 11th April 1741.

'SIRE,—Yesterday I was in terrible alarms. The sound of the cannon heard, the smoke of powder visible from the steeple-tops here; all led us to suspect that there was a Battle going on. Glorious confirmation of it this morning! Nothing but rejoicing among all the Protestant inhabitants; who had begun to be in apprehension, from the rumours which the other party took pleasure in spreading. Persons who were in the Battle cannot enough celebrate the coolness and bravery of your Majesty. For myself, I am at the overflowing point. I have run about all day, announcing this glorious news to the Berliners who are here. In my life I have never felt a more perfect satisfaction.

'M. de Camas is here, very ill for the last two days; attack of fever: the Doctor hopes to bring him through,'—which proved beyond the Doctor: the good Camas died here three days hence (age sixty-three); an excellent German Frenchman, of much sense, dignity and honesty; familiar to Friedrich from infancy onwards, and no doubt regretted by him as deserved. The Widow Camas, a fine old Lady, German by birth, will again come in view. Jordan continues:

'One finds, at the corner of every street, an orator of the Plebs celebrating the warlike feats of your Majesty's troops. I have often, in my idleness, assisted at these discourses: not artistic eloquence, it must be owned, but spurting rude from the heart.' * *

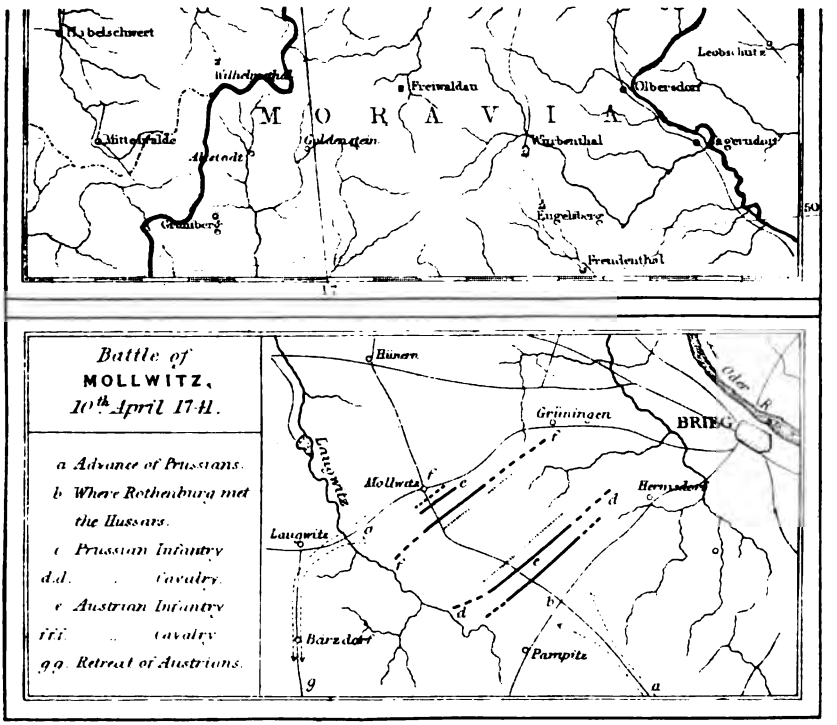
Jordan adds in his next Note: 'This morning (14th) I quitted M. de Camas; who, it is thought, cannot last the day. I have hardly left him during his illness:'[2]—and so let that scene close.

Neipperg, meanwhile, had fallen back on Neisse; taken up a strong encampment in that neighbourhood; he lies thereabouts all summer; stretched out, as it were, in a kind of vigilant dog-sleep on the threshold, keeping watch over Neisse,

[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii. 1. 101. [2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. 99.

and tries fighting no more at this time, or indeed ever after, to speak of. And always, I think, with disadvantage, when he does try a little. He had been Grand-Duke Franz's Tutor in War-matters; had got into trouble at Belgrad once before, and was almost hanged by the Turks. George II. had occasionally the benefit of him, in coming years. Be not too severe on the poor man, as the Vienna public was; he had some faculty, though not enough. 'Governor of Luxemburg,' before long: there, for most part, let him peacefully drill, and spend the remainder of his poor life. Friedrich says, neither Neipperg nor himself, at this time, knew the least of War; and that it would be hard to settle which of them made the more blunders in their Silesian tussle.

Friedrich, in about three weeks hence, was fully ready for opening trenches upon Brieg; did open trenches, accordingly, by moonlight, in a grand nocturnal manner (as readers shall see anon); and, by vigorous cannonading,—Maréchal de Belleisle having come, by this time, to enjoy the fine spectacle,—soon got possession of Brieg, and held it thenceforth. Neisse now alone remained, with Neipperg vigilantly stretched upon the threshold of it. But the Maréchal de Belleisle, we say, had come; that was the weighty circumstance. And before Neisse can be thought of, there is a whole Europe bickering aloft into conflict; embattling itself from end to end, in sequel of Mollwitz Battle; and such a preliminary sea of negotiating, diplomatic finessing, pulse-feeling, projecting and palavering, with Friedrich for centre all summer, as—as I wish readers could imagine without my speaking of it farther! But they cannot.


Freiwaldau
Olbersdorf
Leobschutz
M O R A V I A
Wurbenthal
Engelsberg
Freudenthal
Grünberg
Battle of
MOLLWITZ,
10th April 1741.
a Advance of Prussians.
b Where Rothenburg met the Hussars.
c Prussian Infantry
d.d. " Cavalry.
e Austrian Infantry
f.f.f. " Cavalry
g.g. Retreat of Austrians.
Hünern
Grüningen
BRIEG
Oder R.
Laugwitz
Mollwitz
Hermsdorf
Bärzdorf
Pampitz

CHAPTER XI

THE BURSTING-FORTH OF BEDLAMS: BELLEISLE AND THE BREAKERS OF PRAGMATIC SANCTION

THE Battle of Mollwitz went off like a signal-shot among the Nations; intimating that they were, one and all, to go battling. Which they did, with a witness; making a terrible thing of it, over all the world, for above seven years to come. Foolish Nations; doomed to settle their jarring accounts in that terrible manner! Nay, the fewest of them had any accounts, except imaginary ones, to settle there at all; and they went into the adventure *gratis*, spurred-on by spectralities of the sick brain, by phantasms of hope, phantasms of terror; and had, strictly speaking, no actual business in it whatever.

Not that Mollwitz kindled Europe; Europe was already kindled for some two years past;—especially since the late Kaiser died, and his Pragmatic Sanction was superadded to the other troubles afoot. But ever since that Image of *Jenkins's Ear* had at last blazed-up in the slow English brain, like a fiery constellation or Sign in the Heavens, symbolic of such injustices and unendurabilities, and had lighted the Spanish-English War, Europe was slowly but pretty surely taking fire. France 'could not see Spain humbled,' she said: England (in its own dim feeling, and also in the fact of things) could not do at all without considerably humbling Spain. France, endlessly interested in that Spanish-English matter, was already sending out fleets, firing shots,—almost, or altogether, putting forth her hand in it. 'In which case, will not, must not, Austria help us?' thought England,—and was asking, daily, at Vienna (with intense earnestness, but without the least result), through Excellency Robinson there, when the late Kaiser died. Died, poor gentleman;—and left his big Austrian Heritages lying, as

it were, in the open market-place; elaborately tied by diplomatic packthread and Pragmatic Sanction; but not otherwise protected against the assembled cupidities of mankind! Independently of Mollwitz, or of Silesia altogether, it was next to impossible that Europe could long avoid blazing out; especially unless the Spanish-English quarrel got quenched, of which there was no likelihood.

But if not as cause, then as signal, or as signal and cause together (which it properly was), the Battle of Mollwitz gave the finishing stroke, and set all in motion. This was 'the little stone broken loose from the mountain': this, rather than the late Kaiser's Death, which Friedrich defined in that manner. Or at least, this was the first *leap* it took; hitting other stones big and little, which again hit others with their leaping and rolling,—till the whole mountain-side is in motion under law of gravity, and you behold one wide stone-torrent thundering towards the valleys; shivering woods, farms, habitations clean away with it: fatal to any Image of composite Clay and Brass which it may meet!

There is, accordingly, from this point, a change in Friedrich's Silesian Adventure; which becomes infinitely more complicated for him,—and for those that write of him, no less! Friedrich's business henceforth is not to be done by direct fighting, but rather by waiting to see how, and on what side, others will fight: nor can we describe or understand Friedrich's business, except as in connexion with the immense, obsolete, and indeed delirious Phenomenon called Austrian-Succession War, upon which it is difficult to say any human word. If History, driven upon Dismal Swamp with its horrors and perils, can get across unsunk, she will be lucky!

For, directly on the back of Mollwitz, there ensued, first, an explosion of Diplomatic activity such as was never seen before; Excellencies from the four winds taking wing towards Friedrich; and talking and insinuating, and fencing and fugling, after their sort, in that Silesian Camp of his, the

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centre being there. A universal rookery of Diplomatists;—whose loud cackle and cawing is now as if gone mad to us; their work wholly fallen putrescent and avoidable, dead to all creatures. And secondly, in the train of that, there ensued a universal European War; the French and the English being chief parties in it; which abounds in battles and feats of arms, spirited but delirious, and cannot be got stilled for seven or eight years to come; and in which Friedrich and his War swim only as an intermittent Episode henceforth. What to do with such a War; how extricate the Episode, and leave the War lying? The War was at first a good deal mad; and is now, to men's imagination, fallen wholly so; who indeed have managed mostly to forget it; only the Episode (reduced thereby to an *un*intelligible state) retaining still some claims on them.

It is singular into what oblivion the huge Phenomenon called Austrian-Succession War has fallen; which, within a hundred years ago or little more, filled all mortal hearts! The English were principals on one side; did themselves fight in it, with their customary fire, and their customary guidance ('courageous Wooden Pole with Cocked Hat,' as our friend called it); and paid all the expenses, which were extremely considerable, and are felt in men's pockets to this day: but the English have more completely forgotten it than any other People. 'Battle of Dettingen, Battle of Fontenoy,—what, in the Devil's name, were we ever doing there?' the impatient Englishman asks; and can give no answer, except the general one: 'Fit of insanity; *Delirium Tremens*, perhaps *Furens*;—don't think of it!' Of Philippi and Arbela educated Englishmen can render account; and I am told young gentlemen entering the Army are pointedly required to say who commanded at Aigos-Potamos and wrecked the Peloponnesian War: but of Dettingen and Fontenoy, where is the living Englishman that has the least notion, or seeks for any? The Austrian-Succession War did veritably rage for eight years, at a terrific rate, deforming the face of Earth and Heaven;

the English paying the piper always, and founding their National Debt thereby;—but not even that could prove mnemonic to them; and they have dropped the Austrian-Succession War, with one accord, into the general dust-bin, and are content it should lie there. They have not, in their language, the least approach to an intelligible account of it: How it went on, whitherward, whence; why it was there at all,—are points dark to the English, and on which they do not wish to be informed. They have quitted the matter, as an unintelligible huge English-and-Foreign Delirium (which in good part it was); Delirium unintelligible to them; tedious, not to say in parts, as those of the Austrian Subsidies, hideous and disgusting to them;—happily now fallen extinct; and capable of being skipped, in one's inquiries into the wonders of this England and this World. Which, in fact, is a practical conclusion not so unwise as it looks.

'Wars are not memorable,' says Sauerteig, 'however big they may have been, whatever rages and miseries they may have occasioned, or however many hundreds of thousands they may have been the death of,—except when they have something of World-History in them withal. If they are found to have been the travail-throes of great or considerable changes, which continue permanent in the world, men of some curiosity cannot but inquire into them, keep memory of them. But if they were travail-throes that had no birth, who of mortals would remember them? Unless perhaps the feats of prowess, virtue, valour and endurance, they might accidentally give rise to, were very great indeed. Much greater than the most were, which came out in that Austrian-Succession case! Wars otherwise are mere futile transitory dust-whirlwinds stilled in blood; extensive fits of human insanity, such as we know are too apt to break out;—such as it rather beseems a faithful Son of the House of Adam *not* to speak about again; as in houses where the grandfather was hanged, the topic of ropes is fitly avoided.

'Never again will that War, with its deliriums, mad outlays of blood, treasure, and of hope and terror, and far-spread human destruction, rise into visual life in any imagination of living man. In vain shall Dryas-dust strive. things mad, chaotic and without ascertainable purpose or result, cannot be fixed into human memories. Fix them there by never so many Documentary Histories, elaborate long-eared Pedantries, and cunning threads, the poor human memory has an alchemy against such

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ill usage;—it forgets them again; grows to know them as a mere torpor, a stupidity and horror, and instinctively flies from Dryasdust and them.'

Alive to any considerable degree, in the poor human imagination, this Editor does not expect or even wish the Austrian-Succession War to be. Enough for him if it could be understood sufficiently to render his poor History of Friedrich intelligible. For it enwraps Friedrich like a world-vortex henceforth; modifies every step of his existence henceforth; and apart from it, there is no understanding of his business or him. 'So much as sticks to Friedrich:' that was our original bargain! Assist loyally, O reader, and we will try to make the indispensable a minimum for you.

Who was to blame for the Austrian-Succession War?

The first point to be noted is, Where did it originate? To which the answer mainly is, With that lean Gentleman whom we saw with Papers in the Œil-de-Bœuf on Newyear's day last. With Monseigneur the Maréchal de Belleisle principally; with the ambitious cupidities and baseless vanities of the French Court and Nation, as represented by Belleisle. George II.'s Spanish War, if you will examine, had a real necessity in it. Jenkins's Ear was the ridiculous outside figure this matter had: Jenkins's Ear was one final item of it; but the poor English People, in their wrath and bellowings about that small item, were intrinsically meaning: 'Settle the account; let us have that account cleared-up and liquidated; it has lain too long!' And seldom were a People more in the right, as readers shall yet see.

The English-Spanish War had a basis to stand on in this Universe. The like had the Prussian-Austrian one; so all men now admit. If Friedrich had not business there, what man ever had in an enterprise he ventured on? Friedrich, after such trial and proof as has seldom been, got his claims on Schlesien allowed by the Destinies. His claims on

Schlesien ;—and on infinitely higher things ; which were found to be his and his Nation's, though he had not been consciously thinking of them in making that adventure. For, as my poor Friend insists, there *are* Laws valid in Earth and in Heaven ; and the great soul of the world is just. Friedrich had business in this War ; and Maria Theresa *versus* Friedrich had likewise cause to appear in court, and do her utmost pleading against him.

But if we ask, What Belleisle or France and Louis XV. had to do there? the answer is rigorously, Nothing. Their own windy vanities, ambitions, sanctioned not by fact and the Almighty Powers, but by phantasm and the babble of Versailles ; transcendent self-conceit, intrinsically insane ; pretensions over their fellow-creatures which were without basis anywhere in Nature, except in the French brain alone : it was this that brought Belleisle and France into a German War. And Belleisle and France having gone into an Anti-Pragmatic War, the unlucky George and his England were dragged into a Pragmatic one,—quitting their own business, on the Spanish Main, and hurrying to Germany,—in terror as at Doomsday, and zeal to save the Keystone of Nature there. That is the notable point in regard to this War : That France is to be called the author of it, who, alone of all the parties, had no business there whatever. And the wages due to France for such a piece of industry,—the reader will yet see what wages France and the other parties got, at the tail of the affair. For that too is apparent in our day.

We have often said, the Spanish-English War was itself likely to have kindled Europe ; and again Friedrich's Silesian War was itself likely,—France being nearly sure to interfere. But if both these Wars were necessary ones, and if France interfered in either of them on the wrong side, the blame will be to France, not to the necessary Wars. France could, in no way, have interfered in a more barefacedly unjust and gratuitous manner than she now did ; nor, on any terms, have

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so palpably made herself the author of the conflagration of deliriums that ensued for above Seven years henceforth. Nay, for above Twenty years,—the settlement of this Silesian Pragmatic-Antipragmatic matter (and of Jenkins's Ear, incidentally, *along* with this!) not having fairly completed itself till 1763.

How Belleisle made Visit to Teutschland; and there was no fit Henry the Fowler to welcome him

It is very wrong to keep Enchanted Wiggeries sitting in this world, as if they were things still alive! By a species of 'conservatism,' which gets praised in our Time, but which is only a slothful cowardice, base indifference to truth, and hatred to trouble in comparison with lies that sit quiet, men now extensively practise this method of procedure;—little dreaming how bad and fatal it at all times is. When the brains are out, things really ought to die;—no matter what lovely things they were, and still affect to be, the brains being out, they actually ought in all cases to die, and with their best speed get buried. Men had noses, at one time; and smelt the horror of a deceased reality fallen putrid, of a once dear verity become mendacious, phantasmal; but they have, to an immense degree, lost that organ since, and are now living comfortably cheek-by-jowl with lies. Lies of that sad 'conservative' kind,—and indeed of all kinds whatsoever: for that kind is a general mother; and *breeds*, with a fecundity that is appalling, did you heed it much!—

It was pity that the 'Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch by Nation,' had not got itself buried some ages before. Once it had brains and life, but now they were out. Under the sway of Barbarossa, under our old anti-chaotic friend Henry the Fowler, how different had it been! No field for a Belleisle to come and sow tares in; no rotten thatch for a French Sungod to go sailing about in the middle of, and set fire to! Henry, when the Hungarian Pan-Slavonic Savagery came

upon him, had got ready in the interim; and a mangy dog was the 'tribute' he gave them; followed by the due extent of broken crowns, since they would not be content with that. That was the due of Belleisle too,—had there been a Henry to meet him with it, on his crossing the marches, in Trier Country, in Spring 1741: 'There, you anarchic Upholstery-Belus, fancying yourself God of the Sun; there is what Teutschland owes you. Go home with that; and mind your own business, which I am told is plentiful, if you had eye for it!'

But the sad truth is, for above Four Centuries now,—and especially for Three, since little Kaiser Karl IV. 'gave away all the moneys of it,' in his pressing occasions, this Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch by Nation, has been more and ever more becoming an imaginary quantity; the Kaisership of it not capable of being worn by anybody, except a Hapsburger who had resources otherwise his own. The fact is palpable. And Austria, an Anti-Reformation Entity, 'conservative' in that bad sense, of slothfully abhorring trouble in comparison with lies, had not found the poison more malodorous in this particular than in many others. And had cherished its 'Holy Romish Reich' grown *un*holy, phantasmal, like so much else in Austrian things; and had held firm grip of it, these Three Hundred years; and found it a furthersome and suitable thing, though sensible it was more and more becoming an Enchanted Wiggery pure and simple. Nor have the consequences failed; they never do. Belleisle, Louis XIV., Henri II., François I.; it is long since the French have known this state of matters; and been in the habit of breaking-in upon it, fomenting internal discontents, getting-up unjust Wars,—with or without advantage to France, but with endless disadvantage to Germany. Schmalkaldic War; Thirty-Years War; Louis XIV.'s Wars, which brought Alsace and the other fine cuttings; late Polish-Election War, and its Lorraine; Austrian-Succession War: many are the wars kindled on poor Teutschland by neighbour France; and large

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is the sum of woes to Europe and to it, chargeable to that score. Which appears even yet not to be completed?—Perhaps not, even yet. For it is the penalty of being loyal to Enchanted Wiggeries; of living cheek-by-jowl with lies of a peaceable quality, and stuffing your nostrils, and searing your soul, against the accursed odour they all have!—For I can assure you the curse of Heaven does dwell in one and all of them; and the son of Adam cannot too soon get quit of their bad partnership, cost him what it may.

Belleisle's Journey as Sungod began in March,—'end of March 1741,' no date of a day to be had for that memorable thing:—and he went gyrating about through the German Courts, for almost a year afterwards; his course rather erratic, but always in a splendour as of Belus, with those Hundred-and-thirty French Lords and Valets, and the glory of Most Christian King irradiating him. Very diligent for the first six months, till September or October next, which we may call his *seed-time*; and by no means resting after nine or twelve months, while the harrowing and hoeing went on. In January 1742, he had the great satisfaction to see a Bavarian Kaiser got, instead of an Austrian; and everywhere the fruit of his diligent husbandry begin to *beard* fairly above ground, into a crop of facts (like armed men from dragon's teeth), and 'the pleasure of the'—*whom* was it the pleasure of?—'prosper in his hands.' Belleisle was a pretty man; but I doubt it was not 'the Lord' he was doing the pleasure of, on this occasion, but a very Different Personage, disguised to resemble him in poor Belleisle's eyes!—

Austria was not dangerous to France in late times, and now least of all; how far from it,—humbled by the loss of Lorraine; and now as it were bankrupt, itself in danger from all the world. And France, so far as express Treaties could bind a Nation, was bound to maintain Austria in its present possessions. The bitter loss of Lorraine had been sweetened to the late Kaiser by that solitary drop of consolation;—as

his Failure of a Life had been, poor man: 'Failure the most of me has been; but I have got Pragmatic Sanction, thanks to Heaven, and even France has signed it!' Loss of Lorraine, loss of Elsass, loss of the Three Bishopricks; since Karl v.'s times, not to speak of earlier, there has been mere loss on loss:—and now is the time to consummate it, think Belleisle and France, in spite of Treaties.

Towards humbling or extinguishing Austria, Belleisle has two preliminary things to do: *First*, Break the Pragmatic Sanction, and get everybody to break it; *second*, Guide the *Kaiserwahl* (Election of a Kaiser), so that it issue, not in Grand-Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, as all expect it will, but in another party friendly to France:—say in Karl Albert of Bavaria, whose Family have long been good clients of ours, dependent on us for a living in the Political World. Belleisle, there is little doubt, had from the first cast his eye on this unlucky Karl Albert for Kaiser; but is uncertain as to carrying him. Belleisle will take another; if he must; Kur-Sachsen, for example;—any other, and all others, only not the Grand-Duke: that is a point already fixed with Belleisle, though he keeps it well in the background, and is careful not to hint it till the time come.

In regard to Pragmatic Sanction, Belleisle and France found no difficulty,—or the difficulty only (which we hope must have been considerable) of eating their own Covenant in behalf of Pragmatic Sanction; and declaring, which they did without visible blush, That it was a Covenant including, if not expressly, then tacitly, as all human covenants do, this clause '*Salvo jure tertii* (Saving the rights of Third Parties),' —that is, of Electors of Bavaria, and others who may object against it! O soul of honour, O first Nation of the Universe, was there ever such a subterfuge? Here is a field of flowering corn, the biggest in the world, begirt with elaborate ring-fence, many miles of firm oak-paling pitched and buttressed; —the poor gentleman now dead gave you his Lorraine, and almost his life, for swearing to keep-up said paling. And

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you do keep it up,—all except six yards; through which the biggest team on the highway can drive freely, and the paltriest cadger's ass can step in for a bellyful!

It appears, the first Nation of the Universe had, at an early period of their consultations, hit upon this of *Salvo jure tertii*, as the method of eating their Covenant, before an enlightened public.[1] And they persisted in it, there being no other for them. An enlightened public grinned sardonically, and was not taken in; but, as so many others were eating their Covenants, under equally poor subterfuges, the enlightened public could not grin long on any individual,—could only gape mutely, with astonishment, on all. A glorious example of veracity and human nobleness, set by the gods of this lower world to their gazing populations, who could read in the Gazettes! What is truth, falsity, human Kingship, human Swindlership? Are the Ten Commandments only a figure of speech, then? And it was some beggarly Attorney-*Devil* that built this sublunary world and us? Questions might rise; had long been rising;—but now there was about enough, and the *response* to them was falling due; and Belleisle himself, what is very notable, had been appointed to get ready the response. Belleisle (little as Belleisle dreamt of it, in these high Enterprises) was ushering in, by way of response, a *Ragnarök*, or Twilight of the Gods, which, as 'French Revolution, or Apotheosis of *Sansculottism*,' is now well known;—and that is something to consider of!

Downbreak of Pragmatic Sanction; Manner of the chief Artists in handling their Covenants

The operation once accomplished on its own Pragmatic

[1] 20th January 1741, in their Note of Ceremony, recognising Maria Theresa as Queen of Hungary, Note which had been due so very long (*Adelung*, ii. 206), there is ominous silence on Pragmatic Sanction; 'beginning of March,' there is virtual avowal of *Salvo jure* (*ib.* 279); open avowal on Belleisle's advent (*ib.* 305).

Covenant, France found no difficulty with the others. Everybody was disposed to eat his Covenant, who could see advantage in so doing, after that admirable example. The difficulty of France and Belleisle rather was, to keep the hungry parties back: 'Don't eat your Covenant *till* the proper time; patience, we say!' A most sad Miscellany of Royalties, coming all to the point, 'Will you eat your Covenant, Will you keep it?'—and eating, nearly all; in fact, wholly all that needed to eat.

On the first Invasion of Silesia, Maria Theresa had indignantly complained in every Court; and pointing to Pragmatic Sanction, had demanded that such Law of Nature be complied with, according to covenant. What Maria Theresa got by this circuit of the Courts, everybody still knows. Except England, which was willing, and Holland, which was unwilling, all Courts had answered, more or less uneasily: 'Law of Nature,—humph: yes!'—and, far from doing anything, not one of them would with certainty promise to do anything. From England alone and her little King (to whom Pragmatic Sanction is the Palladium of Human Freedoms and the Keystone of Nature) could she get the least help. The rest hung back; would not open heart or pocket; waited till they saw. They do now see; now that Belleisle has done his feat of Covenant-eating!—

Eleven great Powers, some count Thirteen, some Twelve,[1] —but no two agree, and hardly one agrees with himself;— enough, the Powers of Europe, from Naples and Madrid to Russia and Sweden, have all signed it, let us say a Dozen or a Baker's-Dozen of them. And except our little English Paladin alone, whose interest and indeed salvation seemed to him to lie that way, and who needed no Pragmatic Covenant to guide him, nobody whatever distinguished himself by keeping it. Between December 1740, when Maria Theresa set-up her cries in all Courts, on to April 1741, England, painfully dragging Holland with her, had alone of the Baker's-Dozen

[1] Schöll, ii. 286; Adelung, *list*, ii. 127.

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spoken word of disapproval; much less done act of hindrance. Two especially (France and Bavaria, not to mention Spain) had done the reverse, and disowned, and declared against, Pragmatic Sanction. And after the Battle of Mollwitz, when the 'little stone' took its first leap, and set all thundering, then came, like the inrush of a fashion, throughout that high Miscellany or Baker's-Dozen, the general eating of Covenants (which was again quickened in August, for a reason we shall see): and before November of that Year, there was no Covenant left to eat. Of the Baker's-Dozen nobody remained but little George the Paladin, dragging Holland painfully along with him;—and Pragmatic Sanction had gone to water, like ice in a June day, and its beautiful crystalline qualities and prismatic colours were forever vanished from the world. Will the reader note a point or two, a personage or two, in this sordid process,—not for the process's sake, which is very sordid and smells badly, but for his own sake, to elucidate his own course a little in the intricacies now coming or come upon him and me?

1°. *Elector of Bavaria.*—Karl Albert of Baiern is by some counted as a Signer of the Pragmatic Sanction, and by others not; which occasions that discrepancy of sum-total in the Books. And he did once, in a sense, sign it, he and his Brother of Köln; but, before the late Kaiser's death, he had openly drawn back from it again; and counted himself a Non-signer. Signer or not, he, for his part, lost no moment (but rather the contrary) in openly protesting against it, and signifying that he never would acknowledge it. Of this the reader saw something, at the time of her Hungarian Majesty's Accession. Date and circumstances of it, which deserve remembering, are more precisely these: October 20th, 1740, Karl Albert's Ambassador, Perusa by name, wrote to Karl from Vienna, announcing that the Kaiser was just dead. From München, on the 21st, Karl Albert, anticipating such an event, but not yet knowing it, orders Perusa, in *case* of the Kaiser's decease, which was considered probable at München,

to demand instant audience of the proper party (Kanzler Sinzendorf), and there openly lodge his Protest. Which Perusa did, punctually in all points,—no moment *lost*, but rather the contrary, as we said! Let poor Karl Albert have what benefit there is in that fact. He was, of all the Anti-Pragmatic Covenant-Breakers (if he ever fairly were such), the only one that proceeded honourably, openly and at once, in the matter; and he was, of them all, by far the most unfortunate.

This is the poor gentleman whom Belleisle had settled on for being Kaiser. And Kaiser he became; to his frightful sorrow, as it proved: his crown like a crown of burning iron, or little better! There is little of him in the Books, nor does one desire much: a tall aquiline type of man; much the gentleman in aspect; and in reality, of decorous serious deportment, and the wish to be high and dignified. He had a kind of right, too, in the Anti-Pragmatic sense; and was come of Imperial kindred,—Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian, and Kaiser Rupert of the Pfalz, called Rupert *Klemm*, or Rupert Smith's-vice, if any reader now remember him, were both of his ancestors. He might fairly pretend to Kaisership and to Austrian ownership,—had he otherwise been equal to such enterprises. But, in all ambitions and attempts, howsoever grounded otherwise, there is this strict question on the threshold: 'Are you of weight for the adventure; are not you far too light for it?' Ambitious persons often slur this question; and get squelched to pieces, by bringing the Twelve Labours of Hercules on Unherculean backs! Not every one is so lucky as our Friedrich in that particular,—whose back, though with difficulty, held out. Which poor Karl Albert's never had much likelihood to do. Few mortals in any age have offered such an example of the tragedies which Ambition has in store for her votaries; and what a matter Hope *Fulfilled* may be to the unreflecting Son of Adam.

We said, he had a kind of right to Austria, withal. He descended by the female line from Kaiser Ferdinand I. (as did

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Kur-Sachsen, though by a younger Daughter than Karl Albert's Ancestress); and he appealed to Kaiser Ferdinand's Settlement of the Succession, as a higher than any subsequent Pragmatic could be. Upon which there hangs an incident; still famous to German readers. Karl Albert, getting into Public Argument in this way, naturally instructed Perusa to demand sight of Kaiser Ferdinand's Last Will, the tenor of which was known by authentic Copy in München, if not elsewhere among the kindred. After some delay, Perusa (4th November 1740), summoning the other Excellencies to witness, got sight of the Will: to his horror, there stood, in the cardinal passage, instead of '*männliche*' (male descendants), '*eheliche*' (lawfully-begotten descendants),—fatal to Karl Albert's claim! Nor could he *prove* that the Parchment had been scraped or altered, though he kept trying and examining for some days. He withdrew thereupon, by order, straightway from Vienna; testifying in dumb-show what he thought. 'It is your Copy that is false,' cried the Vienna people: 'it has been foisted on you, with this wrong word in it; done by somebody (your friend, the Excellency Herr von Hartmann, shall we guess?), wishing to curry favour with ambitious foolish persons!' Such was the Austrian story. Perhaps in München itself their Copyist was not known;—for aught I learn, the Copy was made long since, and the Copyist dead. Hartmann, named as Copyist by the Vienna people, made emphatic public answer: 'Never did I copy it, or see it!' And there rose great argument, which is not yet quite ended, as to the question, 'Original falsified, or Copy falsified?'—and the modern vote, I believe, rather clearly is, That the Austrian Officials had done it—in a case of necessity.[1] Possible? 'But you will lose your soul!'

[1] Adelung, ii. 150-154 (14th-20th November 1740), gives the public facts, without commentary. Hormayr (*Anemonen aus dem Tagebuch eines alten Pilgersmannes*, Jena, 1845, i. 162-169,—our old Hormayr of the *Austrian Plutarch*, but now Anonymous, and in Opposition humour) considers the case nearly proved against Austria, and that Bartenstein and one Bessel, a pillar of the Church, were concerned in it.

said the Parson once to a poor old Gentlewoman, English by Nation, who refused, in dying, to contradict some domestic fiction, to give-up some domestic secret: 'But you will lose your soul, Madam!'—'Tush, what signifies my poor silly soul compared with the honour of the family?'—

2°. *King Friedrich.*—King Friedrich may be taken as the Anti-Pragmatic next in order of time. He too lost not a moment, and proceeded openly; no quirking to be charged upon him. His account of himself in this matter always was: 'By the Treaty of Wusterhausen, 1726, unquestionably Prussia undertook to guarantee Pragmatic Sanction; the late Kaiser undertaking in return, by the same Treaty, to secure Berg and Jülich to Prussia, and to have some progress made in it within six months from signing. And unquestionably also, the late Kaiser did thereupon, or even had already done, precisely the reverse; namely, secured, so far as in him was possible, Berg and Jülich to Kur-Pfalz. Such Treaty, having in this way done suicide, is dead and become zero: and I am free, in respect of Pragmatic Sanction, to do whatever shall seem good to me. My wish was, and would still be, To maintain Pragmatic Sanction, and even to support it by 100,000 men, and secure the Election of the Grand-Duke to the Kaisership,—were my claims on Silesia once liquidated. But these have no concern with Pragmatic Sanction, for or against: these are good against whoever may fall Heir to the House of Austria, or to Silesia: and my intention is, that the strong hand, so long clenched upon my rights, shall open itself by this favourable opportunity, and give them out.' That is Friedrich's case. And in truth the jury everywhere has to find,—so soon as instructed, which is a long process in some sections of it (in England, for example),—That Pragmatic Sanction has not, except helpless lamentations, 'Alas that *you* should be here to insist upon your rights, and to open fists long closed!'—the least word to say to Friedrich.

3°. *Termagant of Spain.*—Perhaps the most distracted of

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the Anti-Pragmatic subterfuges was that used by Spain, when the She-dragon or Termagant saw good to eat her Covenant; which was at a very early stage. The Termagant's poor Husband is a Bourbon, not a Hapsburg at all: 'But has not he fallen heir to the Spanish Hapsburgs; become all one as they, an *alter-ego* of the Spanish Hapsburgs?' asks she. 'And the Austrian Hapsburgs being out, do not the Spanish Hapsburgs come in? He, I say, this *Bourbon*-Hapsburg, he is the real Hapsburg, now that the Austrian Branch is gone; President he of the Golden Fleece' (which a certain 'Archduchess,' Maria Theresa, had been meddling with); 'Proprietor, he, of Austrian Italy, and of all or most things Austrian!'—and produces Documentary Covenants of Philip II. with his Austrian Cousins; 'to which Philip,' said the Termagant, 'we Bourbons surely, if you consider it, are Heir and Alter-Ego!' Is not this a curious case of testamentary right; human greed obliterating personal identity itself?

Belleisle had a great deal of difficulty, keeping the Termagant back till things were ripe. Her hope practically was, Baby Carlos being prosperous King of Naples this long while, to get the Milanese for another Baby she has,—Baby Philip, whom she once thought of making Pope;—and she is eager beyond measure to have a stroke at the Milanese. 'Wait!' hoarsely whispers Belleisle to her; and she can scarcely wait. Maria Theresa's Note of Announcement, 'New Queen of Hungary, may it please you!' the French, as we saw, were very long in answering. The Termagant did not answer it at all; complained on the contrary, 'What is this, Madam! Golden Fleece, you?'—and, early in March, informed mankind that she was Spanish Hapsburg, the genuine article; and sent off Excellency Montijos, a little man of great expense, to assist at the Election of a proper Kaiser, and be useful to Belleisle in the great things now ahead.[1]

[1] Spain's Golden Fleece pretensions, 17th January 1741 (Adelung, ii. 233, 234); 'Publishes at Paris,' in March (*ib.* 293); and on the 23d March accredits

4°. *King of Poland.*—The most ticklish card in Belleisle's game, and probably the greatest fool of these Anti-Pragmatic Dozen, was Kur-Sachsen, King of Poland. He, like Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, derives from Kaiser Ferdinand, though by a *younger* Daughter, and has a like claim on the Austrian Succession; claim nullified, however, by that small circumstance itself, but which he would fain mend by one makeshift or another; and thinks always it must surely be good for something. This is August III., this King of Poland, as readers know; son of August the Strong: Papa made him change to the Catholic religion so-called,—for the sake of getting Poland, which proves a very poor possession to him. Who knows what damage the poor creature may have got by that sad operation;—which all Saxony sighed to the heart on hearing of; for it was always hoped he had some real religion, and would deliver them from that Babylonish Captivity again! He married Kaiser Joseph I.'s Daughter,—Maria Theresa's Cousin, and by an Elder Brother;—this, too, ought surely to be something in the Anti-Pragmatic line? It is true, Kur-Baiern has to Wife another Daughter of Kaiser Joseph's; but she is the younger: 'I am senior *there*, at least!' thinks the foolish man.

Too true, he had finally, in past years, to sign Pragmatic Sanction; no help for it, no hope without it, in that Polish-Election time. He will have to eat his Covenant, therefore, as the first step in Anti-Pragmatism; and he is extremely in doubt as to the How, sometimes as to the Whether. And shifts and whirls, accordingly, at a great rate, in these months and years; now on Maria Theresa's side, deluded by shadows from Vienna, and getting into Russian Partition-Treaties; anon tickled by Belleisle into the reverse posture; then again reversing. An idle, easy-tempered, yet greedy creature, who, what with religious apostasy in early manhood, what with flaccid ambitions since, and idle gapings after shadows, has

Montijos (*ib.* 293): Italian War, held back by Belleisle and the English Fleets, cannot get begun till October following.

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lost helm in this world; and will make a very bad voyage for self and country.

His Palinurus and chief Counsellor, at present and afterwards, is a Count von Brühl, once page to August the Strong; now risen to such height: Brühl of the Three-hundred and Sixty-five suits of clothes; whom it has grown wearisome even to laugh at. A cunning little wretch, they say, and of deft tongue; but surely among the unwisest of all the Sons of Adam in that day, and such a Palinurus as seldom steered before. Kur-Sachsen, being Reichs-Vicar in the Northern Parts,—(Kur-Baiern and Kur-Pfalz, as friends and good Wittelsbacher Cousins surely ought, in a crisis like this, have agreed to be *Joint*-Vicars in the Southern Parts, and no longer quarrel upon it),—Kur-Sachsen has a good deal to do in the Election preludings, formalities and prearrangements; and is capable, as Kur-Pfalz and Cousin always are, of serving as chisel to Belleisle's mallet, in such points, which will plentifully turn up.

5°. *King of Sardinia.*—Reichs-Vicar in the Italian parts is Charles Amadeus King of Sardinia (tough old Victor's Son, whom we have heard of): an office mostly honorary; suitable to the important individual who keeps the Door of the Alps. Charles Amadeus had signed the Pragmatic Sanction; but eats his Covenant, like the others, on example of France; —having, as he now bethinks himself, claims on the Milanese. There are two claimants on the Milanese, then; the Spanish Termagant, and he? Yes; and they will have their difficulties, their extensive tusslings in Italian War and otherwise, to make an adjustment of it; and will give Belleisle (at least the Doorkeeper will) an immensity of trouble, in years coming.

In this way do the Pragmatic people eat their own Covenant, one after the other, and are not ashamed;—till all have eaten, or as good as eaten; and, almost within year and day, Pragmatic Sanction is a vanished quantity; and poor Kaiser Karl's life-labour is not worth the sheep-skin and

stationery it cost him. History reports in sum, That 'nobody kept the Pragmatic Sanction; that the few' (strictly speaking, the one) 'who acted by it, would have done precisely the same, though there had never been such a Document in existence.' To George II., it is, was and will be, the Keystone of Nature, the true Anti-French palladium of mankind; and he, dragging the unwilling Dutch after him, will do great things for it: but nobody else does anything at all. Might we hope to bid adieu to it, in this manner, and never to mention it again!—

Document more futile there had not been in Nature, nor will be. Friedrich had not yet fought at Mollwitz in assertion of his Silesian claim, when the poor Pope,—poor soul, who had no Covenant to eat, but took pattern by others,—claimed, in solemn Allocution, Parma and Piacenza for the Holy See.[1] All the world is claiming. Of the Court of Würtemberg and its Protestings, and 'extensive Deduction' about nothing at all, we do not speak;[2] nor of Montmorency claiming Luxemburg, of which he is Titular 'Duke'; nor of Monsignore di Guastalla claiming Mantua; nor of—In brief, the fences are now down; a broad French gap in those miles of elaborate paling, which are good only as firewood henceforth, and any ass may rush in and claim a bellyful. Great are the works of Belleisle!—

Concerning the Imperial Election (Kaiserwahl) *that is to be; Candidates for Kaisership*

At equal step with the ruining of Pragmatic Sanction goes on that spoiling of Grand-Duke Franz's Election to the Kaisership: these two operations run parallel; or rather, under different forms, they are one and the same operation. 'To assist, as a Most Christian neighbour ought, in picking out the fit Kaiser,' was Belleisle's ostensible mission; and indeed this does include virtually his whole errand. Till three

[1] Adelung, ii. 376 (5th April 1741). [2] *Ib.* ii. 195, 403.

months after Belleisle's appearance in the business, Grand-Duke Franz never doubted but he should be Kaiser; Friedrich's offers to help him in it he had scorned, as the offer of a fifth wheel to his chariot, already rushing on with four. 'Here is Kur-Böhmen, Austria's own vote,' counts the Grand-Duke; 'Kur-Sachsen, doing Prussian-Partition Treaties for us; Kur-Trier, our fat little Schönborn, Austrian to the bone; Kur-Mainz, important chairman, regulator of the Conclave; here are Four Electors for us: then also Kur-Pfalz, he surely, in return for the Berg-Jülich service; finally, and liable to no question, Kur-Hanover, little George of England with his endless guineas and resources, a little Jack-the-Giantkiller, greater than all Giants, Paladin of the Pragmatic and us: here are Six Electors of the Nine. Let Brandenburg and the Bavarian Couple, Kur-Baiern and Kur-Köln, do their pleasure!' This was Grand-Duke Franz's calculation.

By the time Belleisle had been three months in Germany, the Grand-Duke's notion had changed; and he began 'applying to the Sea-Powers,' 'to Russia,' and all around. In Belleisle's sixth month, the Grand-Duke, after such demolition of Pragmatic, and such disasters and contradictions as had been, saw his case to be desperate; though he still stuck to it, Austrian-like,—or rather, Austria for him stuck to it, the Grand-Duke being careless of such things;—and indeed, privately, never did give in, even *after* the Election, as we shall have to note.

The Reich itself being mainly a Phantasm or Enchanted Wiggery, its 'Kaiser-Choosing' (*Kaiserwahl*),—now getting under way at Frankfurt, with preliminary outskirts at Regensburg, and in the Chancery of Mainz,—is very phantasmal, not to say ghastly; and forbidding, not inviting, to the human eye. Nine Kurfürsts, Choosers of Teutschland's real Captain, in none of whom is there much thought for Teutschland or its interests,—and indeed in hardly more than One of whom (Prussian Friedrich, if readers will know it) is there the least

thought that way; but, in general, much indifference to things divine or diabolic, and thought for one's own paltry profits and losses only! So it has long been; and so it now is, more than usual.—Consider again, are Enchanted Wiggeries a beautiful thing, in this extremely earnest world?—

The Kaiserwahl is an affair depending much on processions, proclamations, on delusions optical, acoustic; on palaverings, manœuvrings, holdings back, then hasty pushings forward; and indeed is mainly, in more senses than one, under guidance of the Prince of the Power of the Air. Unbeautiful, like a World-Parliament of Nightmares (if the reader could conceive such a thing); huge formless, tongueless monsters of that species, doing their 'three readings,'—under Presidency or chief-pipership as above! Belleisle, for his part, is consummately skilful, and manages as only himself could. Keeps his game well hidden, not a hint or whisper of it except in studied proportions; spreads out his lines, his birdlime; tickles, entices, astonishes; goes his rounds, like a subtle Fowler, taking captive the minds of men; a Phœbus-Apollo. god of melody and of the sun, filling his net with birds.

I believe, old Kur-Pfalz, for the sake of French neighbourhood, and Berg-and-Jülich, were there nothing more, was very helpful to him;—in March past, when the Election was to have been, when it would have gone at once in favour of the Grand-Duke, Kur-Pfalz got the Election 'postponed a little.' Postponing, procrastinating; then again pushing violently on, when things are ripe: Belleisle has only to give signal to a fit Kur-Pfalz. In all Kurfürst Courts, the French Ambassadors sing diligently to the tune Belleisle sets them; and Courts give ear, or will do, when the charmer himself arrives.

Kur-Sachsen, as above hinted, was his most delicate operation, in the charming or trout-tickling way. And Kur-Sachsen,—and poor Saxony, ever since,—knows if he did not do it well! 'Deduct this Kur-Sachsen from the Austrian side,' calculates Belleisle; 'add him to ours, it is almost an equality of votes. Kur-Baiern, our own Imperial Candidate;

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Kur-Köln, his Brother; Kur-Pfalz, by genealogy his Cousin (not to mention Berg-Jülich matters): here are three Wittelsbachers, knit together; three sure votes; King Friedrich, Kur-Brandenburg, there is a fourth; and if Kur-Sachsen would join?' But who knows if Kur-Sachsen will! The poor soul has himself thoughts of being Kaiser; then no thoughts, and again some: thoughts which Belleisle knows how to handle. 'Yes, Kaiser you, your Majesty; excellent!' And sets to consider the methods: 'Hm, ha, hm! Think, your Majesty: ought not that Bohemian Vote to be excluded, for one thing? Kur-Böhmen is fallen into the distaff, Maria Theresa herself cannot vote. Surely question will rise, Whether distaff can, validly, hand it over to distaff's husband, as they are about doing? Whether, in fact, Kur-Böhmen is not in abeyance for this time?' 'So!' answered Kur-Sachsen, Reichs-Vicarius. And thereupon meetings were summoned; Nightmare Committees sat on this matter under the Reichs-Vicar, slowly hatching it; and at length brought out, 'Kur-Böhmen *not* transferable by the distaff; Kur-Böhmen in abeyance for this time.' Greatly to the joy of Belleisle; infinitely to the chagrin of her Hungarian Majesty,—who declared it a crying injustice (though I believe legally done in every point); and by and by, even made it a plea of Nullity, destructive to the Election altogether, when her Hungarian Majesty's affairs looked up again, and the world would listen to Austrian sophistries and obstinacies. This was an essential service from Kur-Sachsen.[1]

After which Kur-Sachsen's own poor Kaisership died away into 'Hm, ha, hm!' again, with a grateful Belleisle. Who nevertheless dextrously retained Kur-Sachsen as ally; tickling the poor wretch with other baits. Of the Kaiser he had really meant all along, there was dead silence, except between the parties; no whisper heard, for six months after it had

[1] Began, indistinctly, 'in March' (1741); languid 'for some months' (Adelung, ii. 292); 'November 4th,' was settled in the negative, 'Kur-Böhmen not to have a vote' (*Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 47 *n.*).

been agreed upon; none, for two or near three months after formal settlement, and signing and sealing. Karl Albert's Treaty with Belleisle was 18th May 1741; and he did not declare himself a Candidate till 1st-4th July following.[1] Belleisle understands the Nightmare Parliaments, the electioneering art, and how to deal with Enchanted Wiggeries. More perfect master, in that sad art, has not turned up on record to one's afflicted mind. Such a Sungod, and doing such a Scavengerism! Belleisle, in the sixth month (end of August 1741) feels sure of a majority. How Belleisle managed, after that, to checkmate George of England, and make even George vote for him, and the Kaiserwahl to be unanimous against Grand-Duke Franz, will be seen. Great are Belleisle's doings in this world, if they were useful either to God or man, or to Belleisle himself first of all!—

Teutschland to be carved into something of Symmetry, should the Belleisle Enterprises succeed

Belleisle's schemes, in the rear of all this labour, are grandiose to a degree. Men wonder at the First Napoleon's mad notions in that kind. But no Napoleon, in the fire of the revolutionary element; no Sham-Napoleon, in the ashes of it; hardly a Parisian Journalist of imaginative turn, speculating on the First Nation of the Universe and what its place is,—could go higher than did this grandiose Belleisle; a man with clear thoughts in his head, under a torpid Louis XV. Let me see, thinks Belleisle. Germany with our Bavarian for Kaiser; Germany to be cut into, say, Four little Kingdoms: 1°. Bavaria with the lean Kaiserhood; 2°. Saxony, fattened by its share of Austria; 3°. Prussia the like; 4°. Austria itself, shorn down as above, and shoved out to the remote Hungarian parts: *voilà*. These, not reckoning Hanover, which perhaps we cannot get just yet, are Four pretty Sovereignties. Three, or Two, of these hireable by

[1] Adelung, ii. 357, 421.

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gold, it is to be hoped. And will not France have a glorious time of it; playing master of the revels there, egging one against the other! Yes, Germany is then, what Nature designed it, a Province of France: little George of Hanover himself, and who knows but England after him, may one day find their fate inevitable, like the others. O Louis, O my King, is not this an outlook? Louis le Grand was great; but you are likely to be Louis the Grandest; and here is a World shaped, at last, after the real pattern!

Such are, in sad truth, Belleisle's schemes; not yet entirely hatched into daylight or articulation; but becoming articulate, to himself and others, more and more. Reader, keep them well in mind: I had rather not speak of them again. They are essential to our Story; but they are afflictively vain, contrary to the Laws of Fact; and can, now or henceforth, in nowise be. My friend, it was not Beelzebub, nor Mephistopheles, nor Autolycus-Apollo that built this world and us; it was Another. And you will get your crown well rapped, M. le Maréchal, for so forgetting that fact! France is an extremely pretty creature; but this of making France the supreme Governor and God's-Vicegerent of Nations, is, was, and remains, one of the maddest notions. France at its ideal *best*, and with a demigod for King over it, were by no means fit for such function; nay, of many Nations is eminently the unfittest for it. And France at its *worst* or nearly so, with a Louis XV. over it by way of demigod—O Belleisle, what kind of France is this; shining in your grandiose imagination, in such contrast to the stingy fact: like a creature consisting of two enormous wings, five hundred yards in potential extent, and no body bigger than that of a common Cock, weighing three pounds avoirdupois. Cock with his own gizzard much out of sorts, too!

It was 'early in March'[1] when Belleisle, the Artificial Sungod, quitted Paris on this errand. He came by the

[1] Adelung, ii. 305.

Moselle road; called on the Rhine Kurfürsts, Köln, Trier, Mainz; dazzling them, so far as possible, with his splendour for the mind and for the eye. He proceeded next to Dresden, which is a main card: and where there is immense manipulation needed, and the most delicate trout-tickling; this being a skittish fish, and an important, though a foolish. Belleisle was at Dresden when the Battle of Mollwitz fell out: what a windfall into Belleisle's game! He ran across to Friedrich at Mollwitz, to congratulate, to consult,—as we shall see anon.

Belleisle, I am informed, in this preliminary Tour of his, speaks only, or hints only (except in the proper quarters), of Election Business; of the need there perhaps is, on the part of an Age growing in liberal ideas, to exclude the Austrian Grand-Duke; to curb that ponderous, harsh, ungenerous House of Austria, too long lording it over generous Germany; and to set-up some better House,—Bavaria, for example; Saxony, for example? Of his plans in the rear of this he is silent; speaks only by hints, by innuendos, to the proper parties. But ripening or ripe, plans do lie to rear; far-stretching, high-soaring; in part, dark even at Versailles; darkly fermenting, not yet developed, in Belleisle's own head; only the Future Kaiser a luminous fixed point, shooting beams across the grandiose Creation-Process going on there.

By the end of August 1741, Belleisle had become certain of his game; 24th January 1742, he saw himself as if winner. Before August 1741, he had got his Electors manipulated, tickled to his purpose, by the witchery of a Phœbus-Autolycus or Diplomatic Sungod; majority secured for a Bavarian Kaiser, and against an Austrian one. And in the course of that Month,—what was still more considerable! —he was getting, under mild pretexts, about a Hundred Thousand armed Frenchmen gently wafted over upon the soil of Germany. Two complete French Armies, 40,000 each (*plus* their Reserves), one over the Upper Rhine, one over the Lower; about which we shall hear a great deal in time

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coming! Under mild pretexts: 'Peaceable as lambs, don't you observe? Merely to protect Freedom of Election, in this fine neighbour country; and as allies to our Friend of Bavaria, should he chance to be new Kaiser, and to persist in his modest claims otherwise.' This was his crowning stroke. Which finished straightway the remnants of Pragmatic Sanction and of every obstacle; and in a shining manner swept the roads clear. And so, on January 24th following, the Election, long held back by Belleisle's manœuvrings, actually takes effect,—in favour of Karl Albert, our invaluable Bavarian Friend. Austria is left solitary in the Reich; Pragmatic Sanction, Keystone of Nature, which Belleisle and France had sworn to keep in, is openly torn-out by Belleisle and by France and the majority of mankind; and Belleisle sees himself, to all appearance, winner.

This was the harvest reaped by Belleisle, within year and day; after endless manœuvring, such as only a Belleisle in the character of Diplomatic Sungod could do. Beyond question, the distracted ambitions of several German Princes have been kindled by Belleisle; what we called the rotten thatch of Germany is well on fire. This diligent sowing in the Reich,—to judge by the 100,000 armed men here, and the counter hundreds of thousands arming,—has been a pretty stroke of dragon's-teeth husbandry on Belleisle's part

Belleisle on Visit to Friedrich; sees Friedrich besiege Brieg, with Effect

It was April 26th when Maréchal de Belleisle, with his Brother the Chevalier, with Valori and other bright accompaniment, arrived in Friedrich's Camp. 'Camp of Mollwitz' so named; between Mollwitz and Brieg; where Friedrich is still resting, in a vigilant expectant condition; and, except it be the taking of Brieg, has nothing military on hand. Wednesday 26th April, the distinguished Excellency,—escorted for the last three miles by 120 Horse, and the other

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customary ceremonies,—makes his appearance: no doubt an interesting one to Friedrich, for this and the days next following. Their talk is not reported anywhere: nor is it said with exactitude how far, whether wholly now, or only in part now, Belleisle expounded his sublime ideas to Friedrich; or what precise reception they got. Friedrich himself writes long afterwards of the event; but, as usual, without precision, except in general effect. Now, or some time after, Friedrich says he found Belleisle, one morning, with brow clouded, knit into intense meditation: 'Have you had bad news, M. le Maréchal?' asks Friedrich. 'No, oh no! I am considering what we shall make of that Moravia?'—'Moravia; Hm!' Friedrich suppresses the glance that is rising to his eyes: 'Can't you give it to Saxony, then? Buy Saxony into the Plan with it!' 'Excellent,' answers Belleisle, and unpuckers his stern brow again.

Friedrich thinks highly, and about this time often says so, of the man Belleisle: but as to the man's effulgencies, and wide-winged Plans, none is less seduced by them than Friedrich: 'Your chickens are not hatched, M. le Maréchal; some of us hope they never will be,—though the incubation-process may have uses for some of us!' Friedrich knows that the Kaisership given to any other than Grand-Duke Franz will be mostly an imaginary quantity. 'A grand Symbolic Cloak in the eyes of the vulgar; but empty of all things, empty even of cash, for the last Two Hundred Years: Austria can wear it to advantage; no other mortal. Hang it on Austria, which is a solid human figure,—so.' And Friedrich wishes, and hopes always, Maria Theresa will agree with him, and get it for her Husband. 'But to hang it on Bavaria, which is a lean bare pole? Oh, M. le Maréchal!—And those Four Kingdoms of yours: what a brood of poultry, those! Chickens happily yet *un*hatched;—eggs addle, I should venture to hope:—only do go on incubating, M. le. Maréchal!' That is Friedrich's notion of the thing. Belleisle stayed with Friedrich 'a few days,' say the Books.

27th April 1742]
After which, Friedrich, finding Belleisle too winged a creature, corresponded, in preference, with Fleury and the Head Sources; —who are always intensely enough concerned about those 'aces' falling to him, and how the same are to be 'shared.'[1]

Instead of parade or review in honour of Belleisle, there happened to be a far grander military show, of the practical kind. The Siege of Brieg, the Opening of the Trenches before Brieg, chanced to be just ready, on Belleisle's arrival; —and would have taken effect, we find, that very night, April 26th, had not a sudden wintry outburst, or 'tempest of extraordinary violence,' prevented. Next night, night of the 27th-28th, under shine of the full Moon, in the open champaign country, on both sides of the River, it did take effect. An uncommonly fine thing of its sort; as one can still see by reading Friedrich's strict Program for it,—a most minute, precise and all-anticipating Program, which still interests military men, as Friedrich's first Piece in that kind,—and comparing therewith the Narratives of the performance which ensued.[2]

Kalkstein, Friedrich's old Tutor, is Captain of the Siege; under him Jeetz, long used to blockading about Brieg. The silvery Oder has its due bridges for communication; all is in readiness, and waiting manifold as in the slip,—and there is Engineer Walrave, our Glogau Dutch friend, who shall, at the right instant, 'with his straw-rope (*Strohseil*) mark out the first parallel,' and be swift about it! There are 2,000 diggers, with the due implements, fascines, equipments; duly divided, into Twelve equal Parties, and 'always two spademen to one pickman' (which indicates soft sandy ground): these, with the escorting or covering battalions, Twelve Parties they also, on both sides of the River, are to be in their several stations at the fixed moments; man, musket, mattock, strictly

[1] Details in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 912, 962, 916; in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 79, 80; etc.

[2] *Ordre und Dispositiones* (sic), *wornach sich der General-Lieutenant von Kalckstein bei Eroffnung der Trancheen etc.* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxx. 39-44): the Program. *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 916-28: the Narrative.

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exact. They are to advance at Midnight; the covering battalions so many yards ahead: no speaking is permissible, nor the least tobacco-smoking; no drum to be allowed for fear of accident; no firing, unless you are fired on. The covering battalions are all to 'lie flat, so soon as they get to their ground, all but the Officers and sentries.' To rear of these stand Walrave and assistants, silent, with their straw-rope;—silent, then anon swift, and in whisper or almost by dumb-show, 'Now, then!' After whom the diggers, fascine-men, workers, each in his kind, shall fall-to, silently, and dig and work as for life.

All which is done; exact as clockwork: beautiful to see, or half-see, and speak of to your Belleisle, in the serene moonlight! Half an hour's marching, half an hour's swift digging: the Town-clock of Brieg was hardly striking One, when 'they had dug themselves in.' And, before daybreak, they had, in two batteries, fifty cannon in position, with a proper set of mortars (other side the River),—ready to astonish Piccolomini and his Austrians; who had not had the least whisper of them, all night, though it was full moon. Graf von Piccolomini, an active gallant person, had refused terms, some time before; and was hopefully intent on doing his best. And now, suddenly, there rose round Piccolomini such a tornado of cannonading and bombardment, day after day, always 'three guns of ours playing against one of theirs,' that his guns got ruined; that 'his hay-magazines took fire,' —and the Schloss itself, which was adjacent to them, took fire (a sad thing to Friedrich, who commanded pause, that they might try quenching, but in vain);—and that, in short, Piccolomini could not stand it; but on the 4th of May, precisely after one week's experience, hung out the white flag, and 'beat chamade at 3 of the afternoon.' He was allowed to march out next morning, with escort to Neisse; parole pledged, Not to serve against us for two years coming.

Friedrich in person (I rather guess, Belleisle not now at his side) saw the Garrison march out;—kept Piccolomini to

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dinner; a gallant Piccolomini, who had hoped to do better, but could not. This was a pretty enough piece of Siege-practice. Torstenson, with his Swedes, had furiously besieged Brieg in 1642, a hundred years ago; and could do nothing to it. Nothing, but withdraw again, futile; leaving 1,400 of his people dead. Friedrich, the Austrian Garrison once out, set instantly about repairing the works, and improving them into impregnability,—our ugly friend Walrave presiding over that operation too.

Belleisle, we may believe, so long as he continued, was full of polite wonder over these things; perhaps had critical advices here and there, which would be politely received. It is certain he came out extremely brilliant, gifted and agreeable, in the eyes of Friedrich; who often afterwards, not in the very strictest language, calls him a great man, great soldier, and by far the considerablest person you French have. It is no less certain, Belleisle displayed, so far as displayable, his magnificent Diplomatic Ware to the best advantage. To which, we perceive, the young King answered, 'Magnificent, indeed!' but would not bite all at once; and rather preferred corresponding with Fleury, on business points, keeping the matter dextrously hanging, in an illuminated element of hope and contingency, for the present.

Belleisle, after we know not how many days, returned to Dresden; perfected his work at Dresden, or shoved it well forward, with 'that Moravia' as bait. 'Yes, King of Moravia, you, your Polish Majesty, shall be!'—and it is said the simple creature did so style himself, by and by, in certain rare Manifestoes, which still exist in the cabinets of the curious. Belleisle next, after only a few days, went to München; to operate on Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, a willing subject. And, in short, Belleisle whirled along incessantly, torch in hand; making his 'circuit of the German Courts,'—details of said circuit not to be followed by us farther. One small thing only I have found rememberable; probably true,

though vague. At München, still more out at Nymphenburg, the fine Country-Palace not far off, there was of course long conferencing, long consulting, secret and intense, between Belleisle with his people and Karl Albert with his. Karl Albert, as we know, was himself willing. But a certain Baron von Unertl,—heavy-built Bavarian of the old type, an old stager in the Bavarian Ministries,—was of far other disposition. One day, out at Nymphenburg, Unertl got to the Council-room, while Belleisle and Company were there: Unertl found the apartment locked, absolutely no admittance; and heard voices, the Kurfürst's and French voices, eagerly at work inside. 'Admit me, Gracious Herr; *um Gottes Willen*, me!' No admission. Unertl, in despair, rushed round to the garden side of the Apartment; desperately snatched a ladder, set it up to the window, and conjured the Gracious Highness: 'For the love of Heaven, my *Allergnädigster*, don't! Have no trade with those French! Remember your illustrious Father, Kurfürst Max, in the Eugene-Marlborough time, what a job he made of it, building actual architecture on *their* big promises, which proved mere acres of gilt balloon!'[1] Words terribly prophetic; but they were without effect on Karl Albert.

The rest of Belleisle's inflammatory circuitings and extensive travellings, for he had many first and last in this matter, shall be left to the fancy of the reader. May 18th, he made formal Treaty with Karl Albert: Treaty of Nymphenburg, 'Karl Albert to be Kaiser; Bavaria, with Austria Proper added to it, a Kingdom; French armies, French moneys, and other fine items.'[2] Treaty to be kept dead secret; King Friedrich, for the present, would not accede.[3] June 25th, after some preliminary survey of the place, Belleisle made his Entry into Frankfurt: magnificent in the extreme. And still did not rest there; but had to rush about, back to Versailles, to Dresden, hither, thither: it was

[1] Hormayr, *Anemonen* (cited above), ii. 152.
[2] Given in Adelung, ii. 359.
[3] *Ibid.* 421.

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not till the last day of July that he fairly took up his abode in Frankfurt; and,—the Election eggs, so to speak, being now all laid,—set himself to hatch the same. A process which lasted him six months longer, with curious phenomena to mankind. Not till the middle of August did he bring those 80,000 Armed Frenchmen across the Rhine, 'to secure peace in those parts, and freedom of voting.' Not till November 4th had Kur-Sachsen, with the Nightmares, finished that important problem of the Bohemian Vote, 'Bohemian Vote *excluded* for this time';—after which all was ready, though still not in the least hurry. November 20th, came the first actual 'Election-Conference (*Wahl-Conferenz*)' in the Römer at Frankfurt; to which succeeded Two Months more of conferrings (upon almost nothing at all): and finally, 24th January 1742, came the Election itself, Karl Albert the man; poor wretch, who never saw another good day in this world.

Belleisle during those six months was rather high and airy, extremely magnificent; but did not want discretion: 'more like a Kurfürst than an Ambassador'; capable of 'visiting Kur-Mainz, with servants purposely in *old* liveries,'—where the case needed old, where Kur-Mainz needed snubbing; not otherwise.[1] 'The Maréchal de Belleisle,' says an Eyewitness, of some fame in those days, 'comes out in a variety of parts, among us here; plays now the General, now the Philosopher, now the Minister of State, now the French Marquis;—and does them all to perfection. Surely a master in his art. His Brother the Chevalier is one of the sensiblest and best-trained persons you can see. He has a penetrating intellect; is always occupied, and full of great schemes; and has nevertheless a staid kind of manner. He is one of the most important Personages here; and in all things his Brother's right hand.'[2] In Frankfurt, both Belleisle and his Brother were much respected, the Brother

[1] Buchholz, ii 57. *n.*
[2] Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften* (cited in Adelung, ii. 400).

especially, as men of dignified behaviour and shining qualities; but as to their Hundred-and-thirty French Lords and other Valetry, these by their extravagances and excesses (*Ausschweifungen*) made themselves extremely detestable, it would appear.[1]

CHAPTER XII

SORROWS OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY

GEORGE II. did not hear of Mollwitz for above a fortnight after it fell out; but he had no need of Mollwitz to kindle his wrath or his activity in that matter.[2] George II. had seen, all along, with natural manifold aversion and indignation, these high attempts of his Nephew. 'Who is this new little King, that will not let himself be snubbed, and laughed at, and led by the nose, as his Father did; but seems to be taking a road of his own, and tacitly defying us all? A very high conduct indeed, for a Sovereign of that magnitude. Aspires seemingly to be the leader among German Princes; to reduce Hanover and us,—us, with the gold of England in our breeches-pocket,—to the second place? A reverend old Bishop of Liége, twitched by the rochet, and shaken hither and thither, like a reverend old clothes-screen, till he agree to stand still and conform. And now a Silesia seized upon; a Pragmatic Sanction kicked to the winds: the whole world to be turned topsyturvy, and Hanover and us, with our breeches-pocket, reduced to— —?'

The emotions, the prognosticatings, and distracted procedures of his Britannic Majesty, of which we have ourselves seen somewhat, in this fermentation of the elements, are copiously set down for us by the English Dryasdust (mostly

[1] Buchholz, ii. 54; in Adelung, ii. 398 *n.*, a French *brocard* on the subject, of sufficient emphasis.

[2] Mollwitz first heard of in London April 25th (14th); Subsidy of 300,000*l.* voted same day. *London Gazette* (April 11th-14th, 1741); *Commons Journals*, xxiii. 705.

in unintelligible form): but, except for sane purposes, one must be careful not to dwell on them, to the sorrow of readers. Seldom was there such a feat of Somnambulism, as that by the English and their King in the next Twenty Years. To extract the particle of sanity from it, and see how the poor English did get their own errand done withal, and Jenkins's Ear avenged,—that is the one interesting point; Dryasdust and the Nightmares shall, to all time, be welcome to the others. Here are some Excerpts, a select few; which will perhaps be our readiest expedient. These do, under certain main aspects, shadow forth the intricate posture of King George and his Nation, when Belleisle, as Protagonistes or Chief Bully, stept down into the ring, in that manner; asking, 'Is there an Antagonistes, then, or Chief Defender?' I will label them, number them; and, with the minimum of needful commentary, leave them to imaginative readers.

No. 1. *Snatch of Parliamentary Eloquence by Mr. Viner* (19th April 1741)

The fuliginous explosions, more or less volcanic, which went on in Parliament and in English society, against Friedrich's Silesian Enterprise, for long years from this date, are now all dead and avoidable,—though they have left their effects among us to this day. Perhaps readers would like to see the one reasonable word I have fallen in with, of opposite tendency; Mr. Viner's word, at the first starting of that question: plainly sensible word, which, had it been attended to (as it was not), might have saved us so much nonsense, not of idle talk only, but of extremely serious deed which ensued thereupon!

'*London, 19th April* 1741. This day' (Mollwitz not yet known, Camp of Göttin too well known!), 'King George, in his own high person, comes down to the House of Lords,—which, like the Other House, is sunk painfully in Walpole Controversies, Spanish-War Controversies, of a merely domestic nature;—and informs both Honourable Houses, with extreme caution, naming nobody, That he much wishes they would think of helping him in these alarming circumstances of the Celestial Balance, ready apparently to go heels uppermost. To which the general answer is, "Yes, surely!"—with a vote of 300,000*l.* for her Hungarian Majesty, a few days hence. From those continents

of Parliamentary tufa, now fallen so waste and mournful, here is one little piece which ought to be extricated into daylight:

'*Mr. Viner* (on his legs): * * "If I mistake not the true intention of the Address proposed," in answer to his Majesty's most gracious Speech from the Throne, "we are invited to declare that we will oppose the King of Prussia in his attempts upon Silesia: a declaration in which I see not how any man can concur who *knows not* the nature of his Prussian Majesty's Claim, and the Laws of the German Empire" (*nor do I, Mr. V.*)! "It ought therefore, Sir, to have been the first endeavour of those by whom this Address has been so zealously supported, to show that his Prussian Majesty's Claim, so publicly explained" (*by Kanzler Ludwig, of Halle, who, it seems, has staggered or convinced Mr. Viner*), "so firmly urged and so strongly supported, is *without* foundation and reason, and is only one of those imaginary titles which Ambition may always find to the dominions of another.' (*Hear, Mr. Viner!*)'[1] * *

A most indispensable thing, surely. Which was never done, nor can ever be done; but was assumed as either unnecessary or else done of its own accord, by that Collective Wisdom of England (with a sage George II. at the head of it); who plunged into Dettingen, Fontenoy, Austrian Subsidies, Aix-la-Chapelle, and foundation of the English National Debt, among other strange things, in consequence!—

Upon that of Kanzler Ludwig, and the 'so public Explanation' (which we slightly heard of long since), here is another Note,—unless readers prefer to skip it:

'That the Diplomatic and Political world is universally in travail at this time, no reader need be told; Europe everywhere in dim anxiety, heavy-laden expectation (which to us has fallen so vacant); looking towards inevitable changes and the huge inane. All in travail;—and already uttering printed Manifestoes, Patents, Deductions, and other public travail-*shrieks* of that kind. Printed; not to speak of the unprinted, of the oral which vanished on the spot; or even of the written which were shot forth by breathless estafettes, and unhappily did not vanish, but lie in archives, still humming upon us, "Won't you read me, then?"—Alas, except on compulsion, No! Life being precious (and time, which is the stuff of life), No!—

'At Reinsberg as elsewhere, at Reinsberg first of all, it had been felt, in October last, that there would be Manifestoes needed; learned Proof, the more irrefragable the better, of our Right to Silesia. It was settled

[1] Tindal, xx. 491, gives the Royal Speech (*date* in a very slobbery condition); see also Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii. 365. Viner's Fragment of a Speech is in Thackeray, *Life of Chatham*, i. 87.

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there, Let Ludwig, Kanzler of the University of Halle, do it.' (Herr Kanzler Ludwig, monster of Antiquarian, Legal and other Learning there: wealthy, too, and close-fisted; whom we have seen obliged to open his closed fist, and to do building in the Friedrich Strasse, before now; Nüssler, his son-in-law, having no money:—as careless readers have perhaps forgotten?) 'Ludwig set about his new task with a proud joy. Ludwig knows that story, if he know anything. Long years ago he put forth a Chapter upon it; weighty Chapter; in a Book of weight, said Judges;—Book weighing, in pounds avoirdupois and otherwise, none of us now knows what:[1]—but, in after years, it used to be said by flatterers of the Kanzler, "Herr Kanzler, see the effect of Learning. It was you, it was your weighty Book, that caused all this World-tumult, and flung the Nations into one another's hair!" Upon which the old Kanzler would blush: "You do me too much honour!"

'Ludwig, directly on order given, gathered out his documents again, in the King's name this time; and promised something weighty by New-year's day at latest.' Doubtless to the joy of Nüssler, who has still no regular appointment, though well deserving one. 'And sure enough, on January 7th, at Berlin, "in three languages," Ludwig's *Deduction* had come out; an eager Public waiting for it:[2]—and at Berlin it was generally thought to be conclusive. I have looked into Ludwig's Deduction, stern duty urging, in this instance for one: such portions as I read are nothing like so stupid as was expected; and, in fact, are not to be called stupid at all, but fit for their purpose, and moderately intelligible to those who need them,'—which happily we do not in this place.

Judicious Mr. Viner availed nothing against the Proposed Address; any more than he would against the Atlantic Tide, coming-in unanimous, under influence of the Moon itself,—as indeed this Address, and the triumphant Subsidy which was voted in the rear of it, may be said to have done.[3] Subsidy

[1] Title of this weighty Performance (see Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 432) is, or was (size not given), *Germania Princeps* (Halæ, 1702). Preuss says farther, 'That Book ii. c. 3 handles the Prussian claims: Jägerndorf being § 13; Liegnitz, § 14: Oppeln and Ratibor, § 16;—and that Ludwig had sent a Copy of this Argument' (weighty Performance altogether? Or Book ii. c. 3 of it, which would have had a better chance?) 'to King Friedrich, on the death of Kaiser Karl VI.'

[2] Title is, *Rechtsgegründetes Eigenthum* (in the Latin copies, *Patrimonium*, and *Propriété fondée en Droit* in the French copies) *des etc.*,—that is to say, *Legal Right of Property in the Royal-Electoral House of Brandenburg to the Duchies and Principalities of Jägerndorf, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau* (Berlin, 7th January 1741).

[3] Coxe, iii. 265.

of 300,000*l.* to her Hungarian Majesty; which with the 200,000*l.* already gone that road, makes a handsome Half-million for the present Year. The first gush of the Britannic Fountain,—which flowed like an Amalthea's Horn for seven years to come; refreshing Austria, and all thirsty Pragmatic Nations, to defend the Keystone of this Universe. Unluckily every guinea of it went, at the same time, to encourage Austria in scorning King Friedrich's offers to it; which perhaps are just offers, thinks Mr. Viner; which once listened to, Pragmatic Sanction would be safe.[1]

This Parliament is strong for Pragmatic Sanction, and has high resentments against Walpole; in both which points the New Parliament, just getting elected, will rival and surpass it, —especially in the latter point, that of uprooting Walpole, which the Nation is bent on, with a singular fury. Pragmatic Sanction like to be ruined; and Walpole furiously thrown out: what a pair of sorrows for poor George! During his late Caroline's time, all went peaceably, and that of 'governing' was a mere pleasure; Walpole and Caroline cunningly doing that for him, and making him believe he was doing it. But now has come the crisis, the collapse; and his poor Majesty left alone to deal with it!—

No. 2. *Constitutional Historian on the Phenomenon of Walpole in England*

'For above Ten Years, Walpole himself,' says my Constitutional Historian (unpublished), 'for almost Twenty Years, Walpole virtually and through others, has what they call "governed" England; that is to say, has adjusted the conflicting Parliamentary Chaos into counterpoise, by what methods he had; and allowed England, with Walpole atop, to jumble whither it would and could. Of crooked things made

[1] Mr. Viner was of Pupham, or Pupholm, in Lincolnshire, for which County he sat then, and for many years before and after,—from about 1713 till 1761, when he died. A solid, instructed man, say his contemporaries. 'He was a friend of Bolingbroke's, and had a house near Bolingbroke's Battersea one.' He is great-great-grandfather to the present Mr. Viner, and to the Countess de Grey and Ripon; which is an interesting little fact.

straight by Walpole, of heroic performance or intention, legislative or administrative, by Walpole, nobody ever heard; never of the least handbreadth gained from the Night-Realm in England, on Walpole's part: enough if he could manage to keep the Parish Constable walking, and himself float atop. Which task (though intrinsically zero for the Community, but all-important to the Walpole, of Constitutional Countries) is a task almost beyond the faculty of man, if the careless reader knew it!

'This task Walpole did,—in a sturdy, deep-bellied, long-headed, John-Bull fashion, not unworthy of recognition. A man of very forcible natural eyesight, strong natural heart,—courage in him to all lengths; a very block of oak, or of oak-root, for natural strength. He was always very quiet with it, too; given to digest his victuals, and be peaceable with everybody. He had one rule, that stood in place of many: To keep out of every business which it was possible for human wisdom to stave aside. "What good will you get of going into that? Parliamentary criticism, argument and botheration? Leave well alone. And even leave ill alone:—are you the tradesman to tinker leaky vessels in England? You will not want for work. Mind your pudding, and say little!" At home and abroad, that was the safe secret. For, in Foreign Politics, his rule was analogous: "Mind your own affairs. You are an Island, you can do without Foreign Politics; Peace, keep Peace with everybody: what, in the Devil's name, have you to do with those dog-worryings over Seas? Once more, mind your pudding!" Not so bad a rule; indeed it is the better part of an extremely good one;—and you might reckon it the real rule for a pious Britannic Island (reverent of God, and contemptuous of the Devil) in times of general Downbreak and Spiritual Bankruptcy, when quarrellings of Sovereigns are apt to be mere dog-worryings and Devil's work, not good to interfere in.

'In this manner, Walpole, by solid John-Bull faculty (and methods of his own), had balanced the Parliamentary swaggings and clashings, for a great while; and England had jumbled whither it could, always in a stupid, but also in a peaceable way. As to those same "methods of his own," they were—in fact they were Bribery. Actual purchase of votes by money slipt into the hand. Go straight to the point. "The direct real method this," thinks Walpole: "is there in reality any other?" A terrible question to Constitutional Countries; which, I hear, has never been resolved in the negative, by the modern improvements of science. Changes of form have introduced themselves; the outward process, I hear, is now quite different. According as the fashions and conditions alter,—according as you have a Fourth Estate developed, or a Fourth Estate still in the grub stage and only developing,—much variation of outward process is conceivable.

'But Votes, under pain of Death Official, are necessary to your poor Walpole: and votes, I hear, are still bidden for, and bought. You may buy them by money down (which is felony, and theft simple, against the poor Nation); or by preferments and appointments of the unmeritorious man,—which is felony double-distilled (far deadlier, though more refined), and theft most compound; theft, not of the poor Nation's money, but of its soul and body so far, and of *all* its moneys and temporal and spiritual interests whatsoever; theft, you may say, of collops cut from its side, and poison put into its heart, poor Nation! Or again, you may buy, not of the Third Estate in such ways, but of the Fourth, or of the Fourth and Third together, in other still more felonious and deadly, though refined ways. By doing claptraps, namely; letting-off Parliamentary blue-lights, to awaken the Sleeping Swineries, and charm them into diapason for you,—what a music! Or, without claptrap or previous felony of your own, you may feloniously, in the pinch of things, make truce with the evident Demagogos, and Son of Nox and of Perdition, who has got "within those walls" of yours, and is grown important to you by the Awakened Swineries, risen into alt, that follow him. Him you may, in your dire hunger of votes, consent to comply with; his Anarchies you will pass for him into "Laws," as you are pleased to term them;—instead of pointing to the whipping-post, and to his wicked long ears, which are so fit to be nailed there, and of sternly recommending silence, which were the salutary thing.—Buying may be done in a great variety of ways. The question, How you buy? is not, on the moral side, an important one. Nay, as there is a beauty in going straight to the point, and by that course there is likely to be the minimum of mendacity for you, perhaps the direct money-method is a shade *less* damnable than any of the others since discovered;—while, in regard to practical damage resulting, it is of childlike harmlessness in comparison!

'That was Walpole's method; with this to aid his great natural faculty, long-headed, deep-bellied, suitable to the English Parliament and Nation, he went along with perfect success for ten or twenty years. And it might have been for longer,—had not the English Nation accidentally come to wish, that it should *cease* jumbling *now*hither; and try to jumble *some*whither, at least for a little while, on important business that had risen for England in a certain quarter. Had it not been for Jenkins's Ear blazing out in the dark English brain, Walpole might have lasted still a long while. But his fate lay there:—the first Business vital to England which might turn up; and this chanced to be the Spanish War. How vital, readers shall see anon. Walpole, knowing well enough in what state his War-apparatus was, and that of all his Apparatuses there was none in a working state, but the Parliamentary one,—resisted the Spanish War; stood in the door against it, with a rhinoceros determina-

tion, nay, almost something of a mastiff's; resolute not to admit it, to admit death as soon. Doubtless he had a feeling it would be death, the sagacious man;—and such it is now proving; the Walpole Ministry dying by inches from it; dying hard, but irremediably.

'The English Nation was immensely astonished, which Walpole was not, any more than at the other Laws of Nature, to find Walpole's War-apparatus in such a condition. All his Apparatuses, Walpole guesses, are in no better, if it be not the Parliamentary one. The English Nation is immensely astonished, which Walpole again is not, to find that his Parliamentary Apparatus has been kept in gear and smooth-going by the use of *oil*: "Miraculous Scandal of Scandals!" thinks the English Nation. "Miracle? Law of Nature, you fools!" thinks Walpole. And in fact there is such a storm roaring in England, in those and in the late and the coming months, as threatens to be dangerous to high roofs,—dangerous to Walpole's head at one time. Storm such as had not been witnessed in men's memory; all manner of Counties and Constituencies, with solemn indignation, charging their representatives to search into that miraculous Scandal of Scandals, Law of Nature, or whatever it may be; and abate the same, at their peril.

'To the now reader there is something almost pathetic in these solemn indignations, and high resolves to have Purity of Parliament and thorough Administrative Reform, in spite of Nature and the Constitutional Stars; —and nothing I have met with, not even the Prussian Dryasdust, is so unsufferably wearisome, or can pretend to equal in depth of dull inanity, to ingenuous living readers, our poor English Dryasdust's interminable, often-repeated Narratives, volume after volume, of the debatings and colleaguings, the tossings and tumults, fruitless and endless, in Nation and National Palaver, which ensued thereupon. Walpole (in about a year hence),[1] though he stuck to the ground like a rhinoceros, was got rolled out. And a Successor, and series of Successors, in the bright brand-new state, was got rolled in; with immense shouting from mankind:—but up to this date we have no reason to believe that the Laws of Nature were got abrogated on that occasion, or that the constitutional stars have much altered their courses since.'

That Walpole will probably be lost, goes much home to the Royal bosom, in these troublous Spring months of 1741, as it has done and will do. And here, emerging from the Spanish Main just now, is a second sorrow, which might quite

[1] February 13th (2d), 1742, quitting the House after bad usage there, said he would never enter it again: nor did: February 22d, resigned in favour of Pulteney and Company (Tindal, xx. 530; Thackeray, i. 45).

transfix the Royal bosom, and drive Majesty itself to despair; awakening such insoluble questions,—furnishing such proof, that Walpole and a good few other persons (persons, and also things, and ideas and practices, deep-rooted in the Country) stand much in need of being lost, if England is to go a good road!

The Spanish War being of moment to us here, we will let our Constitutional Historian explain, in his own dialect, How it was so vital to England; and shall even subjoin what he gives as History of it, such being so admirably succinct, for one quality.

No. 3. *Of the Spanish War, or the Jenkins's-Ear Question*

'There was real cause for a War with Spain. It is one of the few cases, this, of a war from necessity. Spain, by Decree of the Pope,——some Pope long ago, whose name we will not remember, in solemn Conclave, drawing accurately "his Meridian Line," on I know not what Telluric or Uranic principles, no doubt with great accuracy, "between Portugal and Spain,"—was proprietor of all those Seas and Continents. And now England, in the interim, by Decree of the Eternal Destinies, had clearly come to have property there, too; and to be practically much concerned in that theoretic question of the Pope's Meridian. There was no reconciling of theory with fact. "Ours indisputably," said Spain, with loud articulate voice; "Holiness the Pope made it ours!"—while fact and the English, by Decree of the Eternal Destinies, had been grumbling inarticulately the other way, for almost Two Hundred years past, and no result had.

'In Oliver Cromwell's time, it used to be said, "With Spain, in Europe, there may be peace or war; but between the Tropics it is always war." A state of things well recognised by Oliver, and acted on, according to his opportunities. No settlement was had in Oliver's brief time; nor could any be got since, when it was becoming yearly more pressing. Bucaniers, desperate naval gentlemen living on *boucan*, or hung beef; who are also called Flibustiers (*Flibûtiers*, "Free-booters" in French pronunciation, which is since grown strangely into *Filibusters*, Fillibustiers, and other mad forms, in the Yankee Newspapers now current): readers have heard of those dumb methods of protest. Dumb and furious; which could bring no settlement; but which did astonish the Pope's Decree, slashing it with cutlasses and sea-cannon, in that manner, and circuitously forwarded a settlement. Settlement was becoming yearly more needful: and, ever since the Treaty of Utrecht

especially, there had been an incessant haggle going on, to produce one; without the least effect hitherto. What embassyings, bargainings, bargain-breakings; what galloping of estafettes; acres of diplomatic paper, now fallen to the spiders, who always privately were the real owners! Not in the Treaty of Utrecht, not in the Congresses of Cambray, of Soissons, Convention of Pardo, by Ripperda, Horace Walpole, or the wagging of wigs, could this matter be settled at all. Near two hundred years of chronic misery;—and had there been, under any of those wigs, a Head capable of reading the Heavenly Mandates, with heart capable of following them, the misery might have been briefly ended, by a direct method. With what immense saving in all kinds, compared with the oblique method gone upon! In quantity of bloodshed needed, of money, of idle talk and estafettes, not to speak of higher considerations, the saving had been incalculable. For it was England's one Cause of War during the Century we are now upon; and poor England's course, when at last driven into it, went ambiguously circling round the whole Universe, instead of straight to the mark. Had Oliver Cromwell lived ten years longer;—but Oliver Cromwell did not live; and, instead of Heroic Heads, there came in Constitutional Wigs, which makes a great difference.

'The pretensions of Spain to keep Half the World locked-up in embargo were entirely chimerical; plainly contradictory to the Laws of Nature; and no amount of Pope's Donation Acts, or Ceremonial in Rota or Propaganda, could redeem them from untenability, in the modern days. To lie like a dog in the manger over South America, and say snarling, "None of you shall trade here, though I cannot!"—what Pope or body of Popes can sanction such a procedure? Had England had a Head, instead of Wigs, amid its diplomatists, England, as the chief party interested, would have long since intimated gently to such dog in the manger: "Dog, will you be so obliging as rise! I am grieved to say, we shall have to do unpleasant things otherwise. Dogs have doors for their hutches: but to pretend barring the Tropic of Cancer,—that is too big a door for any dog. Can nobody but you have business here, then, which is not displeasing to the gods? We bid you rise!" And in this mode there is no doubt the dog, bark and bite as he might, would have ended by rising; not only England, but all the Universe being against him. And furthermore, I compute with certainty, the quantity of fighting needed to obtain such result would, by this mode, have been a minimum. The clear right being there, and now also the clear might, why take refuge in diplomatic wiggeries, in Assiento Treaties, and Arrangements which are *not* analogous to the facts; which are but wigged mendacities, therefore; and will but aggravate in quantity and in quality the fighting yet needed? Fighting is but (as has been well said) a battering-out of the mendacities, pretences, and imaginary elements: well battered-out, these,

like dust and chaff, fly torrentwise along the winds, and darken all the sky; but these once gone, there remain the facts and their visible relation to one another, and peace is sure.

'The Assiento Treaty being fixed upon, the English ought to have kept it. But the English did not, in any measure; nor could pretend to have done. They were entitled to supply Negroes, in such and such number, annually to the Spanish Plantations; and besides this delightful branch of trade, to have the privilege of selling certain quantities of their manufactured articles on those coasts; quantities regulated briefly by this stipulation, That their Assiento Ship was to be of 600 tons burden, so many and no more. The Assiento ship was duly of 600 tons accordingly, promise kept faithfully to the eye; but the Assiento Ship was attended and escorted by provision-sloops, small craft said to be of the most indispensable nature to it. Which provision-sloops, and indispensable small craft, not only carried merchandise as well, but went and came to Jamaica and back, under various pretexts, with ever new supplies of merchandise; converting the Assiento Ship into a Floating Shop, the Tons burden and Tons sale of which set arithmetic at defiance. This was the fact, perfectly well known in England, veiled over by mere smuggler pretences, and obstinately persisted in, so profitable was it. Perfectly well known in Spain also, and to the Spanish Guarda-Costas and Sea-Captains in those parts; who were naturally kept in a perennial state of rage by it,—and disposed to fly out into flame upon it, when a bad case turned up! Such a case that of Jenkins had seemed to them; and their mode of treating it, by tearing-off Mr. Jenkins's Ear, proved to be,—bad shall we say, or good?—intolerable to England's thick skin; and brought matters to a crisis, in the ways we saw.' * * *

The Jenkins's-Ear Question, which then looked so mad to everybody, how sane has it now grown to my Constitutional Friend! In abstruse ludicrous form there lay immense questions involved in it; which were serious enough, certain enough, though invisible to everybody. Half the World lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial-Empire, whose is it to be? Shall Half the World be England's, for industrial purposes; which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the Multiplication-table at least, and other plain Laws? Or shall it be Spain's for arrogant-torpid sham-devotional purposes, contradictory to every Law? The incalculable Yankee Nation itself, biggest Phenomenon (once thought beautifulest) of these Ages,—this too, little as careless

readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee Nation, shall there not be; shall the New World be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense. Among the then extant Sons of Adam, where was he who could in the faintest degree surmise what issues lay in the Jenkins's-Ear Question? And it is curious to consider now, with what fierce deep-breathed doggedness the poor English Nation, drawn by their instincts, held fast upon it, and would take no denial, as if *they* had surmised and seen. For the instincts of simple guileless persons (liable to be counted *stupid*, by the unwary) are sometimes of prophetic nature, and spring from the deep places of this Universe!——My Constitutional Friend entitles his next Section *Carthagena*; but might more fitly have headed it (for such in reality it is, Carthagena proving the evanescent point of that sad business),

Succinct History of the Spanish War, which began in 1739; *and ended—When did it end?*

1°. *War, and Porto-Bello* (*November* 1739—*March* 1740).—'November 4th, 1739, War was at length (after above four-months obscure quasi-declaring of it, in the shape of Orders in Council, Letters of Marque, and so on) got openly declared; "Heralds at Arms at the usual places" blowing trumpets upon it, and reading the royal Manifesto, date of which is five days earlier, "Kensington, October 30th (19th)." The principal Events that ensue, arrange themselves under Three Heads, this of Porto-Bello being the *first*; and (by intense smelting) are dateable as follows:[1]

'Tuesday Evening, 1st December 1739, Admiral Vernon, our chosen Anti-Spaniard, finding, a while ago, that he had missed the Azogue Ships on the Coast of Spain, and must try America and the Spanish Main, in that view arrives at Porto-Bello. Next day, December 2d, Vernon attacks Porto-Bello; attacks certain Castles so-called, with furious broadsiding, followed by scalading; gets surrender (on the 3d); —seamen have allowance instead of plunder;—blows-up what Castles there are; and returns to Port Royal in Jamaica.

'Never-imagined joy in England, and fame to Vernon, when the news

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, ix. 551, x. 124, 142, 144, 350; Tindal, xx. 430-3, 442, etc.

came: "Took it with Six Ships," cry they; "the scurvy Ministry, who had heard him, in the fire of Parliamentary debate, say Six, would grant him no more: invincible Vernon!" Nay, next Year, I see, "London was illuminated on the Anniversary of Porto-Bello":—day settled in permanence as one of the High-tides of the Calendar, it would appear. And "Vernon's Birthday" withal,—how touching is stupidity when loyal!—was celebrated amazingly in all the chief Towns, like a kind of Christmas, when it came round; Nature having deigned to produce such a man, for a poor Nation in difficulties. Invincible Vernon, it is thought by Gazetteers, "will look-in at Carthagena shortly"; much more important Place, where a certain Governor Don Blas has been insolent withal, and written Vernon letters.

'2°. *Preliminaries to Carthagena* (*March — November* 1740).—Monday 14th March 1740, Vernon did, accordingly, look-in on Carthagena;[1] cast anchor in the shallow waste of surfs there, that Monday; and tried some bombarding, with bomb-ketches and the like, from Thursday till Saturday following. Vernon hopes he did hit the Jesuits' College, South Bastion, Custom-house and other principal edifices; but found that there was no getting near enough on that seaward side. Found that you must force the Interior Harbour,—a big Inland Gulf or Lake, which gushes-in by what they call *Little Mouth* (Boca-Chica), and has its Booms, Castles and Defences, which are numerous and strongish;—and that, for this end, you must have Seven or Eight Thousand Land Forces, as well as an addition of Ships. On Saturday Evening, therefore, Vernon calls-in his bomb-ketches; sails past, examining these things; and goes forth on other small adventures. For example,—

'Sunday 3d April 1740 "about 10 at night," opens cannonade on Chagres (place often enough taken, by cutlass and pistol, in the Bucanier times); and, on Tuesday 5th, gets surrender of Chagres: "Custom-house crammed with goods, which we set fire to." On news of which, there is again, in England, joy over the day of small things. The poor English People are set on this business of avenging Jenkins's Ear, and of having the Ocean Highway unbarred; and hope always it can be done by the Walpole Apparatuses, which ought to be in working order, and are not! "Support this hero, you Walpole and Company, in his Carthagena views: it will be better for you!"

'Walpole and Company, aware of that fact, do take some trouble about it; and now, may not we say, *Paullo majora canamus*? All through that Summer 1740'—while King Friedrich went rushing about, to Strasburg, to Wesel; doing his Herstals and Practicalities, with a light high hand, in almost an entertaining manner; and intent, still

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, x. 350.

more, on his Voltaires and a Life to the Muses,—'there was, in England, serious heavy tumult of activity, secret and public. In the Dockyards, on the Drill-grounds, what a stir: Camp in the Isle of Wight, not to mention Portsmouth and the Sea-industries; 6,000 Marines are to be embarked, as well as Land Regiments,—can anybody guess whither? America itself is to furnish "one Regiment, with Scotch Officers to discipline it," if they can.

'Here is real haste and effort; but by no means such speed as could be wished; multiplex confusions and contradictions occurring, as is usual, when your machinery runs foul. Nor are the Gazetteers without their guesses, though they study to be discreet. "Here is something considerable in the wind; a grand idea, for certain;"—and to men of discernment it points surely towards Carthagena and heroic Vernon out yonder? Government is dumb altogether; and lays occasional embargo; trying hard (without success), in the delays that occurred, to keep it secret from Don Blas and others. The outcome of all which was,

'3°. *Carthagena itself* (*November* 1740—*April* 1741.)—On November 6th,—by no means "July 3d," as your first fond program bore; which delay was itself likely to be fatal, unless the Almanac, and course of the Tropical Seasons would delay along with you!—we say, On Sunday 6th November 1740' (Kaiser Karl's Funeral just over, and great thoughts going on at Reinsberg), 'Rear-Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle,—so many weeks and months after the set time,—does sail from St. Helen's (guessed, for Carthagena); all people sending blessings with him. Twenty-five big Ships of the Line, with three Half-Regiments on board; fireships, bomb-ketches, in abundance; and eighty Transports, with 6,000 drilled Marines: a Sea-and-Land Force fit to strengthen Hero Vernon with a witness, and realise his Carthagena views. A very great day at Portsmouth and St. Helen's for these Sunday folk.[1]

'Most obscure among the other items in that Armada of Sir Chaloner's, just taking leave of England; most obscure of the items then, but now most noticeable, or almost alone noticeable, is a young Surgeon's-Mate,—one Tobias Smollett; looking over the waters there and the fading coasts, not without thoughts. A proud, soft-hearted, though somewhat stern-visaged, caustic and indignant young gentleman. Apt to be caustic in speech, having sorrows of his own under lock and key, on this and subsequent occasions. Excellent Tobias; he has, little as he hopes it, something considerable by way of mission in this Expedition, and in this Universe generally. Mission to take Portraiture of English Seamanhood,

[1] Tindal, xx. 463 (*Lists etc.* there; date wrong, '31st October,' instead of 26th (O. S.),—many things wrong, and all things left loose and flabby, and not right! As is poor Tindal's way).

with the due grimness, due fidelity; and convey the same to remote generations, before it vanish. Courage, my brave young Tobias; through endless sorrows, contradictions, toils and confusions, you will do your errand in some measure; and that will be something!—

'Five weeks before (29th September 1740, which was also several months beyond time set), there had sailed, strictly hidden by embargoes which were little effectual, another Expedition, all Naval; intended to be subsidiary to this one: Commodore Anson's, of Three inconsiderable Ships; who is to go round Cape Horn, if he can; to bombard Spanish America from the other side; and stretch out a hand to Vernon in his grand Carthagena or ulterior views. Together they may do some execution, if we judge by the old Bucanier and Queen-Elizabeth experiences? Anson's Expedition has become famous in the world, though Vernon got no good of it.'

Well! Here truly was a business; not so ill-contrived. Somebody of head must have been at the centre of this: and it might, in result, have astonished the Spaniard, and tumbled him much topsyturvy in those latitudes,—had the machinery for executing it been well in gear. Under Friedrich Wilhelm's captaincy and management, every person, every item, correct to its time, to its place, to its function, what a thing! But with mere Walpole Machinery: alas, it was far too wide a Plan for Machinery of that kind, habitually out of order, and only used to be as correct as—as it could. Those *delays* themselves, first to Anson, then to Ogle, since the Tropical Almanac would not delay along with them, had thrown both Enterprises into weather such as all-but meant impossibility in those latitudes! This was irremediable;—had not been remediable, by efforts and pushings here and there. The best of management, as under Anson, could not get the better of this; worst of management, as in the other case, was likely to make a fine thing of it! Let us hasten on:

'January 20th, 1741, We arrive, through much rough weather and other confused hardships, at Port Royal in Jamaica; find Vernon waiting on the slip; the American Regiment, tolerably drilled by the Scotch Lieutenants, in full readiness and equipment; a body of Negroes superadded, by way of pioneer labourers fit for those hot climates. One sad loss there had been on the voyage hither: Land forces had lost their Commander, and did not find another. General Cathcart had died of sickness on the voyage; a Charles Lord Cathcart, who was understood to possess some knowledge of his business; and his Successor, one Wentworth, did not happen to have any. Which was reckoned unlucky, by the more observant. Vernon, though in haste for Carthagena, is in some anxiety about a powerful French Fleet which has been manœuvring in those waters for some time, intent on no good that Vernon can

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imagine. The first thing now is, See into that French Fleet. French Fleet, on our going to look in the proper Island, is found to be all off for home; men "mostly starved or otherwise dead," we hear; so that now, after this last short delay,—To Carthagena with all sail.

'Wednesday Evening 15th March 1741, We anchor in the Playa Grande, the waste surfy Shallow which washes Carthagena seaward, 124 sail of us, big and little. We find Don Blas in a very prepared posture. Don Blas has been doing his best, this twelvemonth past; plugging-up that Boca-Chica (*Little Mouth*) Ingate, with batteries, booms, great ships; and has castles not a few thereabouts and in the Interior Lake or Harbour; all which he has put in tolerable defence, so far as can be judged: not an inactive, if an insolent Don. We spend the next five days in considering and surveying these Performances of his: What is to be done with them; how, in the first place, we may force Boca-Chica; and get in upon his Interior Castles and him. After consideration, and plan fixed:

'Monday 20th March, Sir Chaloner, with broadsides, sweeps away some small defences which lie to left of Boca-Chica' (to our *left*, to Boca-Chica's *right* if anybody cares to be particular). 'Whereupon the Troops land, some of them that same evening; and, within the next two days, are all ashore, implements, Negroes and the rest; building batteries, felling wood; intent to capture Boca-Chica Castle, and demolish the War-Ships, Booms, and fry of Fascine and other Batteries; and thereby to get in upon Don Blas, and have a stroke at his Interior Castles and Carthagena itself. Till April 5th, here are sixteen days of furious intricate work; not ill done:—the physical labour itself, the building of batteries, with Boca-Chica firing on you over the woods, is scarcely doable by Europeans in that season; and the Negroes, who are able for it, "fling down their burdens, and scamper, whenever a gun goes off." Furious fighting, too, there was, by seamen and landsmen; not ill done, considering circumstances.

'On the sixteenth day, April 5th' (King Friedrich hurrying from the Mountains that same day, towards Steinau, which took fire with him at night), 'Boca-Chica Castle and the intricate War-Ships, Booms, and Castles thereabouts (Don Blas running off when the push became intense), are at last got. So that now, through Boca-Chica, we enter the Interior Harbour or Harbours. "Harbours" which are of wide extent, and deep enough; being in fact a Lake, or rather Pair of Lakes, with Castles (*Castillo Grande*, "Castle Grand," the chief of them), with War-Ships sunk or afloat, and miscellaneous obstructions: beyond all which, at the farther shore, some five miles off, Carthagena itself does at last lie potentially accessible; and we hope to get in upon Don Blas and it. There ensue five days of intricate sea-work; not much of broadsiding, mainly

tugging-out of sunk War-Ships, and the like, to get alongside of Castle Grand, which is the chief obstruction.

'April 10th, Castle Grand itself is got; nobody found in it when we storm. Don Blas and the Spaniards seem much in terror; burning any Ships they still have, near Carthagena; as if there were no chance now left.' This is the very day of Mollwitz Battle; near about the hour when Schwerin broke into field-music, and advanced with thunderous glitter against the evening sun! 'Carthagena Expedition is, at length, fairly in contact with its Problem,—the question rising, "Do you understand it, then?"

'Up to this point, mistakes of management had been made good by obstinate energy of execution; clear victory had gone on so far, the Capture of Carthagena now seemingly at hand. One thing was unfortunate: "the able Mr. Moor" (meritorious Captain of Foot, who, by accident, had spent some study on his business), "the one real Engineer we had," got killed in that Boca-Chica struggle: an end to poor Moor! So that the Siege of Carthagena will have to go on *without* Engineer science henceforth. May be important, that,—who knows? Another thing was still more palpably important: Sea-General Vernon had an undisguised contempt for Land-General Wentworth. "A mere blockhead, whose Brother has a Borough," thinks Vernon (himself an Opposition Member, of high-sniffing, angry, not too magnanimous turn);—and withdraws now to his Ships; intimating: "Do your Problem, then; I have set you down beside it, which was my part of the affair!"—Let us give the attack of Fort Lazar, and end this sad business.

'Sunday 16th April, Wentworth, once master of the Uppermost Lake or Harbour (what the Natives call the *Surgidero*, or Anchorage Proper), had disembarked, high up to the right, a good way south of Carthagena; meaning to attack therefrom a certain Fort Lazar, which stands on a Hill between Carthagena and him: this Hill and Fort once his, he has Carthagena under his cannon; Carthagena in his pocket, as it were. "Fort not to be had without batteries," thinks Wentworth; though the sickly rainy season has set in. "Batteries? Scaling-ladders, you mean!" answers Vernon, with undisguised contempt. For the two are, by this time, almost in open quarrel. Wentworth starts building batteries, in spite of the rain deluges; then stops building;—decides to do it by scalade, after all. And, at two in the morning of this Sunday April 16th, sets forth, in certain columns,—by roads ill-known, with arrangements that do *not* fit like clockwork,—to storm said Hill and Fort. The English are an obstinate people; and strenuous execution will sometimes amend defects of plan,—sometimes not.

'The obstinate English, nothing in them but sullen fire of valour, which has to burn *un*luminous, did, after mistake on mistake, climb the

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rocks or heights of Lazar Hill, in spite of the world and Don Blas's cannonading; but found, when atop, That Fort Lazar, raining cannon-shot, was still divided from them by chasms; that the scaling-ladders had not come (never did come, owing to indiscipline somewhere),—and that, without wings as of eagles, they could not reach Fort Lazar at all! For about four hours, they struggled with a desperate doggedness, to overcome the chasms, to wrench aside the Laws of Nature, and do something useful for themselves; patiently, though sulkily; regardless of the storm of shot which killed 600 of them, the while. At length, finding the Laws of Nature too strong for them, they descended gloomily; "in gloomy silence" marched home to their tents again,—in a humour too deep for words.

'Yes; and we find they fell sick in multitudes, that night; and, "in two days more, were reduced from 6,645 to 3,200 effective"; Vernon, from the sea, looking disdainfully on:—and it became evident that the big Project had gone to water, and that nothing would remain but to return straightway to Jamaica, in bankrupt condition. Which accordingly was set about. And ten days hence (April 26th), the final party of them did get on board,—punctual to take "three tents," their last rag of Siege-furniture, along with them; "lest Don Blas have trophies," thinks poor Wentworth. And sailed away, with their sad Siege finished in such fashion. Strenuous Siege; which, had the War-Sciences been foolishness, and the Laws of Nature and the rigours of Arithmetic and Geometry been stretchable entities, might have succeeded better!'[1]—

'Evening of April 26th:'—I perceive it was in the very hours while Belleisle arrived in Friedrich's Camp at Mollwitz; eve of that Siege of Brieg, which we saw performing itself with punctual regard to said Laws and rigours, and issuing in so different a manner! Nothing that my Constitutional Historian has said equals in pungent enormity the matter-of-fact Picture, left by Tobias Smollett, of the sick and wounded, in the interim which followed that attempt on Fort Lazar and the Laws of Nature:

'As for the sick and wounded,' says Tobias, 'they were, next day, sent on board of the transports and vessels called hospital-ships; where they languished in want of every necessary comfort and accommodation.

[1] Smollett's Account, *Miscellaneous Works* (Edinburgh, 1806), iv. 445-469, is that of a highly intelligent Eyewitness, credible and intelligible in every particular.

They were destitute of surgeons, nurses, cooks, and proper provision; they were pent-up between decks in small vessels, where they had not room to sit upright; they wallowed in filth; myriads of maggots were hatched in the putrefaction of their sores, which had no other dressing than that of being washed by themselves with their own allowance of brandy; and nothing was heard but groans, lamentations and the language of despair, invoking death to deliver them from their miseries. What served to encourage this despondence, was the prospect of those poor wretches who had strength and opportunity to look around them; for there they beheld the naked bodies of their fellow-soldiers and comrades floating up and down the harbour, affording prey to the carrion-crows and sharks, which tore them in pieces without interruption, and contributing by their stench to the mortality that prevailed.

'This picture cannot fail to be shocking to the humane reader, especially when he is informed, that while those miserable objects cried in vain for assistance, and actually perished for want of proper attendance, every ship of war in the fleet could have spared a couple of surgeons for their relief; and many young gentlemen of that profession solicited their captains in vain for leave to go and administer help to the sick and wounded. The necessities of the poor people were well known; the remedy was easy and apparent; but the discord between the chiefs was inflamed to such a degree of diabolical rancour, that the one chose rather to see his men perish than ask help of the other, who disdained to offer his assistance unasked, though it might have saved the lives of his fellow-subjects.'[1]

In such an amazing condition is the English Fighting Apparatus under Walpole, being important for England's self only; while the Talking Apparatus, important for Walpole, is in such excellent gearing, so well kept in repair and oil! By Wentworth's blame, who had no knowledge of war; by Vernon's, who sat famous on the Opposition side, yet wanted loyalty of mind; by one's blame and another's, *whose* it is idle arguing, here is how your Fighting Apparatus performs in the hour when needed. Unfortunate General, or General's Cocked-Hat (a brave heart too, they say, though of brain too vacant, too opaque); unfortunate Admiral (much blown away by vanity, ill-nature and Parliamentary wind); — doubly unfortunate Nation, that employs such to lead its armaments! How the English Nation took it? The English Nation has

[1] Smollett, *ibid.* (Anderson's Edition), iv. 466.

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had much of this kind to take, first and last; and apparently will yet have. 'Gloomy silence,' like that of the poor men going home to their tents, is our only dialect towards it.

This is a dreadful business, this of the wrecked Carthagena Expedition; such a force of war-munitions in every kind,—including the rare kind, human Courage and force of heart, only not human Captaincy, the rarest kind,—as could have swallowed South America at discretion, had there been Captains over it. Has gone blundering down into Orcus and the shark's belly, in that unutterable manner. Might have been didactic to England, more than it was; England's skin being very thick against lessons of that nature. Might have broken the heart of a little Sovereign Gentleman, Curator of England, had he gone hypochondriacally into it; which he was far from doing, brisk little Gentleman; looking out elsewhither, with those eyes *à fleur de tête*, and nothing of insoluble admitted into the brain that dwelt inside.

What became subsequently of the Spanish War, we in vain inquire of History-Books. The War did not die for many years to come, but neither did it publicly live; it disappears at this point: a River Niger, seen once flowing broad enough; but issuing—Does it issue nowhere, then? Where does it issue? Except for my Constitutional Historian, still unpublished, I should never have known where.—By the time these disastrous Carthagena tidings reached England, his Britannic Majesty was in Hanover; involved, he, and all his State-doctors, English and Hanoverian, in awful contemplation on Pragmatic Sanction, Kaiser-Wahl, Celestial Balance, and the saving of Nature's Keystone, should this still prove possible to human effort and contrivance. In which Imminency of Doomsday itself, the small English-Spanish matter, which the Official people, and his Majesty as much as any, had bitterly disliked, was quite let go, and dropped out of view. Forgotten by Official people; left to the dumb English Nation, whose concern it was, to administer as *it* could.

Anson,—with his three ships gone to two, gone ultimately to one,—is henceforth what Spanish War there officially is. Anson could not meet those Vernon-Wentworth gentlemen 'from the other side of the Isthmus of Darien,' the gentlemen, with their Enterprise, being already bankrupt and away. Anson, with three inconsiderable ships, which rotted gradually into one, could not himself settle the Spanish War: but he did, on his own score, a series of things, ending in beautiful finis of the Acapulco Ship, which were of considerable detriment, and of highly considerable disgrace, to Spain;—and were, and are long likely to be, memorable among the Sea-heroisms of the world. Giving proof that real Captains, taciturn Sons of Anak, are still born in England; and Sea-kings, equal to any that were. Luckily, too, he had some chaplain or ship's-surgeon on board, who saw good to write account of that memorable *Voyage* of his; and did it, in brief, perspicuous terms, wise and credible: a real Poem in its kind, or Romance all Fact; one of the pleasantest little Books in the World's Library at this date. Anson sheds some tincture of heroic beauty over that otherwise altogether hideous puddle of mismanagement, platitude, disaster; and vindicates, in a pathetically potential way, the honour of his poor Nation a little.

Apart from Official Anson, the Spanish War fell mainly, we may say, into the hands of—of Mr Jenkins himself, and such Friends of his, at Wapping, Bristol and the Seaports, as might be disposed to go privateering. In which course, after some crosses at first, and great complaints of losses *to* Spanish Privateers, Wapping and Bristol did at length eminently get the upper hand; and thus carried on this Spanish War (or Spanish-French, Spain and France having got into one boat), for long years coming, in an entirely inarticulate, but by no means quite ineffectual manner,—indeed, to the ultimate clearance of the Seas from both French and Spaniard, within the next twenty years. Readers shall take this little Excerpt, dated

Three Years hence, and set it twinkling in the night of their imaginations:

Bristol, Monday 21*st* (10*th*) *September* 1744. * * 'Nothing is to be seen here but rejoicings for the number of French prizes brought into this port. Our Sailors are in high spirits, and full of money; and while on shore, spend their whole time in carousing, visiting their mistresses, going to plays, serenading, etc., dressed-out with laced hats, tossels (*sic*), swords with sword-knots, and every other way of spending their money.'[1]

Carthagena, Walpole, Viners: here are Sorrows for a Britannic Majesty;—and these are nothing like all. But poor readers should have some respite; brief breathing-time, were it only to use their pocket-handkerchiefs, and summon new courage!

CHAPTER XIII

SMALL-WAR: FIRST EMERGENCE OF ZIETHEN THE HUSSAR GENERAL INTO NOTICE

After Brieg, Friedrich undertook nothing military, except strict vigilance of Neipperg, for a couple of months or more. Military, especially offensive operations, are not the methods just now. Rest on your oars; see how this seething Ocean of European Politics, and Peace or War, will settle itself into currents, into set winds; by which of them a man may steer, who happens to have a fixed port in view. Neipperg, too, is glad to be quiescent; 'my Infantry hopelessly inferior,' he writes to headquarters: 'Could not one hire 10,000 Saxons, think you,'—or do several other chimerical things, for help? Except with his Pandour people, working what mischief they can, Neipperg does nothing. But this Hungarian rabble is extensively industrious, scouring the country far and wide; and gives a great deal of trouble both to Friedrich and the

[1] Extract of a Letter from Bristol, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv. 504.

peaceable inhabitants. So that there is plenty of Small War always going on:—not mentionable here, any passage of it, except perhaps one, at a place called Rothschloss; which concerns a remarkable Prussian Hussar Major, their famed Ziethen, and is still remembered by the Prussian public.

We have heard of Captain, now Major Ziethen, how Friedrich Wilhelm sent him to the Rhine Campaign, six years ago, to learn the Hussar Art from the Austrians there. One Baronay (*Baroniay*, or even *Baranyai*, as others write him), an excellent hand, taught him the Art;—and how well he has learned, Baronay now sadly experiences. The Affair of Rothschloss (in abridged form) befell as follows:

'In these Small-War businesses, Baronay, Austrian Major-General of Hussars, had been exceedingly mischievous hitherto. It was but the other day, a Prussian regular party had to go out upon him, just in time; and to *re*-wrench "sixty cartloads of meal," wrenched by him from suffering individuals; with which he was making-off to Neisse, when the Prussians' (from their Camp of Mollwitz, where they still are) 'came in sight.

'And now again (May 16th) news is, That Baronay, and 1,400 Hussars with him, has another considerable set of meal-carts,—in the Village of Rothschloss, about twenty miles southward, Frankenstein way; and means to march with them Neisse-ward tomorrow. Two marches or so will bring him home; if Prussian diligence prevent not. "Go instantly," orders Friedrich,—appointing Winterfeld to do it: Winterfeld with 300 dragoons, with Ziethen and Hussars to the amount of 600; which is more than one to two of Austrians.

'Winterfeld and Ziethen march that same day; are in the neighbourhood of Rothschloss by nightfall; and take their measures,—block the road to Neisse, and do other necessary things. And go in upon Baronay next morning, at the due rate, fiery men both of them; sweep poor Baronay away, *minus* the meal; who finds even his road blocked (bridge bursting into cannon-shot upon him, at one point), instead of bridge a stream, or slow current of quagmire for him,—and is in imminent hazard. Ziethen's behaviour was superlative (details of it unintelligible off the ground); and Baronay fled totally in wreck;—his own horse shot, and at the moment no other to be had; swam the quagmire, or swashed through it, "by help of a tree"; and had a near miss of capture. Recovering himself on the other side, Baronay, we can fancy, gave a grin of various expression, as he got into saddle again: "The arrow so near

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killing was feathered from one's own wing, too!"—And indeed, a day or two after, he wrote Ziethen a handsome Letter to that effect.'[1]

Ziethen, for minor good feats, had been made Lieutenant-Colonel, the very day he marched; his Commission dates May 16th, 1741; and on the morrow he handsels it in this pretty manner. He is now forty-two; much held down hitherto; being a man of inarticulate turn, hot and abrupt in his ways,—liable always to multifarious obstruction, and unjust contradiction from his fellow-creatures. But Winterfeld's report on this occasion was emphatic; and Ziethen shoots rapidly up henceforth; Colonel within the year, General in 1744; and more and more esteemed by Friedrich during their subsequent long life together.

Though perhaps the two most opposite men in Nature, and standing so far apart, they fully recognised one another in their several spheres. For Ziethen too had good eyesight, though in abstruse sort:—rugged simple son of the moorlands; nourished, body and soul, on orthodox frugal oatmeal (so to speak), with a large sprinkling of fire and iron thrown in! A man born poor: son of some poor Squirelet in the Ruppin Country;—'used to walk five miles into Ruppin on Saturday nights,' in early life, 'and have his hair done into club, which had to 'last him till the week following.'[2] A big-headed, thick-lipped, decidedly ugly little man. And yet so beautiful in his ugliness: wise, resolute, true, with a dash of high uncomplaining sorrow in him;—not the 'bleached nigger' at all, as Print-Collectors sometimes call him! No; but (on those oatmeal terms) the Socrates-Odysseus, the valiant pious Stoic, and much-enduring man. One of the best Hussar Captains ever built. By degrees King Friedrich and he grew to be,—with considerable tiffs now and then, and intervals of gloom and eclipse,—what we might call

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 927; Orlich, i. 120. The *Life of General de Zieten* (English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), *by Frau von Blumenthal* (a vaguish eloquent Lady, but with access to information, being a connexion of Z's), p. 84.

[2] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 310.

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sworn friends. On which and on general grounds, Ziethen has become, like Friedrich himself, a kind of mythical person with the soldiery and common people; more of a demigod than any other of Friedrich's Captains.

Friedrich is always eagerly in quest of men like Ziethen; specially so at this time. He has meditated much on the bad figure his Cavalry made at Mollwitz; and is already drilling them anew in multiplex ways, during those leisure days he now has,—with evident success on the next trial, this very Summer. And, as his wont is, will not rest satisfied there. But strives incessantly, for a series of summers and years to come, till he bring them to perfection; or to the likeness of his own thought, which probably was not far from that. Till at length it can be said his success became world-famous; and he had such Seidlitzes and Ziethens as were not seen before or since.

BOOK XIII

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, LEAVING THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE ABLAZE ALL ROUND, GETS ENDED

MAY 1741—JULY 1742

CHAPTER I

BRITANNIC MAJESTY AS PALADIN OF THE PRAGMATIC

PART FIRST of his Britannic Majesty's Sorrows, the Britannic or Domestic Part, is now perhaps conceivable to readers. But as to the Second, the Germanic or Pragmatic Part,—articulate History, after much consideration, is content to renounce attempting these; feels that these will remain for ever inconceivable to mankind in the now altered times. So small a gentleman; and he feels, dismally though with heroism, that he has got the axis of the world on his shoulder. Poor Majesty! His eyes, proud as Jove's, are nothing like so perspicacious; a pair of the poorest eyes: and he has to scan with them, and unriddle under pain of death, such a waste of insoluble intricacies, troubles and world-perils as seldom was, —even in Dreams. In fact, it is of the nature of a long Nightmare Dream, all this of the Pragmatic, to his poor Majesty and Nation; and wakeful History must not spend herself upon it, beyond the essential.

May 12th, betimes this Year, his Majesty got across to Hanover, Harrington with him; anxious to contemplate near at hand that Camp of the Old Dessauer's at Göttin, and the

other fearful phenomena, French, Prussian and other, in that Country. His Majesty, as natural, was much in Germany in those Years; scanning the phenomena; a long while not knowing what in the world to make of them. Bully Belleisle having stept into the ring, it is evident, clear as the sun, that one must act, and act at once; but it is a perfect sphinx-enigma to say How. Seldom was Sovereign or man so spurred, and goaded on, by the highest considerations; and then so held down, and chained to his place, by an imbroglio of counter-considerations and sphinx-riddles! Thrice over, at different dates (which shall be given), the first of them this Year, he starts up as in spasm, determined to draw sword, and plunge in; twice he is crushed down again, with sword half drawn; and only the third time (in 1743) does he get sword out, and brandish it in a surprising though useless manner. After which he feels better. But up to that crisis, his case is really tragical,—had idle readers any bowels for him; which they have not! One or two Fractions, snatched from the circumambient Paper Vortex, must suffice us for the indispensable in this place:

Cunctations, yet incessant and ubiquitous Endeavourings, of his Britannic Majesty (1741-1743)

* * After the wonderful Russian Partition-Treaty, which his English Walpoles would not hear of,—and which has produced the Camp of Göttin, see, your Majesty!—George does nothing rashly. Far from it: indeed, except it be paying money, he becomes again a miracle of cunctations; and staggers about for years to come, like the—Shall we say, like the White Hanover Horse amid half-a-dozen sieves of beans? Alas, no, like the Hanover Horse with the shadows of half-a-dozen Damocles'-swords dangling into the eyes of it;—enough to drive any Horse to its wit's end!—

'To do, to dare,' thinks the Britannic Majesty;—yes, and of daring there is a plenty: but, 'In which direction? What, How?' these are questions for a fussy little gentleman called to take the world on his shoulders. We suppose it was by Walpole's advice that he gave her Hungarian Majesty that 200,000*l.* of Secret-Service Money;—advice sufficiently Walpolean: 'Russian Partition-Treaties: horrible to think

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of;—beware of these again! Give her Majesty that cash; can be done; it will keep matters afloat, and spoil nothing!' That, till the late Subsidy payable within year and day hence, was all of tangible his Majesty had yet done;—truly that is all her Hungarian Majesty has yet got by hawking the world, Pragmatic Sanction in hand. And if that were the bit of generosity which enabled Neipperg to climb the Mountains and be beaten at Mollwitz, that has helped little! Very big generosities, to a frightful cipher of Millions Sterling through the coming years, will go the same road; and amount also to zero, even for the receiving party, not to speak of the giving! For men and kings are wise creatures.

But wise or unwise, how great are his Britannic Majesty's activities in this Pragmatic Business! We may say, they are prodigious, incessant, ubiquitous. They are forgotten now, fallen wholly to the spiders and the dustbins;—though Friedrich himself was not a busier King in those days, if perhaps a better directed. It is a thing wonderful to us, but sorrowful and undeniable. We perceive the Britannic Majesty's own little mind pulsing with this Pragmatic Matter, as the biggest volcano would do;—shooting forth dust and smoke (subsidies, diplomatic emissaries, treaties, offers of treaty, plans, foolish futile exertions), at an immense rate. When the Celestial Balances are canting, a man ought to exert himself. But as to this of saving the House of Austria from France,—surely, your Britannic Majesty, the shortest way to that, if that is so indispensable, were: That the House of Austria should consent to give-up its stolen goods, better late than never; and to make this King of Prussia its friend, as he offers to be! Joined with this King, it would manage to give account of France and its balloon projects, by and by. Could your Britannic Majesty but take Mr. Viner's hint; and, in the interim, mind your *own* business!—

His Britannic Majesty intends immediate fighting; and, both in England and Hanover, is making preparation loud and great. Nay, he will in his own person fight, if necessary, and rather likes the thought of it: he saw Oudenarde in his young days; and, I am told, traces in himself a talent for Generalship. Were the Britannic Majesty to draw his own puissant sword!—His own puissant purse he has already drawn; and is subsidising to right and left; knocking at all doors with money in hand, and the question, 'Any fighting done here?' In England itself there goes on much drilling, enlisting; camping, proposing to camp; which is noisy enough in the British Newspapers, much more in the Foreign. One actual Camp there was 'on Lexden Heath near Colchester,' from May till October of this 1741,[1]—Camp waiting always to be shipped across to the scene of action, but never was:—this actual

[1] Manifold but insignificant details about it, in the old Newspapers of those Months.

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Camp, and several imaginary ones here, which were alarming to the Continental Gazetteer. In England his Majesty is busy that way; still more among his Hanoverians, now under his own royal eye, and among his Danes and Hessians, whom he has now brought over into Hanover, to combine with the others. Danes and Hessians, 6,000 of each kind, he for some time keeps back in stall, upon subsidy, ready for an occasion. Their 'Camp at Hameln,' 'Camp at Nienburg' (will, with the Hanoverians, be 30,000 odd); their swashing and blaring about, intending to encamp at Hameln, at Nienburg, and other places, but never doing it, or doing it with any result; this, with the alarming English Camps at Lexden and in Dreamland, which also were void of practical issue, filled Europe with rumour this Summer.—Eager enough to fight; a noble martial ardour in our little Hercules-Atlas! But there lie such enormous difficulties on the threshold; especially these Two, which are insuperable or nearly so.

Difficulty *First*, is that of the laggard Dutch; a People apt to be heavy in the sternworks. They are quite languid about Pragmatic Sanction, these Dutch; they answer his Britannic Majesty's enthusiasm with an obese torpidity; and hope always they will drift through, in some way; buoyant in their own fat, well ballasted astern; and not need such swimming for life. 'What a laggard notion,' thinks his Majesty; 'notion in ten pair of breeches, so to speak!' This stirring-up of the Dutch, which lasts year on year, and almost beats Lord Stair, Lord Carteret, and our chief Artists, is itself a thing like few! One of his Britannic Majesty's great difficulties;—insuperable he never could admit it to be. 'Surely you are a Sea-Power, ye valiant Dutch; the *Other* Sea-Power? Bound by Barrier Treaty, Treaty of Vienna, and Law of Nature itself, to rise with us against the fatal designs of France; fatal to your Dutch Barrier, first of all; if the Liberties of Mankind were indifferent to you! How is it that you will not?' The Dutch cannot say how. France rocks them in security, by oily-mouthed Diplomatists. Fénelon and others: 'Would not touch a stone of your Barrier, for the world, ye admirable Dutch neighbours: on our honour, thrice and four times, No!' They have an eloquent Van Hoey of their own at Paris; renowned in Newspapers: 'Nothing but friendship here!' reports Van Hoey always; and the Dutch answer his Britannic Majesty: 'Hm, rise? Well then, if we must!'—but sit always still.

Nowhere in Political Mechanics have I seen such a Problem as this of hoisting to their feet the heavy-bottomed Dutch. The cunningest leverage, every sort of Diplomatic block-and-tackle, Carteret and Stair themselves running over to help in critical seasons, is applied; to almost no purpose. Pull long, pull strong, pull altogether,—see, the heavy Dutch do stir; some four inches of daylight fairly visible below them:

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bear a hand, oh bear a hand!—Pooh, the Dutch flap down again, as low as ever. As low,—unless (by Diplomatic art) you have *wedged* them at the four inches higher; which, after the first time or two, is generally done. At the long last, partially in 1743 (upon which his Britannic Majesty drew sword), completely in 1747, the Dutch were got to their feet;—unfortunately good for nothing when they were! Without them his Britannic Majesty durst not venture. Hidden in those dustbins, there is nothing so absurd, or which would be so wearisome, did it not at last become slightly ludicrous, as this of hoisting the Dutch.

Difficulty *Second*, which in enormity of magnitude might be reckoned first, as in order of time it ranks both first and last, is: The case of dear Hanover; case involved in mere insolubilities. Our own dear Hanover, which (were there nothing more in it) is liable, from that Camp at Göttin, to be slit in pieces at a moment's warning! No drawing sword against a nefarious Prussia, on those terms. The Camp at Göttin holds George in checkmate. And then finally, in this same Autumn 1741, when a Maillebois with his 40 or 50,000 French (the Leftward or western of those Two Belleisle Armies), threatening our Hanover from another side, crossed the Lower Rhine—But let us not anticipate. The case of Hanover, which everybody saw to be his Majesty's vulnerable point, was the constant open door of France and her machinations, and a never-ending theme of angry eloquences in the English Parliament as well.

So that the case of Hanover proved insoluble throughout, and was like a perpetual running sore. Oh the pamphleteerings, the denouncings, the complainings, satirical and elegiac, which grounded themselves on Hanover, the *Case of the Hanover Forces*, and innumerable other Hanoverian cases, griefs and difficulties! So pungently vital to somnambulant mankind at that epoch; to us fallen dead as carrion, and unendurable to think of. My friends, if you send for Gentlemen from Hanover, you must take them with Hanover adhering more or less; and ought not to quarrel with your bargain, which you reckoned so divine! No doubt, it is singular to see a Britannic Majesty neglecting his own Spanish War, the one real business he has at present; and running about over all the world; busy, soul, body and breeches-pocket, in other people's wars; egging-on other fighting, whispering every likely fellow he can meet, 'Won't you perhaps fight? Here is for you, if so!'—hand to breeches-pocket accompanying the word. But it must be said, and ought to be better known than in our day it is, His Majesty's Ministers, and the English State-Doctors generally, were precisely of the same mind. To them too the Austrian Quarrel was everything, their own poor Spanish Quarrel nothing; and the complaint they make of his Majesty is rather that he does not rush rapidly enough, with brandished sword, as well as

with guineas raining from him, into this one indispensable business. 'Owing to his fears for Hanover!' say they, with indignation, with no end of suspicion, angry pamphleteering and covert eloquence, 'within those walls' and without.

The suspicion of Hanover's checking his Majesty's Pragmatic velocity is altogether well founded; and there need no more be said on that Hanover score. Be it well understood and admitted, Hanover was the Britannic Majesty's beloved son; and the British Empire his opulent milk-cow. Richest of milk-cows; staff of one's life, for grand purposes and small; beautiful big animal, not to be provoked; but to be stroked and milked:—Friends, if you will do a Glorious Revolution of that kind, and burn such an amount of tar upon it, why eat sour herbs for an inevitable corollary therefrom! And let my present readers understand, at any rate, that,—except in Wapping, Bristol and among the simple instinctive classes (with whom, it is true, go Pitt and some illustrious figures),—political England generally, whatever of England had Parliamentary discourse of reason, and did Pamphlets, Despatches, Harangues, went greatly along with his Majesty in that Pragmatic Business. And be the blame of delirium laid on the right back, where it ought to lie, not on the wrong, which has enough to bear of its own. And go not into that dust-whirlwind of extinct stupidities, O reader:—what reader would, except for didactic objects? Know only that it does of a truth whirl there; and fancy always, if you can, that certain things and Human Figures, a Friedrich, a Chatham and some others, have it for their Life-Element. Which, I often think, is their principal misfortune with Posterity; said Life-Element having gone to such an unutterable condition for gods and men.

'One other thing surprises us in those Old Pamphlets,' says my Constitutional Friend: 'How the phrase, "Cause of Liberty" ever and anon turns up, with great though extinct emphasis, evidently sincere. After groping, one is astonished to find it means Support of the House of Austria; keeping of the Hapsburgs entire in their old Possessions among mankind! That, to our great-grandfathers, was the "Cause of Liberty";—said "Cause" being, with us again, Electoral Suffrage and other things; a notably different definition, perhaps still wider of the mark.

'Our great-grandfathers lived in perpetual terror that they would be devoured by France; that French ambition would overset the Celestial Balance, and proceed next to eat the British Nation. Stand upon your guard then, one would have said: Look to your ships, to your defences, to your industries; to your virtues first of all,—your *virtutes*, manhoods, conformities to the Divine Law appointed you; which are

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the great and indeed sole strength to any Man or Nation! Discipline yourselves, wisely, in all kinds; more and more, till there be no anarchic fibre left in you. Unanarchic, disciplined at all points, you might then, I should say, with supreme composure, let France, and the whole World at its back, try what they could do upon you and the unique little Island you are so lucky as to live in?—Foolish mortals: what Potentiality of Battle, think you (not against France only, but against Satanas and the Ministers of Chaos generally), would a poor Friedrich Wilhelm, not to speak of better, have got out of such a Possession, had it been his to put in drill! And drill is not of soldiers only; though perhaps of soldiers first and most indispensably of all; since "without Being," as my Friend Oliver was wont to say, "Well-being is not possible." There is military drill; there is industrial, economic, spiritual; gradually there are all kinds of drill, of wise discipline, of peremptory mandate become effective everywhere, "*Obey* the Laws of Heaven, or else disappear from these latitudes!" Ah me, if one dealt in day-dreams, and prophecies of an England grown celestial,—celestial she should be, not in gold nuggets, continents all of beef, and seas all of beer, Abolition of Pain, and Paradise to All and Sundry, but in that quite different fashion; and there, I should say, *there* were the magnificent Hope to indulge in! That were to me the "Cause of Liberty"; and any the smallest contribution towards that kind of "Liberty" were a sacred thing!—

'Belleisle again may, if he pleases, call his the Cause of Sovereignty. A Sovereign Louis, it would appear, has not governing enough to do within his own French borders, but feels called to undertake Germany as well;—a gentleman with an immense governing faculty, it would appear? Truly, good reader, I am sick of heart, contemplating those empty sovereign mountebanks, and empty antagonist ditto, with their Causes of Liberty and Causes of Anti-Liberty; and cannot but wish that we had got the ashes of that World-Explosion, of 1789, well riddled and smelted, and the poor World were quit of a great many things!'—

My Constitutional Historian of England, musing on Belleisle and his Anti-Pragmatic industries and grandiosities,—'how Chief-Bully Belleisle stept down into the ring as a gay Volunteer, and foolish Chief-Defender George had to follow, dismally heroic, as a Conscript of Fate,'—drops these words, in regard to the Wages they respectively had:

'Nations that go into War without business there, are sure of getting business as they proceed; and if the beginning were phantasms,—especially phantasms of the hoping, self-conceited kind,—the results for

them are apt to be extremely real! As was the case with the French in this War, and those following, in which his Britannic Majesty played chief counter-tenor. From 1741, King Friedrich's First War, onwards to Friedrich's Third War, 1756-1763, the volunteer French found a great deal of work lying ready for them,—gratuitous on their part, from the beginning. And the results to them came out, first completely visible, in the World-Miracles of 1789, and the years following!

'Nations, again, may be driven upon War by phantasm *terrors*, and go into it, in sorrow of heart, not gaiety of heart; and that is a shade better. And one always pities a poor Nation, in such case;—as the very Destinies rather do, and judge it more mercifully. Nay, the poor bewildered Nation may, among its brain-phantasms, have something of reality and sanity inarticulately stirring it withal. It may have a real ordinance of Heaven to accomplish on those terms:—and *if* so, it will sometimes, in the most chaotic circuitous ways, through endless hazards, at a hundred or a hundred-thousand times the natural expense, ultimately get it done! This was the case of the poor English in those Wars.

'They were Wars extraneous to England little less than to France; neither Nation had real business in them; and they seem to us now a very mad object on the part of both. But they were not gratuitously gone into, on the part of England; far from that. England undertook them, with its big heart very sorrowful, strange spectralities bewildering it; and managed them (as men do sleep-walking) with a gloomy solidity of purpose, with a heavy-laden energy, and, on the whole, with a depth of stupidity, which were very great. Yet look at the respective net results. France lies down to rot into grand Spontaneous-Combustion, Apotheosis of Sansculottism, and much else; which still lasts, to her own great peril, and the great affliction of neighbours. Poor England, after such enormous stumbling among the chimney-pots, and somnambulism over all the world for twenty years, finds on awakening, that she has arrived, after all, where she wished to be, and a good deal farther! Finds that her own important little errand is somehow or other done;—and, in short, that "Jenkins's Ear" (as she named the thing) "*has* been avenged," and the Ocean Highways "opened" and a good deal more, in a most signal way! For the Eternal Providences,—little as poor Dryasdust now knows of it, mumbling and maundering that sad stuff of his,—do rule; and the great soul of the world, I assure you once more, is *just*. And always for a Nation, as for a man, it is very behoveful to be honest, to be modest, however stupid!'—

By this time, however,—Mollwitz having fallen out, and Belleisle being evidently on the steps,—his Britannic Majesty

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recognises clearly, and insists upon it, strengthened by his Harringtons and everybody of discernment, That, nefarious or not, this Friedrich will require to be bargained with. That, far from breaking-in upon him, and partitioning him (how far from it!), there is no conceivable method of saving the Celestial Balances till *he* be satisfied, in some way. This is the one step his Britannic Majesty has yet made, out of these his choking imbroglios; and truly this is one. Hyndford, his best negotiator, is on the road for Friedrich's Camp; Robinson, at Vienna, has been directed to say and insist, 'Bargain with that man; he must be bargained with, if our Cause of Liberty is to be saved at all!'—

And now, having opened the dustbin so far, that the reader's fancy might be stirred without affliction to his lungs and eyes, let us shut it down again,—might we but hope forever! That is too fond a hope. But the background or sustaining element made imaginable, the few events deserving memory may surely go on at much swifter pace.

CHAPTER II

CAMP OF STREHLEN

FRIEDRICH'S Silesian Camps this Summer, Camp of Strehlen chiefly, were among the strangest places in the world. Friedrich, as we have often noticed, did not much pursue the defeated Austrians, at or near Mollwitz, or press them towards flat ruin in their Silesian business: it is clear he anxiously wished a bargain without farther exasperation; and hoped he might get it by judicious patience. Brieg he took, with that fine outburst of bombardment, which did not last a week: but Brieg once his, he fell quiet again; kept encamping, here, there, in that Mollwitz-Neisse region, for above three months to come; not doing much, beyond the indispensable;

negotiating much, or rather negotiated with, and waiting on events.[1]

Both Armies were reinforcing themselves; and Friedrich's, for obvious reasons, in the first weeks especially, became much the stronger. Once in May, and again afterwards, weary of the pace things went at, he had resolved on having Neisse at once; on attacking Neipperg in his strong camp there, and cutting short the tedious janglings and uncertainties. He advanced to Grotkau accordingly, some twelve or fifteen miles nearer Neisse (28th May,—stayed till 9th June), quite within wind of Neipperg and his outposts; but found still, on closer inspection, that he had better wait;—and do so withal at a greater distance from Neipperg and his Pandour Swarms. He drew back therefore to Strehlen, north-westward, rather farther from Neisse than before; and lay encamped there for nine or ten weeks to come. Not till the beginning of August did there fall out any military event (Pandour skirmishing in plenty, but nothing to call an event); and not till the end of August any that pointed to conclusive results. As it was at Strehlen where mostly these Diplomacies went on, and the Camp of Strehlen was the final and every way the main one, it may stand as the representative of these Diplomatising Camps to us, and figure as the sole one, which in fact it nearly was.

Strehlen is a pleasant little Town, nestled prettily among its granite Hills, the steeple of it visible from Mollwitz; some twenty-five miles west of Brieg, some thirty south of Breslau, and about as far northwest of Neisse: there Friedrich and his Prussians lie, under canvas mainly, with outposts and detachments sprinkled about under roofs:—a Camp of Strehlen, more or less imaginable by the reader. And worth his imagining; such a Camp, if not for soldiering, yet for

[1] In Camp of Mollwitz (nearer Brieg than the Battle-field was) till 28th May (after the Battle seven weeks); then to Camp at Grotkau (28th May—9th June, twelve days); thence (9th June) to Friedewalde, Herrnsdorf; to Strehlen (21st June—20th August, nine or ten weeks in all). See *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 924, ii. 931; Rödenbeck, Orlich, etc.

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negotiating and wagging of diplomatic wigs, as there never was before. Here, strangely shifted hither, is the centre of European Politics all Summer. From the utmost ends of Europe come Ambassadors to Strehlen: from Spain, France, England, Denmark, Holland,—there are sometimes nine at once, how many successively and in total I never knew.[1] They lodge generally in Breslau; but are always running over to Strehlen. There sits, properly speaking, the general Secret Parliament of Europe; and from most Countries, except Austria, representatives attend at Strehlen, or go and come between Breslau and Strehlen, submissive to the evils of field-life, when need is. A surprising thing enough to mankind, and big as the world in its own day; though gone now to small bulk,—one Human Figure pretty much all that is left of memorable in it to mankind and us.

French Belleisle we have seen; who is gone again, long since, on his wide errands; fat Valori too we have seen, who is assiduously here. The other figures, except the English, can remain dark to us. Of Montijos, the eminent Spaniard, a brown little man, magnificent as the Kingdom of the Incas, with half a page of titles (half a peck, five-and-twenty or more, of handles to his little name, if you should ever require it); who, finding matters so backward at Frankfurt, and nothing to do there, has been out, in the interim, touring to while away the tedium; and is here only as sequel and corroboration of Belleisle,—say as bottle-holder, or as high-wrought peacock's-tail, to Belleisle:—of the eminent Montijos I have to record next to nothing in the shape of negotiation ('Treaty' with the Termagant was once proposed by him here, which Friedrich in his politest way declined); and shall mention only, That his domestic arrangements were sumptuous and commodious in the extreme. Let him arrive in the meanest village, destitute of human appliances, and be directed to the hut where he is to lodge,—straightway from the fourgons and baggage-chests of Montijos is produced,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 932.

first of all, a round of arras hangings, portable tables, portable stove, gold plate and silver; thus, with wax-lights, wines of richest vintage, exquisite cookeries, Montijos lodges, a king everywhere, creating an Aladdin's palace everywhere; able to say, like the Sage Bias, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* These things are recorded of Montijos. What he did in the way of negotiation has escaped men's memory, as it could well afford to do.

Of Hyndford's appurtenances for lodging we already had a glimpse, through Büsching once;—pointing towards solid dinner-comforts rather than arras hangings; and justifying the English genius in that respect. The weight of the negotiations fell on Hyndford; it is between him and French Valori that the matter lies, Montijos and the others being mere satellites on their respective sides. Much battered upon, this Hyndford, by refractory Hanoverians pitting George as Elector against the same George as King, and egging these two identities to woful battle with each other,—'Lay me at his Majesty's feet' full length, and let his Majesty say which is which, then! A heavy, eating, haggling, unpleasant kind of mortal, this Hyndford; bites and grunts privately, in a stupid ferocious manner, against this young King: 'One of the worst of men; who will not take up the Cause of Liberty at all, and is not made in the image of Hyndford at all.' They are dreadfully stiff reading, those Despatches of Hyndford: but they have particles of current news in them; interesting glimpses of that same young King;—likewise of Hyndford, laid at his Majesty's feet, and begging for self and brothers any good benefice that may fall vacant. We can discern, too, a certain rough tenacity and horse-dealer finesse in the man; a broad-based, shrewdly practical Scotch Gentleman, wide awake; and can conjecture that the diplomatic function, in that element, might have been in worse hands. He is often laid metaphorically at the King's feet, King of England's; and haunts personally the King of Prussia's elbow at all times, watching every glance of him, like a

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British house-dog, that will not be taken-in with suspicious travellers, if he can help it; and casting perpetual horoscopes in his dull mind.

Of Friedrich and his demeanour in this strange scene, centre of a World all drawing sword, and jumbling in huge Diplomatic and other delirium about his ears, the reader will desire to see a direct glimpse or two. As to the sad general Imbroglio of Diplomacies which then weltered everywhere, readers can understand that *it* has, at this day, fallen considerably obscure (as it deserved to do); and that even Friedrich's share of it is indistinct in parts. The game, wide as Europe, and one of the most intricate ever played by Diplomatic human creatures, was kept studiously dark while it went on; and it has not since been a pleasant object of study. Many of the Documents are still unpublished, inaccessible; so that the various moves in the game, especially what the exact dates and sequence of them were (upon which all would turn), are not completely ascertainable,—nor in truth are they much worth hunting after, through such an element. One thing we could wish to have out of it, the one thing of sane that was in it: the demeanour and physiognomy of Friedrich as there manifested; Friedrich alone, or pretty much alone of all these Diplomatic Conjurors, having a solid veritable object in hand. The rest—the spiders are very welcome to it: who of mortals would read it, were it made never so lucid to him? Such traits of Friedrich as can be sifted out into the conceivable and indubitable state, the reader shall have; the extinct Bedlam, that begirdled Friedrich far and wide, need not be resuscitated except for that object. Of Friedrich's fairness, or of Friedrich's 'trickiness, macchiavelism and attorneyism,' readers will form their own notion, as they proceed. On one point they will not be doubtful, That here is such a sharpness of steady eyesight (like the lynx's, like the eagle's), and privately such a courage and fixity of resolution, as are highly uncommon.

April 26th, 1741, in the same days while Belleisle arrived in the Camp at Mollwitz, and witnessed that fine opening of the cannonade upon Brieg, Excellency Hyndford got to Berlin; and on notifying the event, was invited by the King to come along to Breslau, and begin business. England has been profuse enough in offering her 'good offices with Austria' towards making a bargain for his Prussian Majesty; but is busy also, at the Hague, concerting with the Dutch 'some strong joint resolution,'—resolution, Openly to advise Friedrich to withdraw his troops from Silesia, by way of starting fair towards a bargain. A very strong resolution, they and the Gazetteers think it; and ask themselves, Is it not likely to have some effect? Their High Mightinesses have been screwing their courage, and under English urgency, have decided (April 24th),[1] 'Yes, we will jointly so advise!' and Friedrich has got inkling of it from Räsfeld, his Minister there. Hyndford's first business (were the Dutch Excellency once come up, but those Dutch are always hanging astern!) is to present said 'Advice,' and try what will come of that. An 'Advice' now fallen totally insignificant to the Universe and to us,—only that readers will wish to see how Friedrich takes it, and if any feature of Friedrich discloses itself in the affair.

Excellency Hyndford has his First Audience (Camp of Mollwitz, May 7th); *and Friedrich makes a most important Treaty,—not with Hyndford*

May 2d, Hyndford arrived in Breslau; and after some preliminary flourishings, and difficulties about post-horses and furnitures in a seat of War, got to Brieg; and thence, May 7th, 'to the Camp' (Camp of Mollwitz still), 'which is about an English mile off,'—Podewils escorting him from Brieg, and what we note farther, Pöllnitz too; our poor old Pöll-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 964; the *Advice* itself, a very mild-spoken Piece, but of riskish nature think the Dutch, is given, *ib.* 965-6.

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nitz, some kind of Chief Goldstick, whom we did not otherwise know to be on active duty in those rude scenes. Belleisle had passed through Breslau while Hyndford was there:—'am unable to inform your Lordship what success he has had.' Brieg Siege is done only three days ago; Castle all lying black; and the new trenching and fortifying hardly begun. In a word, May 7th, 1741, 'about 11 A.M.' Excellency Hyndford is introduced to the King's Tent, and has his First Audience. Goldstick having done his motions, none but Podewils is left present; who sits at a table, taking notes of what is said. Podewils's Notes are invisible to me; but here, in authentic though carefully compressed state, is Hyndford's minute Narrative:

Excellency Hyndford mentioned the Instructions he had, as to "good offices," friendship and so forth. "But his Prussian Majesty had hardly patience to hear me out; and said in a passion" (we use, where possible, Hyndford's own wording; readers will allow for the leaden quality in some parts):

King (in a passion). 'How is it possible, my Lord, to believe things so contradictory? It is mighty fine all this that you now tell me, on the part of the King of England; but how does it correspond to his last Speech to his Parliament' (19th April last, when Mr. Viner was in such minority of one), 'and to the doings of his Ministers at Petersburg' (a pretty Partition-Treaty that; and the Excellency Finch still busy, as I know!) 'and at the Hague' (Excellency Trevor there, and this beautiful Joint-Resolution and Advice which is coming!) 'to stir-up Allies against me? I have reason rather to doubt the sincerity of the King of England. They perhaps mean to amuse me.' (That is Friedrich's real opinion.[1]) 'But, by God, they are mistaken! I will risk everything rather than abate the least of my pretensions.'

Poor Hyndford said and mumbled what he could; knew nothing what instructions Finch had, Trevor had, and—

King. 'My Lord, there seems to be a contradiction in all this. The King of England, in his Letter, tells me you are instructed as to everything; and yet you pretend ignorance! But I am perfectly informed of all. And I should not be surprised if, after all these fine words, you should receive some strong letter or resolution for me,'—Joint-Resolution to Advise, for example?

[1] His Letter to Podewils (Ranke, ii. 268).

Hyndford, *not* in the strength of conscious innocence, stands silent; the King, 'in his heat of passion,' said to Podewils:

King to Podewils (on the sudden). 'Write down, that my Lord would be surprised' (as he should be) 'to receive such Instructions!' (A mischievous sparkle, half quizzical, half practical, considerably in the Friedrich style.)—Hyndford, "quite struck, my Lord, with this strange way of acting," and of poking into one, protests with angry grunt, and "was put extremely upon my guard." Of course Podewils did not write. * *

Hyndford. 'Europe is under the necessity of taking some speedy resolution, things are in such a state of crisis. Like a fever in a human body, got to such a height that quinquina becomes necessary.' "That expression made him smile, and he began to look a little cooler." * * 'Shall we apply to Vienna, your Majesty?'

Friedrich. 'Follow your own will in that.'

Hyndford. 'Would your Majesty consent now to stand by his Excellency Gotter's original Offer at Vienna on your part? Agree, namely, in consideration of Lower Silesia and Breslau, to assist the Queen with all your troops for maintenance of Pragmatic Sanction, and to vote for the Grand-Duke as Kaiser?'

King. 'Yes' (what the reader may take notice of, and date for himself).

Hyndford. 'What was the sum of money then offered her Hungarian Majesty?'

King hesitated, as if he had forgotten; Podewils answered, 'Three million florins (300,000*l.*).'

King. 'I should not value the money; if money would content her Majesty, I would give more.' "Here was a long pause, which I did not break;"—nor would the King. Podewils reminded me of an idea we had been discoursing of together ("on his suggestion, my Lord, which I really think is of importance, and worth your Lordship's consideration"); whereupon, on such hint.

Hyndford. 'Would your Majesty consent to an Armistice?'

Friedrich. 'Yes; but' (counts on his fingers, May, June, till he comes to December) 'not for less than six months,—till December 1st. By that time they could do nothing,' the season out by that time.

Hyndford. 'His Excellency Podewils has been taking notes; if I am to be bound by them, might I first see that he has mistaken nothing?'

King. 'Certainly!'—Podewils's Note-protocol is found to be correct in every point; Hyndford, with some slight flourish of compliments on both sides, bows himself away (invited to dinner, which he accepts, 'will surely have that honour before returning to Breslau');—and so the First

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Audience has ended.[1] Baronay and Pandours are about,—this is ten days before the Ziethen feat on Baronay;—but no Pandour, now or afterwards, will harm a British Excellency.

These utterances of Friedrich's, the more we examine them by other lights that there are, become the more correctly expressive of what Friedrich's real feelings were on the occasion. Much contrary, perhaps, to expectation of some readers. And indeed we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse and the like, which was once widely current in the world; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking;—there being no such thing as 'mendacity' discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself. 'Mendacity,' my friends? How busy have the Owls been with Friedrich's memory, in different countries of the world;—perhaps even more than their sad wont is in such cases! For indeed he was apt to be of swift abrupt procedure, disregardful of Owleries; and gave scope for misunderstanding in the course of his life. But a veracious man he was, at all points; not even conscious of his veracity; but had it in the blood of him; and never looked upon 'mendacity' but from a very great height indeed. He does not, except where suitable, at least he never should, express his whole meaning; but you will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to 'finesse,'—do not believe in that either, in the vulgar or bad sense. Truly you will find his finesse is a very fine thing; and that it consists, not in deceiving other people, but in being right himself; in well discerning, for his own behoof, what the facts before him are; and in steering, which he does steadily, in a most vigilant, nimble, decisive and intrepid manner, by monition of the same. No salvation but in the facts. Facts

[1] Hyndford's Despatches, Breslau, 5th and 13th May 1741. Are in State-Paper Office, like the rest of Hyndford's; also in British Museum (Additional MSS. 11,365 etc.), the rough draughts of them.

are a kind of divine thing to Friedrich; much more so than to common men: this is essentially what Religion I have found in Friedrich. And, let me assure you, it is an invaluable element in any man's Religion, and highly indispensable, though so often dispensed with! Readers, especially in our time English readers, who would gain the least knowledge about Friedrich, in the extinct Bedlam where his work now lay, have a great many things to forget, and sad strata of Owl-droppings, ancient and recent, to sweep away!—

To Friedrich a bargain with Austria, which would be a getting into port, in comparison to going with the French in that distracted voyage of theirs, is highly desirable. 'Shall I join with the English, in hope of some tolerable bargain from Austria? Shall I have to join with the French, in despair of any?' Readers may consider how stringent upon Friedrich that question now was, and how ticklish to solve. And it must be solved soon,—under penalty of 'being left with no ally at all' (as Friedrich expresses himself), while the whole world is grouping itself into armed heaps for and against! If the English would but get me a bargain—? Friedrich dare not think they will. Nay, scanning these English incoherences, these contradictions between what they say here and what they do and say elsewhere, he begins to doubt if they zealously wish it,—and at last to believe that they sincerely do *not* wish it; that 'they mean to amuse me' (as he said to Hyndford)—till my French chance too is over. 'To amuse me: but, *par Dieu*—!' His Notes to Podewils, of which Ranke, who has seen them, gives us snatches, are vivid in that sense: 'I should be ashamed if the cunningest Italian could dupe me; but that a lout of a Hanoverian should do it!'—and Podewils has great difficulty to keep him patient yet a little; Valori being so busy on the other side, and the time so pressing. Here are some dates and some comments, which the reader should take with him;—here is a very strange issue to the Joint-Resolution of a strong nature now on hand!

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A few days after that First Audience, Ginkel the Dutch Excellency, with the due Papers in his pocket, did arrive. Excellency Hyndford, who is not without rough insight into what lies under his nose, discovers clearly that the grand Dutch-English Resolution, or Joint-Exhortation to evacuate Silesia, will do nothing but mischief; and (at his own risk, persuading Ginkel also to delay) sends a Courier to England before presenting it. And from England, in about a fortnight, gets for answer, 'Do harm, think you? Hm, ha! —Present it, all the same; and modify by assurances afterwards,'—as if these would much avail! This is not the only instance in which St. James's rejects good advice from its Hyndford; the pity would be greater, were not the Business what it is! Podewils has the greatest difficulty to keep Friedrich quiet till Hyndford's courier get back. And on his getting back with such answer, 'Present it all the same,' Friedrich will not wait for that ceremony, or delay a moment longer. Friedrich has had his Valori at work, all this while; Valori and Podewils, and endless correspondence and consultation going on; and things hypothetically almost quite ready; so that—

June 5th, 1741, Friedrich, spurring Podewils to the utmost speed, and 'ordering secrecy on pain of death,' signs his Treaty with France! A kind of provisional off-and-on Treaty, I take it to be; which was never published, and is thought to have had many *ifs* in it: signs this Treaty;— and next day (June 6th, such is the impetuosity of haste) instructs his Räsfeld at the Hague, 'You will beforehand inform the High Mightinesses, in regard to that Advice of April 24th, which they determined on giving me, through the Excellency Herr von Ginkel along with Excellency Hyndford, That such Advice can, by me, only be considered as a blind complaisance to the Court of Vienna's improper urgencies, improper in such a matter. That for certain I will not quit Silesia till my claims be satisfied. And the longer I am forced to continue warring for them here, wasting more

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resource and risk upon them, 'the higher they will rise!'[1] And this is what comes of that terribly courageous Dutch-English 'Joint-Resolution of a strong nature'; it has literally cut before the point: the Exhortation is not yet presented, but the Treaty with France is signed in virtue of it!—

Undoubtedly this of June 5th is the most important Treaty in the Austrian-Succession War, and the cardinal element of Friedrich's procedure in that Adventure. And it has never been published; nor, till Herr Professor Ranke got access to the Prussian Archives, has even the date of signing it been rightly known; but is given two or three ways in different express Collections of Treaties.[2] Herr Ranke knows this Treaty, and the correspondences, especially Friedrich's correspondence with Podewils preparatory to it; and speaks, as his wont is, several exact things about it; thanks to him, in the circumstances. I wish it could be made, even with his help, fully intelligible to the reader! For, were the Treaty never so express, surely the mode of keeping it, on both parts, was very strange; and that latter concerns us somewhat.

A very fast-and-loose Treaty, to all appearance! Outwardly it is a mere Treaty of Alliance, each party guaranteeing the other for Fifteen Years; without mention made of the joint Belleisle Adventure now in the wind. But then, like the postscript to a lady's letter, there come 'secret articles' bearing upon that essential item: How France, in the course of this current season 1741, is to bring an Army across the Rhine in support of its friend Kur-Baiern *versus* Austria; is, in the same term of time, to make Sweden declare war on Russia (important for Friedrich, who is never sure a moment that those Russians will not break-in upon him); and finally,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 963.

[2] Schöll, ii. 297 (copying 'Flassan, *Hist. de la Diplom. Franç.* v. 142'), gives '5th July' as the date; Adelung (ii. 357, 390, 441) guesses that it was 'in August'; Valori (i. 108), who was himself in it, gives the correct date,—but then his Editor (thought inquiring readers) was such a sloven and ignoramus. See Stenzel, iv. 143; Ranke, ii. 274.

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most important of all, That France 'guarantees Lower Silesia with Breslau to his Prussian Majesty.' In return for which his Prussian Majesty will do what? It is really difficult to say what: Be a true ally and second to France in its grand German Adventure? Not at all. Friedrich does not yet know, nor does Belleisle himself quite precisely, what the grand German Adventure is; and Friedrich's wishes never were, nor will be, for the prosperity of that. Support France, at least in its small Bavarian Anti-Austrian Adventure? By no means definitely even that. 'Maintain myself in Lower Silesia with Breslau, and fight my best to such end;' really that, you might say, is in substance the most of what Friedrich undertakes; though inarticulately he finds himself bound to much more,—and will frankly go into it, *if* you do as you have said; and unless you do, will not. Never was a more contingent Treaty: 'unless you stir-up Sweden, Messieurs; unless you produce that Rhine Army; unless—' such is steadily Friedrich's attitude; long after this, he refuses to say whom he will vote for as Kaiser: 'Fortune of War will decide it,' answers he, in regard to that and to many other things; and keeps himself to an incomprehensible extent loose; ready, for weeks and months after, to make bargain on his own Silesian Affair with anybody that can.[1]

For indeed the French also are very contingent; Fleury hanging one way, Belleisle pushing another; and know not how far they will go on the grand German Adventure, nor conclusively whether at all. Here is an Anecdote by Friedrich himself. Valori was, one night, with him; and, on rising to take leave, the fat hand, sticking probably in the big waistcoat-pocket, twitched out a little diplomatic-looking Note; which Friedrich, with gentle adroitness (permissible in such circumstances), set his foot upon, till Valori had bowed himself out. The Note was from Amelot, French Minister of the Foreign Department: 'Don't give his Prussian Majesty Glatz, if it can possibly be helped.' Very well, thought

[1] Ranke, ii. 271-275-280.

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Friedrich; and did not forget the fine little Note on burning it.[1] There went, in French couriers' bags, a great many such, to Austria some of them, of far more questionable tenor, within the next twelve months.

Two things we have to remark: *First*, That Friedrich, with an eye to real business on his part in the Bavarian Adventure, in which Kur-Pfalz is sure to accompany, volunteered (like a real man of business, and much to Belleisle's surprise) to renounce the Berg-Jülich controversy, and let Kur-Pfalz have his way, that there might be no quarrelling among allies. This too is contingent; but was gladly accepted by Belleisle. *Second*, That Belleisle had instructed Valori, Not to insist on active help from Friedrich in the German Adventure, but merely to stipulate for his Neutrality throughout, in case they could get no more. How joyfully would Friedrich have accepted this,—had Valori volunteered with it, which he did not![2] But, after all, in result it was the same; and had to be,—*plus* only a great deal of clamour by and by, from the French and the Gazetteers, about the Article in question.

Was there ever so contingent a Treaty before? It is signed, Breslau, 5th June 1741, and both parties have their hands loose, and make use of their liberty for months to come; nay, in some sort, all along; feeling how contingent it was! Friedrich did not definitely tie himself till 4th November next, five months after: when he signed the French-Bavarian Treaty, renounced Berg-Jülich controversies, and fairly went into the French-Bavarian, smaller French Adventure; into the greater, or wide-winged Belleisle one, he never went nor intended to go,—perhaps even the contrary, if needful. Readers may try to remember these elucidative items, riddled from the immensities of Dryasdust: I have no more to give, nor can afford to return upon it. May not we well say, as above, 'A Treaty thought to have many *ifs* in it!'—And now, 8th June, comes solemnly the Joint-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 90.

[2] Ranke, ii. 280.

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Resolution itself; like mustard (under a flourish of trumpets) three days after dinner:

'*Camp of Grotkau, 8th June.* Hyndford and Ginkel' (the same respectable old Ginkel whom we used to know in Friedrich Wilhelm's time), 'having, according to renewed order, got out from Breslau with that formidable Dutch-English "Advice" or Joint-Exhortation in their pocket, did this day in the Camp at Grotkau present the same. A very mild-spoken Piece, though it had required such courage, and which is not now worth speaking of, things having gone as we see. Friedrich received it with a gracious mien: "Infinitely sensible to the trouble his Britannic Majesty and their High Mightinesses took with his affairs; Document should receive his best consideration,"—which indeed it has already done, and its Answer withal: A *French* Treaty signed three days ago, in virtue of it! "Might I request a short Private Audience of your Majesty?" solicits Hyndford, intending to modify by new assurances, as bidden.—"Surely," answers Friedrich.

'The two Excellencies dine with the King, who is in high spirits. After dinner, Hyndford gets his Private Audience; does his best in the way of "new assurances"; which produce what effect we can fancy. Among other things, he appeals to the King's "magnanimity, how grand and generous it will be to accept moderate terms from Austria, to—" *King* (interrupting): "My Lord, don't talk to me of magnanimity; a Prince" (acting not for himself but for his Nation) "ought to consult his interest in the first place. I am not against Peace: but I expect to have Four Duchies given me."'[1]

Hyndford and Ginkel slept that night in Grotkau Town: 'at 4 next morning the King sent us word, That if we had a mind to see the Army on march,' just moving off, Strehlen way, 'we might come out by the North Gate. We accordingly saw the whole Army leave Camp; and march in four columns towards Friedewald, where Marshal Neipperg is encamped.' Not a bit of it, your Excellency! Neipperg is safe at Neisse; amid inaccessible embankments and artificial mud: and these are mere Hussar-Pandour rabble out here; whom a push or two sends home again,—would it could keep them there! But they are of sylvan (or *salvage*) nature, affecting the shade; and burst out, for theft and arson, sometimes at great distances, no calculating where. 'The King's Army lay all that night upon their arms, and encamped next morning, the 10th. I believe nothing happened that day, for we were obliged to stay at Grotkau, for want of post-horses, a good part of it.'

Hyndford hears (in secret Opposition Circles, and lays the flattering unction to his soul and your Lordship's): 'The King of Prussia's Army,

[1] State-Paper Office (Hyndford, Breslau, 12th June 1741).

as I am informed, unless he will take counsel, another campaign will go near to ruin. Everything is in the greatest disorder; utmost dejection amongst the Officers from highest to lowest;'—fact being that the King has important improvements and new drillings in view (to go on at Strehlen), Cavalry improvements, Artillery improvements, unknown to Hyndford and the Opposition; and will not be ruined next campaign, 'I hope the news we have here, of the Taking of Carthagena, is true,' concludes he. Alas, your Excellency!

By a different hand, from the southward Hungarian regions, far over the Hills, take this other entry; almost of enthusiastic style:

'*Presburg, 25th June.* Maria Theresa, in high spirits about her English Subsidy and the bright aspects, left Vienna about a week ago for Presburg' (a drive of fifty miles down the fine Donau country); and is celebrating her Coronation there, as Queen of Hungary, in a very sublime manner. Sunday 25th June 1741, that is the day of putting on your Crown,—Iron Crown of St. Stephen, as readers know. The Chivalry of Hungary, from Palfy and Esterhazy downward, and all the world are there; shining in loyalty and barbaric gold and pearl. A truly beautiful Young Woman, beautiful to soul and eye, devout too and noble, though ill-informed in Political or other Science, is in the middle of it, and makes the scene still more noticeable to us. See, as the finish of the ceremonies, she has mounted a high swift horse, sword girt to her side,—a great rider always, this young Queen;—and gallops, Hungary following like a comet tail, to the Königsberg' (*King's Hill* so-called; no great things of a Hill, O reader; made by barrow, you can see), 'to the top of the Königsberg; there draws sword; and cuts, grandly flourishing, to the Four Quarters of the Heavens: "Let any mortal, from whatever quarter coming, meddle with Hungary if he dare!"[1] Chivalrous Hungary bursts into passionate acclaim; old Palfy, I could fancy, into tears; and all the world murmurs to itself, with moist-gleaming eyes, '*Rex noster!*' This is, in fact, the beautifulest King or Queen that now is, this radiant young woman; beautiful things have been, and are to be, reported of her; and she has a terrible voyage just ahead,—little dreaming of it at this grand moment. I wish his Britannic Majesty, or Robinson who has followed out hither, could persuade her to some compliance on the Silesian matter: what a thing were that, for herself, and for all mankind, just now! But she will not hear of that; and is very obstinate, and her stupid Hofraths equally and much more blamably so. Deaf to

[1] Adelung, ii. 293, 294.

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hard Facts knocking at their door; ignorant what Noah's-Deluges have broken-out upon them, and are rushing on inevitable.'

By a notable coincidence, precisely while those sword-flourishings go on at Presburg, Maréchal Excellency Belle-isle is making his Public Entry into Frankfurt-on-Mayn:[1] Frankfurt too is in cheery emotion; streets populous with Sunday gazers, and critics of the sublime in spectacle! This is not Belleisle's first entrance; he himself has been here some time, settling his Household, and a good many things: but today he solemnly leads-in his Countess and Appendages (over from Metz, where Madame and he officially reside in common times, 'Governor of Metz' one of his many offices); —leads-in Madame, in suitably resplendent manner; to kindle household fire, as it were; and indicate that here is his place, till he have got a Kaiser to his mind. Twin Phenomena, these two; going on 500 miles apart; unconscious of one another, or of what kinship they happen to have!—

Excellency Robinson busy in the Vienna Hofrath Circles, to produce a Compliance

Britannic George, both for Pragmatic's sake and for dear Hanover's, desires much there were a bargain made with Friedrich: How is the Pragmatic to be saved at all, if Friedrich join France in its Belleisle machinations, thinks George? And already here is that Camp of Göttin, glittering in view like a drawn sword pointed at one's throat or at one's Hanover. Nay, in a month or two hence, as the Belleisle schemes got above-ground in the shape of facts, this desire became passionate, and a bargain with Prussia seemed the one thing needful. For, alas, the reader will see there comes, about that time, a second sword (the Maillebois Army, namely), pointed at one's throat from the French side of things: so that a Paladin of the Pragmatic, and Hanoverian King of

[1] 25th June 1741 (Adelung, ii. 399).

England, knows not which way to turn! George's sincerity of wish is perhaps underrated by Friedrich; who indeed knows well enough on which side George's wishes would fall, if they had liberty (which they have not), but much overrates 'the astucity' of poor George and his English; ascribing, as is often done, to fine-spun attorneyism what is mere cunctation, ignorance, negligence, and other forms of a stupidity perhaps the most honest in the world! By degrees Friedrich understood better; but he never much liked the English ways of doing business. George's desire is abundantly sincere, not wholly resting on sublime grounds; and grows more and more intense every day; but could not be gratified for a good while yet.

Coöperating with Hyndford, from the Vienna side, is Excellency Robinson; who has a still harder job of it there. Pity poor Robinson, O English reader, if you can for indignation at the business he is in. Saving the Liberties of Europe! thinks Robinson confidently: Founding the English National Debt, answers Fact; and doing Bottom the Weaver, with long ears, in the miserablest Pickleherring Tragedy that ever was!—This is the same Robinson who immortalised himself, nine or ten years ago, by the First Treaty of Vienna; thrice-salutary Treaty, which *disjoined* Austria from Bourbon-Spanish Alliances, and brought her into the arms of the grateful Sea-Powers again. Imminent Downfall of the Universe was thus, glory to Robinson, arrested for that time. And now we have the same Robinson instructed to sharpen all his faculties to the cutting pitch, and do the impossible for this new and reverse face of matters. What a change from 1731 to 1741! Bugbear of dreadful Austrian-Spanish Alliance dissolves now into sunlit clouds, encircling a beautiful Austrian Andromeda, about to be devoured for us; and the Downfall of the Universe is again imminent, from Spain and others joining *against* Austria. Oh, ye wigs, and eximious wigblocks, called right-honourable! If a man sovereign or other, were to stay well at home, and mind his

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own visible affairs, trusting a good deal that the Universe would shift for itself, might it not be better for him? Robinson, who writes rather a heavy style, but is full of inextinguishable heavy zeal withal, will have a great deal to do in these coming years. Ancestor of certain valuable Earls that now are; author of immeasurable quantities of the Diplomatic cobwebs that then were.

To a modern English reader it is very strange, that Austrian scene of things in which poor Robinson is puffing and labouring. The ineffable pride, the obstinacy, impotency, ponderous pedantry and helplessness of that dull old Court and its Hofraths, is nearly inconceivable to modern readers. Stupid dilapidation is in all departments, and has long been; all things lazily crumbling downwards, sometimes stumbling down with great plunges. Cash is done; the world rising, all round, with plunderous intentions; and hungry Ruin, you would say, coming visibly on with seven-league boots: here is little room for carrying your head high among mankind. High nevertheless they do carry it, with a grandly mournful though stolid insolent air, as if born superior to this Earth and its wisdoms and successes and multiplication-tables and iron ramrods,—really with 'a certain greatness,' says somebody, 'greatness as of great blockheadism' in themselves and their neighbours;—and, like some absurd old Hindoo Idol (crockery Idol of Somnauth, for instance, with the belly of him smashed by battle-axes, and the cartload of gold coin all run out), persuade mankind that they are a god, though in dilapidated condition. That is our first impression of the thing.

But again, better seen into, there is not wanting a certain worthily steadfast, conservative and broad-based high air (reminding you of 'Kill our own mutton, Sir!' and the ancient English Tory species), solid and loyal, though stolid. Ancient Austrian Tories, that definition will suffice for us;—and Toryism too, the reader may rely on it, is much patronised by the Upper Powers, and goes a long way in this world.

Nay, without a good solid substratum of that, what thing, with never so many ballot-boxes, stump-orators, and liberties of the subject, is capable of going at all, except swiftly to perdition? These Austrians have taken a great deal of ruining, first and last! Their relation to the then Sea-Powers, especially to England embarked on the Cause of Liberty, fills one with amazement, by no means of an idolatrous nature; and is difficult to understand at all, or to be patient with at all.

Of disposition to comply with Prussia, Robinson finds, in spite of Mollwitz and the sad experiences, no trace at Vienna. The humour at Vienna is obstinately defiant; simply to regard Friedrich as a housebreaker or thief in the night; whom they will soon deal with, were they once on foot and implements in their hand: 'Swift, ye Sea-Powers; where are the implements, the cash, that means implements?' The Young Hungarian Majesty herself is magnificently of that opinion, which is sanctioned by her Bartensteins and wisest Hofraths, with hardly a dissentient (old Sinzendorf almost alone in his contrary notion, and he soon dies). Robinson urges the dangers from France. No Hofrath here will allow himself to believe them; to believe them would be too horrible. 'Depend upon it, France's intentions are not that way. And at the worst, if France do rise against us, it is but bargaining with France; better so than bargaining with Prussia, surely. France will be contentable with something in the Netherlands; what else can she want of us? Parings from that outskirt, what are these compared with Silesia, a horrid gash into the vital parts? And what is yielding to the King of France, compared with yielding to your Prussian King!'—

It is true they have no money, these blind dull people; but are not the Sea-Powers, England especially, there, created by Nature to supply money? What else is their purpose in Creation? By Nature's law, as the Sun mounts in the Ecliptic and then falls, these Sea-Powers, in the Cause of Liberty, will furnish us money. No surrender; talk not to me of Silesia or surrender; I will die defending my inherit-

ances: what are the Sea-Powers about, that they do not furnish more money in a prompt manner? These are the things poor Robinson has to listen to: Robinson and England, it is self-evident at Vienna, have one duty, that of furnishing money. And in a prompt manner, if you please, Sir; why not prompt and abundant?

An English soul has small exhilaration, looking into those old expenditures, and bullyings for want of promptitude! But if English souls will solemnly, under high Heaven, constitute a Duke of Newcastle and a George II. their Captains of the march Heavenward, and say, without blushing for it, nay, rejoicing at it, in the face of the sun, 'You are the most godlike Two we could lay hold of for that object,'—what have English souls to expect? My consolation is, and, alas, it is a poor one, the money would have been mostly wasted any way. Buy men and gunpowder with your money, to be shot away in foreign parts, without renown or use: is that so much worse than buying ridiculous upholsteries, idle luxuries, frivolities, and in the end unbeautiful potbellies corporeal and spiritual with it, here at home? I am struck silent, looking at much that goes on under these stars;—and find that misappointment of your Captains, of your Exemplars and Guiding and Governing individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always; and that especially, as highest instance of it, which includes all the lower ones, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain, and King by the Grace of God, a gentleman who is *not* so (and *seems* to be so mainly by Malice of the Devil, and by the very great and nearly unforgiveable indifference of Mankind to resist the Devil in that particular province, for the present), is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the head mendacity capable of being done!—

As for the brave young Queen of Hungary, my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young Lady; had they left the world, and grown to

mere costume elsewhere, you might find certain of them again here. Most brave, high and pious-minded; beautiful too, and radiant with goodnature, though of temper that will easily catch fire: there is perhaps no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner; as if Heaven itself and the voice of Duty called her: 'The Inheritances which my Fathers left me, we will not part with these. Death, if it so must be; but not dishonour:—Listen not to that thief in the night!' Maria Theresa has not studied, at all, the History of the Silesian Duchies; she knows only that her Father and Grandfather peaceably held them; it was not she that sent out Seckendorf to ride 25,000 miles, or broke the heart of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Household. Pity she had not complied with Friedrich, and saved such rivers of bitterness to herself and mankind! But how could she see to do it,—especially with little George at her back, and abundance of money? This, for the present, is her method of looking at the matter; this magnanimous, heroic, and occasionally somewhat female one.

Her Husband, the Grand-Duke, an inert, but good-tempered, well-conditioned Duke after his sort, goes with her. Him we shall see try various things; and at length take to banking and merchandise, and even meal-dealing on the great scale. 'Our Armies had most part of their meal circuitously from him,' says Friedrich, of times long subsequent. Now as always he follows loyally his Wife's lead, never she his: Wife being, intrinsically as well as extrinsically, the better man, what other can he do?—Of compliance with Friedrich in this Court, there is practically no hope till after a great deal of beating have enlightened it. Out of deference to George and his ardours, they pretend some intention that way; and are 'willing to bargain, your Excellency';—no doubt of it, provided only the price were next to nothing!

And so, while the watchful edacious Hyndford is doing his best at Strehlen, poor Robinson, blown into triple activity,

corresponds in a boundless zealous manner from Vienna; and at last takes to flying personally between Strehlen and Vienna; praying the inexorable young Queen to comply a little, and then the inexorable young King to be satisfied with imaginary compliance; and has a breathless time of it indeed. His Despatches, passionately long-winded, are exceedingly stiff reading to the like of us. O reader, what things have to be read and carefully forgotten; what mountains of dust and ashes are to be dug through, and tumbled down to Orcus, to disengage the smallest fraction of truly memorable! Well if, in ten cubic miles of dust and ashes, you discover the tongue of a shoe-buckle that has once belonged to a man in the least heroic; and wipe your brow, invoking the supernal and the infernal gods. My heart's desire is to compress these Strehlen Diplomatic horse-dealings into the smallest conceivable bulk. And yet how much that is not metal, that is merely cinders, has got through: impossible to prevent,—may the infernal gods deal with it, and reduce Dryasdust to limits, one day! Here, however, are important Public News transpiring through the old Gazetteers:

'*München, July 1st*' (or in effect a few days later, when the Letters *dated* July 1st had gone through their circuitous formalities),[1] 'Karl Albert Kur-Baiern publicly declares himself Candidate for the Kaisership; as, privately, he had long been rumoured and believed to be. Kur-Baiern, they say, has of militias and regulars together about 30,000 men on foot, all posted in good places along the Austrian Frontier; and it is commonly thought, though little credible at Vienna, that he intends invading Austria as well as contesting the Election. To which the Vienna Hofrath answers in the style of "Pshaw!"—

'*Versailles, 11th July.* Extraordinary Council of State; Belleisle being there, home from Frankfurt, to take final orders, and get official fiat put upon his schemes. "All the Princes of the Blood and all the Maréchals of France attend;" question is, How the War is to be, nay, Whether War is to be at all,—so contingent is the French-Prussian Bargain, signed five weeks ago. Old Fleury, to give freedom of consultation and vote, quits the room. Some are of opinion, one Prince of the Blood emphatically so, That Pragmatic Sanction should be

[1] Adelung, ii. 421.

kept, at least War *against* it be avoided. But the contrary opinion triumphs, King himself being strongly with it; Belleisle to be supreme in field and cabinet; shall execute, like a kind of Dictator or Vice-Majesty, by his own magnificent talent, those magnificent devisings of his, glorious to France and to the King.[1] These many months, the French have been arming with their whole might. The Vienna people hear now, That an "Army of 40,000 is rumoured to be coming," or even two Armies, 40,000 each; but will not imagine that this is certain, or that it can be seriously meant against their high House, precious to gods and men. Belleisle having perfected the multiplex Army-details, rushes back to Frankfurt and his endless Diplomatic businesses (July 25th): Armies to be on actual march by the 10th of August coming. "During this Versailles visit, he had such a crowd of Officers and great people paying court to him as was like the King's Levee itself.'[2]

'*Passau, 31st July.* Passau is the Frontier Austrian City on the Donau (meeting of the Inn and Donau Valleys); a place of considerable strength, and a key or great position for military purposes. Austrian, or Quasi-Austrian; for, like Salzburg, it has a Bishop claiming some imaginary sovereignties, but always holds with Austria. July 31st, early in the morning, a Bavarian Exciseman ("Salt-Inspector") applied at the gate of Passau for admission; gate was opened;—along with the Exciseman "certain peasants" (disguised Bavarian soldiers) pushed in; held the gate choked, till General Minuzzi, Karl Albert's General, with horse, foot, cannon, who had been lurking close by, likewise pushed in; and at once seized the Town. Town speedily secured, Minuzzi informs the Bishop, who lives in his Schloss of Oberhaus (strongish place on a Hill-top, other side the Donau), That he likewise, under pain of bombardment, must admit garrison. The poor Bishop hesitates; but, finding bombardment actually ready for him, yields in about two hours. Karl Albert publishes his Manifesto, "in forty-five pages folio"[3] (to the effect, "All Austria mine; or as good as all,—if I liked!"); and fortifies himself in Passau. "Insidious, nefarious!" shrieks Austria, in Counter-Manifesto; calculates privately it will soon settle Karl Albert,—"Unless, O Heavens, France with Prussia did mean to back him!"—and begins to have misgivings, in spite of itself.'

Misgivings, which soon became fatal certainties. Robinson records, doubtless on sure basis, though not dating it, a curious piece of stage-effect in the form of reality: 'On hearing, beyond possibility of doubt, that Prussia, France

[1] Adelung, ii. 417, 418; see also Raumer, p. 104 (if you can for his date, which is given in *Old style* as if it were in New; a very eclipsing method!).

[2] Barbier, ii. 305. [3] Adelung, ii. 426.

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and Bavaria had combined, the whole Aulic Council,' Vienna Hofrath in a body, 'fell back into their chairs' (and metaphorically into Robinson's arms) 'like dead men!'[1] Sat staring there;—the wind struck out of them, but not all the folly by a great deal. Now, however, is Robinson's time to ply them.

Excellency Robinson has Audience of Friedrich (Camp of Strehlen, 7th August 1741)

By unheard-of entreaties and conjurations, aided by these strokes of fate, Robinson has at length extorted from his Queen of Hungary, and her wise Hofraths, something resembling a phantasm of compliance; with which he hurries to Breslau and Hyndford; hoping against hope that Friedrich will accept it as a reality. Gets to Breslau on the 3d of August; thence to Strehlen, consulting much with Hyndford upon this phantasm of a compliance. Hyndford looks but heavily upon it;—from us, in this place, far be it to look at all:—alas, this is the famed Scene they Two had at Strehlen with Friedrich, on Monday August 7th; reported by the faithful pen of Robinson, and vividly significant of Friedrich, were it but compressed to the due pitch. We will give it in the form of Dialogue: the thing of itself falls naturally into the Dramatic, when the flabby parts are cut away;—and was perhaps worthier of a Shakspeare than of a Robinson, all facts of it considered, in a light they have since got.

Scene is Friedrich's Tent, Prussian Camp in the neighbourhood of the little Town of Strehlen: time 11 o'clock A.M. Personages of it, Two British subjects in the high Diplomatic line: ponderous Scotch Lord of an edacious gloomy countenance; florid Yorkshire Gentleman with important Proposals in his pocket. Costume, frizzled peruke powdered; frills, wrist-frills and other; shoe-buckles, flapped waistcoat, court-coat of antique cut and much trimming: all this shall be conceived by the

[1] Raumer, p. 104.

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reader. Tight young Gentleman in Prussian military uniform, blue coat, buff breeches, boots; with alert flashing eyes, and careless elegant bearing, salutes courteously, raising his plumed hat. Podewils in common dress, who has entered escorting the other Two, sits rather to rearward, taking refuge beside the writing apparatus.—First passages of the Dialogue I omit: mere pickeerings and beatings about the bush, before we come to close quarters. For Robinson, the florid Yorkshire Gentleman, is charged to offer,—what thinks the reader?—two million guilders, about 200,000*l.*, if that will satisfy this young military King with the alert eyes!

Robinson. * * 'Two hundred thousand pounds sterling, if your Majesty will be pleased to retire out of Silesia, and renounce this enterprise!'

King. 'Retire out of Silesia? And for money? Do you take me for a beggar! Retire out of Silesia, which has cost me so much treasure and blood in the conquest of it? No, Monsieur, no; that is not to be thought of! If you have no better proposals to make, it is not worth while talking.' "These words were accompanied with threatening gestures and marks of great anger;" considerably staggering to the Two Diplomatic British gentlemen, and of evil omen to Robinson's phantasm of a compliance. Robinson apologetically hums and hahs, flounders through the bad bit of road as he can; flounderingly indicates that he has more to offer.

King. 'Let us see then (*voyons*), what is there more?'

Robinson (with preliminary flourishings and flounderings, yet confidently, as now tabling his best card). * * 'Permitted to offer your Majesty the whole of Austrian Guelderland; lies contiguous to your Majesty's Possessions in the Rhine Country; important completion of these: I am permitted to say, the whole of Austrian Guelderland!'—Important indeed: a dirty stripe of moorland (if you look in Büsching), about equivalent to half a dozen parishes in Connemara.

King. 'What do you mean?' (turning to Podewils)—'*Qu'est-ce que nous manque de toute la Gueldre* (How much of Guelderland is theirs, and not ours already)?'

Podewils. 'Almost nothing (*Presque rien*).'

King (to Robinson). '*Voici encore de geuseries* (more rags and rubbish yet)! *Quoi*, such a paltry scraping (*bicoque*) as that, for all my just claims in Silesia? Monsieur—!'— "His Majesty's indignation increased here, all the more as I kept a profound silence during his hot expressions, and did not speak at all except to beg his Majesty's reflection upon what I had said."—'Reflection?' asks the King, with eyes dangerous to behold;—"My Lord," continues Robinson, heavily narrative, "his contempt of what I had said was so great," kicking his boot through Guelderland and the guelders as the most contemptible of objects, "and

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was expressed in such violent terms, that now, if ever (as your Lordship perceives), it was time to make the last effort;" play our trump-card down at once; "a moment longer was not to be lost, to hinder the King from dismissing us;" which sad destiny is still too probable, after the trump-card. Trump-card is this:

Robinson. * * 'The whole Duchy of Limburg, your Majesty! It is a Duchy which—' "I extolled the Duchy to the utmost, described it in the most favourable terms; and added, that 'the Elector Palatine' (old Kur-Pfalz, on one occasion) 'had been willing to give the whole Duchy of Berg for it.'"

Podewils. 'Pardon, Monsieur: that is not so; the contrary of so; Kur-Pfalz was not ready to give Berg for it!'—(We are not deep in German History, we British Diplomatic gentlemen, who are squandering, now and of old, so much money on it! The Aulic Council "falls into our arms like dead men"; but it is certain the Elector Palatine was not ready to give Berg in that kind of exchange.)

King. 'It is inconceivable to me how Austria should dare to think of such a thing. Limburg? Are there not solemn Engagements upon Austria, sanctioned and again sanctioned by all the world, which render every inch of ground in the Netherlands inalienable?'

Robinson. 'Engagements good as against the French, your Majesty. Otherwise the Barrier Treaty, confirmed at Utrecht, was for our behoof and Holland's.'

King. 'That is your present interpretation. But the French pretend it was an arrangement more in their favour than against them.'

Robinson. 'Your Majesty, by a little Engineer Art, could render Limburg impregnable to the French or others.'

King. 'Have not the least desire to aggrandise myself in those parts, or spend money fortifying there. Useless to me. Am not I fortifying Brieg and Glogau? These are enough, for one who intends to live well with his neighbours. Neither the Dutch nor the French have offended me; nor will I them by acquisitions in the Netherlands. Besides, who would guarantee them?'

Robinson. 'The Proposal is to give guarantees at once.'

King. 'Guarantees! Who minds or keeps guarantees in this age? Has not France guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction; has not England? Why don't you all fly to the Queen's succour?'—Robinson, inclined to pout, if he durst, intimates that perhaps there will be succourers one day yet.

King. 'And pray, Monsieur, who are they?'

Robinson. 'Hm, hm, your Majesty . . . . Russia, for example, which Power with reference to Turkey— —'

King. 'Good, Sir, good (*beau, Monsieur, beau*), the Russians! It is

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not proper to explain myself; but I have means for the Russians' (a Swedish War just coming upon Russia, to keep its hand in use; so diligent have the French been in that quarter!).

Robinson (with some emphasis, as a Britannic gentleman). 'Russia is not the only Power that has engagements with Austria, and that must keep them too! So that, however averse to a breach—'

King ("laying his finger on his nose," mark him;—aloud, and with such eyes). 'No threats, Sir, if you please! No threats' ("in a loud voice," finger to nose, and with such eyes looking in upon me).

Hyndford (heavily coming to the rescue). 'Am sure his Excellency is far from such meaning, Sire. His Excellency will advance nothing so very contrary to his Instructions.'—"Podewils too put in something proper" in the appeasing way.

Robinson. 'Sire, I am not talking of what this Power or that means to do; but of what will come of itself. To prophesy is not to threaten, Sire! It is my zeal for the Public that brought me hither; and—'

King. 'The Public will be much obliged to you, Monsieur! But hear me. With respect to Russia, you know how matters stand. From the King of Poland I have nothing to fear. As for the King of England,—he is my relation' (dear Uncle, in the Pawnbroker sense), 'he is my all: if he don't attack me, I won't him. And if he do, the Prince of Anhalt' (Old Dessauer out of Göttin yonder) 'will take care of him.'

Robinson. 'The common news now is' (rumour in Diplomatic circles, rather below the truth this time), 'your Majesty, after the 12th of August, will join the French.' (King looks fixedly at him in silence.) 'Sire, I venture to hope not! Austria prefers your friendship; but if your Majesty disdain Austria's advances, what is it to do? Austria must throw itself entirely into the hands of France,—and endeavour to outbid your Majesty.' (King quite silent.)

"King was quite silent upon this head," says Robinson, reporting: silence, guesses Robinson, founded most probably upon his "consciousness of guilt"—what I, florid Yorkshire Gentleman, call *guilt*, as being against the Cause of Liberty and us! "From time to time he threw out remarks on the advantageousness of his situation:"—

King. * * 'At the head of such an Army, which the Enemy has already made experience of; and which is ready for the Enemy again, if he have appetite! With the Country which alone I am concerned with, conquered and secured behind me; a Country that alone lies convenient to me; which is all I want, which I now have; which I will and must keep! Shall I be bought out of this country? Never! I will sooner perish in it, with all my troops. With what face shall I meet my

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Ancestors, if I abandon my right, which they have transmitted to me? My first enterprise; and to be given up lightly?'—With more of the like sort; which Friedrich, in writing of it long after, seems rather ashamed of; and would fain consider to have been mock fustian, provoked by the real fustian of Sir Thomas Robinson, "who negotiated in a wordy high-droning way, as if he were speaking in Parliament," says Friedrich (a Friedrich not taken with that style of eloquence, and hoping he rather quizzed it than was serious with it,[1]—though Robinson and Hyndford found in him no want of vehement seriousness, but rather the reverse!)—He concludes: 'Have I need of Peace? Let those who need it give me what I want; or let them fight me again, and be beaten again. Have not they given whole Kingdoms to Spain?' (Naples, at one swoop, to the Termagant; as broken glass, in that Polish-Election freak!) 'And to me they cannot spare a few trifling Principalities? If the Queen does not now grant me all I require, I shall in four weeks demand Four Principalities more!' (Nay, I now do it, being in sibylline tune.) 'I now demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included;—and with that Answer you can return to Vienna.'

Robinson. 'With that Answer: is your Majesty serious?'

King. 'With that.' A most vehement young King; no negotiating with him, Sir Thomas! It is like negotiating for the Sibyl's Books: the longer you bargain, the higher he will rise. In four weeks' time he will demand Four Principalities more; nay, already demands them, the whole of Lower Silesia and Breslau. A precious negotiation I have made of it! Sir Thomas, wide-eyed, asks a second time:

Robinson. 'Is that your Majesty's deliberate Answer?'

King. 'Yes, I say! That is my Answer; and I will never give another.'

Hyndford and *Robinson* (much flurried, to Podewils). 'Your Excellency, please to comprehend, the Proposals from Vienna were—'

King. 'Messieurs, Messieurs, it is of no use even to think of it.' "And taking off his hat," slightly raising his hat, as salutation and finale, "he retired precipitately behind the curtain of the interior corner of the tent," says the reporter: *Exit* King!

Robinson (totally flurried, to Podewils). 'Your Excellency, France will abandon Prussia, will sacrifice Prussia to self-interest.'

Podewils. 'No, no! France will not deceive us; we have not deceived France.' (*Scene closes; curtain falls.*)[2]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 84.

[2] State-Paper Office (Robinson to Harrington, Breslau, 9th August 1741); Raumer, pp. 106-110. Compare *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 84; and Valori, i. 119, 122.

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The unsuccessfulest negotiation well imaginable by a public man. Strehlen, Monday 7th August 1741:—Friedrich has vanished into the interior of his tent; and the two Diplomatic gentlemen, the wind struck out of them in this manner, remain gazing at one another. Here truly is a young Royal gentleman that knows his own mind, while so many do not. Unspeakable imbroglio of negotiations, mostly insane, welters over all the Earth; the Belleisles, the Aulic Councils, the British Georges, heaping coil upon coil: and here, notably, in that now so extremely sordid murk of wiggeries, inane diplomacies and solemn deliriums, dark now and obsolete to all creatures, steps forth one little Human Figure, with something of sanity in it; like a star, like a gleam of steel,—shearing asunder your big balloons, and letting-out their diplomatic hydrogen;—salutes with his hat, 'Gentlemen, Gentlemen, it is of no use!' and vanishes into the interior of his tent. It is to Excellency Robinson, among all the sons of Adam then extant, that we owe this interesting Passage of History,—authentic glimpse, face to face, of the young Friedrich in those extraordinary circumstances: every feature substantially as above, and recognisable for true. Many Despatches his Excellency wrote in this world,—sixty or eighty volumes of them still left,—but among them is this One: the angriest of mankind cannot say that his Excellency lived and embassied quite in vain!

The Two Britannic Gentlemen, both on that distressing Monday and the day following, had the honour to dine with the King; who seemed in exuberant spirits; cutting and bantering to right and left; upon the Court of Vienna, among other topics, in a way which I Robinson 'will not repeat to your Lordship.' Bade me, for example, 'As you pass through Neisse, make my compliments to Marshal Neipperg; and you can say, Excellency Robinson, that I hope to have the pleasure of calling, one of these days!'—Podewils, who was civil, pressed us much to stay over Wednesday the 9th. 'On Thursday is to be a Grand Review, one of the finest military

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sights; to which the Excellencies from Breslau, one and all, are coming out.' But we, having our Despatches and Expresses on hand, pleaded business, and declined, in spite of Podewils's urgencies. And set off for Breslau, Wednesday morning,—meeting various Excellencies, by degrees all the Excellencies, on the road for that Review we have heard of.

Readers must accept this Robinsoniad as the last of Friedrich's Diplomatic performances at Strehlen, which in effect it nearly was; and from these instances imagine his way in such things. Various Letters there are, to Jordan principally, some to Algarotti; both of whom he still keeps at Breslau, and sends for, if there is like to be an hour of leisure. The Letters indicate cheerfulness of humour, even levity, in the Writer; which is worth noting in this wild clash of things now tumbling round him, and looking to him as its centre: but they otherwise, though heartily and frankly written, are, to Jordan and us, as if written from the teeth outward; and throw no light whatever either on things befalling, or on Friedrich's humour under them. Reading diligently, we do notice one thing, That the talk about 'fame (*gloire*)' has died out. Not the least mention now of *gloire*;—perception now, most probably, that there are other things than '*gloire*' to be had by taking arms; and that War is a terribly grave thing, lightly as one may go into it at first! This small inference we do negatively draw, from the Friedrich Correspondence of those months: and except this, and the levity of humour noticeable, we practically get no light whatever from it; the practical soul and soul's business of Friedrich being entirely kept veiled there, as usual.

And veiled, too, in such a way that you do not notice any veil,—the young King being, as we often intimate, a master in this art. Which useful circumstance has done him much ill with readers and mankind. For if you intend to interest readers,—that is to say, idle neighbours, and fellow-creatures in need of gossip,—there is nothing like unveiling yourself:

witness Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and many other poor waste creatures, going off in self-conflagration, for amusement of the parish, in that manner. But may not a man have something other on hand with his Existence than that of 'setting fire to it' (such the process terribly *is*), 'to show the people a fine play of colours, and get himself applauded, and pathetically blubbered over?' Alas, my friends!—

It is certain there was seldom such a life-element as this of Friedrich's in Summer 1741. Here is the enormous jumbling of a World broken loose; boiling as in very chaos; asking of him, him more than any other, 'How? What?' Enough to put *gloire* out of his head; and awaken thoughts, —terrors, if you were of apprehensive turn! Surely no young man of twenty-nine more needed all the human qualities than Friedrich now. The threatenings, the seductions, big Belleisle hallucinations,—the perils to you infinite, if you *miss* the road. Friedrich did not miss it, as is well known; he managed to pick it out from that enormous jumble of the elements, and victoriously arrived by it, he alone of them all. Which is evidence of silent or latent faculty in him, still more wonderful than the loud resounding ones of which the world has heard. Probably there was not, in his history, any chapter more significant of human faculty than this, which is not on record at all.

CHAPTER III

GRAND REVIEW AT STREHLEN: NEIPPERG TAKES AIM AT BRESLAU, BUT ANOTHER HITS IT

A DAY or two before that famous Audience of Hyndford and Robinson's, Neipperg had quitted his impregnable Camp at Neisse, and taken the field again; in the hope of perhaps helping Robinson's Negotiation by an inverse method. Should Robinson's offers not prove attractive enough, as is to be

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feared, a push from behind may have good effects. Neipperg intends to have a stroke on Breslau; to twitch Breslau out of Friedrich's hands, by a private manœuvre on new resources that have offered themselves.[1]

In Breslau, which is by great majority Protestant in creed and warmly Prussian in temper, there has been no oppression or unfair usage heard of to any class of persons; and certainly in the matter of Protestant and Catholic, there has been perfect equality observed. True, the change from favour and ascendency to mere equality, is not in itself welcome to human creatures:—one conceives, for various reasons of lower and higher nature, a minority of discontented individuals in Breslau, zealous for their creed and old perquisites sacred and profane; who long in secret, sometimes vocally to one another, for the good old times,—when souls were *not* liable to perish wholesale, and people guilty only of loyalty and orthodoxy to be turned out of their offices on suspicion. Friedrich says, it was mainly certain zealous Old Ladies of Quality who went into this adventure; and from whispering to one another, got into speaking, into meeting in one another's houses for the purpose of concerting and contriving.[2] Zealous Old Ladies of Quality,—these we consider were the Talking-Apparatus or Secret-Parliament of the thing: but it is certain one or two Official Gentlemen (Syndic Gutzmar for instance, and others *not* yet become Ex-Official) had active hand in it, and furnished the practical ideas.

Continual Correspondence there was with Vienna, by those Old Ladies; Gutzmar and the others shy of putting pen to paper, and only doing it where indispensable. Zealous Addresses go to her Hungarian Majesty, 'Oh, may the Blessed Virgin assist your Majesty!'—accompanied, it is said, with Subscriptions of money (poor old souls); and what is much more dangerous and feasible, there goes prompt notice to Neipperg of everything the Prussian Army undertakes, and the Postscript always, 'Come and deliver us, your Excellency.'

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i 982, and ii. 227. [2] *Œuvres*, ii. 82, 83.

Of these latter Documents, I have heard of some with Syndic Gutzmar's and other Official hands to them. Generally such things can, through accidental Pandour channels, were there no other, easily reach Neipperg; though they do not always. Enough, could Neipperg appear at the Gates of Breslau, in some concerted night-hour, or push-out suitable Detachment on forced-march that way,—it is evident to him he would be let in; might smother the few Prussians that are in the Dom Island, and get possession of the Enemy's principal Magazine and the Metropolis of the Province. Might not the Enemy grow more tractable to Robinson's seductions in such case?

Neipperg marches from Neisse (1st-6th August) with his whole Army; first some thirty miles westward up the right or southern bank of the Neisse; then crosses the Neisse, and circles round to northward, giving Friedrich wide room:[1] that night of Robinson's Audience, when Friedrich was so merry at dinner, Neipperg was engaged in crossing the River; the second night after, Neipperg lay encamped and entrenched at Baumgarten (old scene of Friedrich's Pandour Adventure), while Hyndford and Robinson had got back to Breslau. In another day or so, he may hope to be within forced-march of Breslau, to detach Feldmarschall Browne or some sharp head; and to do a highly considerable thing?

Unluckily for Neipperg's Adventure, the Prussians had wind of it, some time ago. They have got 'a false Sister smuggled into that Old-Ladies' Committee,' who has duly reported progress; nay, they have intercepted something in Syndic Gutzmar's own hand; and everything is known to Friedrich. The Protestant population, and generally the practical quiet part of the Breslauers, are harassed with suspicion of some such thing, but can gain no certainty, nor understand what to do. Protestants especially, who have been so zealous, 'who were seen dropping down on the streets to pray, while the muffled thunder came from Mollwitz that day,'[2]—fancy how it would now be, were the tables suddenly

[1] Orlich, i. 130, 133.

[2] Ranke, ii. 289.

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turned, and indignant Orthodoxy made supreme again, with memory fresh! But, in fact, there is no danger whatever to them. Schwerin has orders about Breslau; Schwerin and the Young Dessauer are maturely considering how to manage.

Readers recollect how Podewils pressed the two Britannic Excellencies to stay in Strehlen a day or two longer: 'Grand review, with festivities, just on hand; whole of the Foreign Ministers in Breslau invited out to see it,'—though Hyndford and Robinson would not consent; but left on the 9th, meeting the others at different points of the road. Next day, Thursday 10th August, was in fact a great day at Strehlen; grand muster, manœuvring of cavalry above all, whom Friedrich is delighted to find so perfect in their new methods; riding as if they were centaurs, horse and man one entity; capable of plunging home, at full gallop, in coherent masses upon an enemy, and doing some good with him. 'Neipperg's Croat-people, and out-pickets on the distant Hill-sides, witnessed these manœuvres,'[1] I know not with what criticism. Furthermore, about noon time, there was heard (mark it, reader) a distant cannon-shot, one and no more, from the Northern side; which gave his Majesty a lively pleasure, though he treated it as nothing. All the Foreign Ministers were on the ground; doubtless with praises, so far as receivable; and in the afternoon came festivities not a few. A great day in Strehlen:—but in Breslau a much greater; which explained, to our Two Excellencies, why Podewils had been so pressing!

August 10th, at six in the morning, Schwerin, and under him the Young Dessauer,—who had arrived in the South-Western suburbs of Breslau overnight, with 8,000 foot and horse, and had posted themselves in a vigilant Anti-Neipperg manner there, and laid all their plans,—appear at the Nicolai Gate; and demand, in the common way, transit for their regiments and baggages: 'bound Northward,' as appears;

[1] Ranke, ii. 288.

'to Leubus,' where something of Pandour sort has fallen out. So many troops or companies at a time, that is the rule; one quotity of companies you admit; then close and bolt, till it have marched across and out at the opposite Gate; after which, open again for a second lot. But in this case,—owing to accident (very unusual) of a baggage-wagon breaking down, and people hurrying to help it forward,—the whole regiment gets in, escorted as usual by the Townguard. Whole regiment; and marches, not straight through; but at a certain corner, strikes off leftward to the Marketplace; where, singular to say, it seems inclined to pause and rearrange itself a little. Nay, more singular still, other regiments (owing to like accidents), from other Gates, join it;—and—in fact—'Herr Major of the Townguard, in the King's name, you are required to ground arms!' What can the Town Major do; Prussian grenadiers, cannoneers, gravely environing him? He sticks his sword into the scabbard, an Ex-Town Major; and Breslau City is become Friedrich's, softly like a movement during drill.[1]

Not the least mistake occurred. Cannon with case-shot planted themselves in all the thoroughfares, Horse-patrols went circulating everywhere; Town-arsenal, gates, walls, are laid hold of; Townguards all disarmed, rather 'with laughter on their part' than otherwise: 'Majesty perhaps will give us muskets of his own;—well!' The operation altogether did not last above an hour-and-half, and nobody's skin got scratched. Towards 9 A.M. Schwerin summoned the Town Dignitaries to their Rathhaus to swear fealty; who at once complied; and on his stepping out with proposal, to the general population, of 'a cheer for King Friedrich, Duke of Lower Silesia,' the poor people rent the skies with their 'Friedrich and Silesia for ever!' which they repeated, I think, seven times. Upon which Schwerin fired off his signal-cannon, pointing to the South; where other posts and cannons took up the sound, and pushed it forward, till, as we noticed,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 982, ii. 227-268; Adelung, ii. 439; Stenzel, iv. 152.

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it got to Friedrich in few minutes, on the review-ground at Strehlen; right welcome to him, among the manœuvrings there. Protestant Breslau or cordwainer Döblin cannot lament such a result; still less dare the devout Old Ladies of Quality openly lament, who are trembling to the heart, poor old creatures; though no evil came of it to them; penitent, let-off for the fright; checking even their aspirations henceforth.

Syndic Gutzmar and the peccant Officials being summoned out to Strehlen, it had been asked of them, 'Do you know this Letter?' Upon which they fell on their knees, '*Ach Ihro Majestät!*' unable to deny their handwriting; yet anxious to avoid death on the scaffold, as Friedrich said was usual under such behaviour; and were sent home, after a few hours of arrest.[1] Schwerin (as King's substitute till the King himself one day arrive) continued to take the Homaging, and to make the many new arrangements needful. All which went off in a soft and pleasantly harmonious manner;—only the Jesuits scrupling a little to swear as yet; and getting gently sent their ways, with revenues stopt in consequence. Otherwise the swearing, which lasted for several days, was to appearance a joyful process, and on the part of the general population an enthusiastic one, '*Es lebe König Friedrich!*' rising to the welkin with insatiable emphasis, seven times over, on the least signal given. Neipperg's Adventure, and Orthodox Female Parliament, have issued in this sadly reverse manner.

Robinson and Hyndford have to witness these phenomena; Robinson to shoot off for Presburg again, with the worst news in the world. Queen and Hofraths have been waiting in agony of suspense, 'Will Friedrich bargain on those gentle terms, and help us with 100,000 men?' Far from it, my friends; how far! 'My most important intelligence,' writes the Russian Envoy there, some days ago,[2] 'is, that a Bavarian

[1] Orlich, i. 134; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 228.

[2] '5th August 1741,' not said to whom (in Ranke, ii. 324 *n.*).

War has broken out, that Kur-Baiern is in Passau. God grant that Monsieur Robinson may succeed in his negotiation! All here are in the completest irresolution, and total inactivity, till Monsieur Robinson return, or at least send news of himself.'

CHAPTER IV

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE FIELD AGAIN, INTENT ON HAVING NEISSE

THIS Breslau Adventure, which had yielded Friedrich so important an acquisition, was furthermore the cause of ending these Strehlen inactivities, and of recommencing field operations. August 11th, Neipperg, provoked by the grievous news just come from Breslau, pushes suddenly forward on Schweidnitz, by way of consolation; Schweidnitz, not so strong as it might be made, where the Prussians have a principal Magazine: 'One might at least seize that?' thinks Neipperg, in his vexed humour. But here too Friedrich was beforehand with him; broke out, rapidly enough, to Reichenbach, westward, which bars the Neipperg road to Schweidnitz: upon which,—or even before which (on rumour of it coming, which was not *yet* true),—Neipperg, half-done with his first day's march, called halt; prudently turned back, and hastened, Baumgarten way, to his strong Camp at Frankenstein again. His hope in the Schweidnitz direction had lasted only a few hours; a hope springing on the mere spur of pique, soon recognisable by him as futile; and now anxieties for self-preservation had succeeded it on Neipperg's part. For now Friedrich actually advances on him, in a menacing manner, hardly hoping Neipperg will fight; but determined to have done with the Neisse business, in spite of strong camps and cunctations, if it be possible.[1]

[1] Orlich, i. 137, 138.

13th Sept. 1741]

It was August 16th, when Friedrich stirred out of Strehlen; August 21st, when he encamped at Reichenbach. Till September 7th, he kept manœuvring upon Neipperg, who countermanœuvred with vigilance, good judgment, and would not come to action: September 7th, Friedrich, weary of these hagglings, dashed off for Neisse itself, hoped to be across Neisse River, and be between Neisse Town and Neipperg, before Neipperg could get up. There would then be no method of preventing the Siege of Neisse, except by a Battle: so Friedrich had hoped; but Neipperg again proved vigilant.

Accordingly, September 11th, Friedrich's Vanguard was actually across the Neisse; had crossed at a place called Woitz, and had there got Two Pontoon Bridges ready, when Friedrich, in the evening, came up with the main Army, intending to cross;—and was astonished to find Neipperg taking-up position, in intricate ground, near by, on the opposite side! Ground so intricate, hills, bogs, bushes of wood, and so close upon the River, there was no crossing possible; and Friedrich's Vanguard had to be recalled. Two days of waiting, of earnest ocular study; no possibility visible. On the third day, Friedrich, gathering-in his pontoons overnight, marched off, down stream, Neissewards, but on the left or north bank of the River; passed Neisse Town (the River between him and it); and encamped at Gross Neundorf, several miles from Neipperg and the River. Neipperg, at an equal step, has been wending towards his old Camp, which lies behind Neisse, between Neisse and the Hills: there, a river in front, dams and muddy inundations all round him, begirt with plentiful Pandours, Neipperg waits what Friedrich will attempt from Gross Neundorf.

From Gross Neundorf, Friedrich persists twelve days (13th-25th September), studying, endeavouring; mere impossibility ahead. And by this time (what is much worth noting), Hyndford, silently quitting Breslau, has got back to these scenes of war, occasionally visible in Friedrich's Camp again; —on important mysterious business; which will have results.

Valori also is here in camp; these two Excellencies jealously eyeing one another; both of them with teeth rather on edge, —Europe having suddenly got into such a plunge (as if the highest mountains were falling into the deepest seas), since Friedrich began this Neipperg problem of his;—in which, after twelve days, he sees mere impossibility ahead.

On the twelfth day, Friedrich privately collects himself for a new method; marches, soon after midnight,[1] fifteen miles down the River (which goes northward in this part, as the reader may remember); crosses, with all his appurtenances, unmolested; and takes camp a few miles inland, or on the right bank, and facing towards Neisse again. He intends to be in upon Neipperg from the rear quarter; and cut him off from Mähren and his daily convoys of food. 'Daily food cut off,—the thickest-skinned rhinoceros, the wildest lion, cannot stand that: here, for Neipperg, is one point on which all his embankments and mud-dams will not suffice him?' thinks Friedrich. Certain preliminary operations, and military indispensabilities, there first are for Friedrich,—Town of Oppeln to be got, which commands the Oder, our rearward highway; Castle of Friedland, and the country between Oder and Neisse Rivers:—while these preliminary things are being done (September 28th—October 3d), Friedrich in person gradually pushes forward towards Neipperg, reconnoitring, bickering with Croats: October 3d, preliminaries done, Neipperg's rear had better look to itself.

Neipperg, well enough seeing what was meant, has by this time come out of his mud-dams and impregnabilities; and advanced a few miles towards Friedrich. Neipperg lies now encamped in the Hamlet of Griesau, a little way behind Steinau,—poor Steinau, which the reader saw on fire one night, when Friedrich and we were in those parts, in Spring last. Friedrich's Camp is about five miles from Neipperg's on the other side of Steinau. A tolerable champaign country; I should think, mostly in stubble at this season. Nearly

[1] 26th September, 2 A.M.: Orlich, i. 144.

22d Sept. 1741]

midway between these two Camps is a pretty Schloss called Klein-Schnellendorf, occupied by Neipperg's Croats just now, of which Prince Lobkowitz (he, if I remember, but it matters nothing), an Austrian General of mark, far away at present, is proprietor.

Friedrich's Oppeln preparations are about complete; and he intends to advance straightway. 'Hold, for Heaven's sake, your Majesty!' exclaims Hyndford; getting hold of him one day (waylaying him, in fact; for it is difficult, owing to Valori); 'Wait, wait; I have just been to the—to the Camp of Neipperg,' silently gesticulates Hyndford: 'Within a week all shall be right; and not a drop of blood shed!' Friedrich answers, by silence chiefly, to the effect, 'Tush, tush'; but not quite negatively, and does in effect wait. We had better give the snatch of Dialogue in primitive authentic form; date is, Camp of Neundorf, September 22d:

'*Friedrich* (pausing impatiently, on the way towards his tent). "*Milord, de quoi s'agit-il à présent* (What is it now, then)?"

'*Hyndford*. "Should much desire to have some assurance from your Majesty with regard to that neutrality of Hanover you were pleased to promise." All else is coming right; hastening towards beautiful settlement, were that settled.

'*Friedrich*. "Have not I great reason to be dissatisfied with your Court? Britannic Majesty, as King of England and as Elector of Hanover, is wonderful! Milord, when you say a thing is white, Schweichelt, the Hanoverian Excellency, calls it black, and *vice versâ*. But I will do your King no harm; none, I say! Follow me to dinner; dinner is cold by this time; and we have made more than one person think of us. Swift!" (and *exit*).'[1]

This is a strange motion on the part of Hyndford; but Friedrich, severely silent to it, understands it very well; as readers soon will, when they hear farther. But marvellous things have happened on the sudden! In these three weeks, since the Camp of Strehlen broke up, there have been such Events; strategic, diplomatic: a very avalanche of ruin, hurling Austria down to the Nadir;—of which it is now fit

[1] Hyndford's Despatch, Neisse, 4th October 1741.

that the reader have some faint conception, an adequate not being possible for him or me:

'*August* 15*th*, 1741. Robinson reappears in Presburg; and precious surely are the news he brings to an Aulic Council fallen back in its chairs, and staring with the wind struck out of it. Their expected Seizure of Breslau gone heels over head, in that way; Friedrich imperiously resolute, gleaming like the flash of steel amid these murky imbecilities, and without the Cession of Silesia no Peace to be made with him! And all this is as nothing, to news which arrives just on the back of Robinson, from another quarter.

'*August* 15*th*-21*st*. French Army of 40,000 men, special Army of Belleisle, sedulously equipt and completed, visibly crosses the Rhine at Fort Louis (an Island Fortress in the Rhine, thirty miles below Strasburg; *stones* of it are from the old Schloss of Hagenau);—steps over deliberately there; and on the sixth day is all on German ground. These troops, to be commanded by Belleisle, so soon as he can join them, are to be the Elector of Bavaria's troops, Kur-Baiern Generalissimo over Belleisle and them;[1] and they are on rapid march to join that ambitious Kurfürst, in his Passau Expedition; and probably submerge Vienna itself.

'And what is this we hear farther, O Robinson, O Excellencies Hyndford, Schweichelt and Company: That another French Army, of the same strength, under Maillebois, has in the self-same days gone across the Lower Rhine (at Kaiserswörth, an hour's ride below Düsseldorf)! At Kaiserswörth; ostensibly for comforting and strengthening Kur-Köln (the lanky Ecclesiastical Gentleman, Kur-Baiern's Brother), their excellent ally, should anybody meddle with him. Ostensibly for this; but in reality to keep the Sea-Powers, and especially George of England quiet. It marches towards Osnabrück, this Maillebois Army; quarters itself up and down, looking over into Hanover,—able to eat Hanover, especially if joined by the Prussians and Old Leopold, at any moment.

'These things happen in this month of August, close upon the rear of that steel-shiny scene in the Tent at Strehlen, where Friedrich lifted his hat, saying, "'Tis of no use, Messieurs!"—which was followed by the seizure of Breslau the wrong way. Never came such a cataract of evil news on an Aulic Council before. The poor proud people, all these months they have been sitting torpid, helpless, loftily stupid, like dumb idols; "in flat despair," as Robinson says once, "only without the strength to be desperate."

'Sure enough the Sea-Powers are checkmated now. Let them make the least attempt in favour of the Queen, if they dare. Holland can be

[1] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, ii. 264.

[16th Aug.-22d Sept. 1741]
overrun, from Osnabrück quarter, at a day's warning. Little George has his Hanoverians, his subsidised Hessians, Danes, in Hanover, his English on Lexden Heath: let him come one step over the marches, Maillebois and the Old Dessauer swallow him. It is a surprising stroke of theatrical-practical Art; brought about, to old Fleury's sorrow, by the genius of Belleisle, and they say of Madame Châteauroux; enough to strike certain Governing Persons breathless, for some time; and denotes that the Universal Hurricane, or World-Tornado, has broken out. It is not recorded of little George that he fell back in his chair, or stared wider than usual with those fish-eyes: but he discerned well, glorious little man, that here is left no shadow of a chance by fighting; that he will have to sit stock-still, under awful penalties; and that if Maria Theresa will escape destruction, she must make her peace with Friedrich at any price.'

This fine event, 80,000 French actually across the Rhine, happened in the very days while Friedrich and Neipperg had got into wrestle again,—Neipperg just off from that rash march for Schweidnitz, and whirling back on rumour (15th August), while the first instalment of the French were getting over. Friedrich must admit that the French fulfil their promises so far. A week ago or more, they made the Swedes declare War against Russia, as covenanted. War is actually declared, at Stockholm, August 4th, the Faction of Hats prevailing over that of Nightcaps, after terrible debates and efforts about the mere declaring of it, as if that alone were the thing needed. We mentioned this War already, and would not willingly again. One of the most contemptible Wars ever declared or carried on; but useful to Friedrich, as keeping Russia off his hands, at a critical time, and conclusively forbidding help to Austria from that quarter.

Maréchal de Belleisle, wrapt in Diplomatic and Electioneering business, cannot personally take command for the present; but has excellent lieutenants,—one of whom is Comte de Saxe, Moritz our old friend, afterwards Maréchal de Saxe. Among the finest French Armies, this of Belleisle's is thought to be, that ever took the field: so many of our Nobility in it, and what best Officers, Ségurs, Saxes, future Maréchals, we have. Army full of spirit and splendour;

come to cut Germany in Four, and put France at last in its place in the Universe. Here is courage, here is patriotism, of a sort. And if this is not the good sort, the divinely pious, the humanly noble,—Fashionable Society feels it to be so, and can hit no nearer. New-fashioned 'Army of the Oriflamme,' one might call this of Belleisle's; kind of Sham-Sacred French Army (quite in earnest, as it thinks);—led on, not by St. Denis and the Virgin, but by Sungod Belleisle and the Châteauroux, under these sad new conditions! Which did not prosper as expected.

'Let the Holy German Reich take no offence,' said this Army, eager to conciliate: 'we come as friends merely; our intentions charitable, and that only. Bavarian Treaty of Nymphenburg (18th May last) binds us especially, this time; Treaty of Westphalia binds us sacredly at all times. Peaceable to you, nay, brotherly, if only you will be peaceable!' Which the poor Reich, all but Austria and the Sea-Powers, strove what it could to believe.

On reaching the German shore out of Elsass, 'every Officer put the Bavarian Colours, cockade of blue-and-white, on his hat';[1] a mere 'Bavarian Army,' don't you see? And the 40,000 wend steadily forward through Schwaben eastward, till they can join Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, who is Generalissimo, or has the name of such. They march in Seven Divisions. Donauwörth (a Town we used to know, in Marlborough's time and earlier) is to be their first resting-point; Ingolstadt their place-of-arms: will readers recollect those two essential circumstances? To Donauwörth is 250 miles; to Passau will be 180 more: five or six long weeks of marching. But after Donauwörth they are to go, the Infantry of them are, in boats; Horse, under Saxe, marching parallel. Forward, ever forward, to Passau (properly to Schärding, twelve miles up the Inn Valley, where his Bavarian Highness is in Camp); and thence, under his Bavarian Highness, and in concert with him, to pour forth, deluge-

[1] Adelung, ii. 431.

like, upon Linz, probably upon Vienna itself, down the Donau Valley,—why not to Vienna itself, and ruin Austria at one swoop?[1]

The second or Maillebois French Army spreads itself, by degrees, considerably over Westphalia;—straitened for forage, and otherwise not the best of neighbours. But, in theory, in speech, this too was abundantly conciliatory,—to the Dutch at least. 'Nothing earthly in view, nothing, ye magnanimous Dutch, except to lodge here in the most peaceable manner, paying our way, and keep-down disturbances that might arise in these parts. That might arise; not from you, ye magnanimous High Mightinesses, how far from it! Nor will we meddle with one broken brick of your respectable Barrier, or Barrier Treaty, which is sacred to us, or do you the shadow of an injury. No; a thousand times, upon our honour, No!' For brevity's sake, I lend them that locution, 'No, a thousand times,'—and in actual arithmetic, I should think there are at least four or five hundred times of it,—in those extinct Diplomatic Eloquences of Excellency Fénelon and the other French;—vaguely counting, in one's oppressed imagination, during the Two Years that ensue. For the Dutch lazily believed, or strove to believe, this No of Fénelon's; and took an obstinate laggard sitting posture, in regard to Pragmatic Sanction; whereby the task of 'hoisting' them (as above hinted), which fell upon a certain King, became so famous in Diplomatic History.

Imagination may faintly picture what a blow this advent of Maillebois was to his Britannic Majesty, over in Herrenhausen yonder! He has had of Danes six thousand, of

[1] Espagnac, *Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe* (German Translation, Leipzig, 1774), i. 83:—an excellent military compend. *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux* (Maillebois, Broglio, Belleisle; Amsterdam, 1773), ii. 53-56:—in nine handy little volumes (or if we include the *Noailles* and the *Coigny* set, making '*Cinq Maréchaux*,' nineteen volumes in all, and a twentieth for *Index*); consisting altogether of Official Letters (brief, rapid, meant for business, *not* for printing in the Newspapers); which are elucidative *beyond* bargain, and would even be amusing to read,—were the topic itself worth one's time.

Hessians six, of Hanoverians sixteen,—in all some 30,000 men. on foot here since Spring last, camping about (in two formidable Camps at this moment); not to mention the 6,000 of English on Lexden Heath, eager to be shipped across, would Parliament permit; and now—let him stir in any direction if he dare. Camp of Göttin like a drawn sword at one's throat (at one's Hanover) from the east; and lo, here a twin fellow to it gleaming from the south side! Maillebois can walk into the throat of Hanover at a day's warning. And such was actually the course proposed by Maillebois's Government, more than once, in these weeks, had not Friedrich dissuaded and forbidden. It is a strangling crisis. What is his Britannic Majesty to do? Send orders, 'Double *your* diligence, Excellency Robinson!' that is one clear point; the others are fearfully insoluble, yet pressing for solution: in a six weeks hence (September 27th), we shall see what they issue in!—

As for Robinson, he is duly with the Queen at Presburg; duly conjuring incessantly, 'Make your peace with Friedrich!' And her Majesty will not, on the terms. Poor Robinson, urged two ways at once, is flurried doubly and trebly; tossed about as Diplomatist never was. King of Prussia flashes lightning-looks upon him, clapping finger to nose; Maria Theresa, knowing he will demand cession of Silesia, shudders at sight of him; and the Aulic Council fall into his arms like dead men, murmuring, 'Money; where is your money?'

'*August 29th.* While Friedrich was pushing into Neipperg, in the Baumgarten Country, and could get no battle out of him, Excellency Robinson reappears at Breslau; Maria Theresa, after deadly efforts on his part, has mended her offers, in these terrible circumstances; and Robinson is here again. 'Half of Silesia, or almost half, provided his Majesty will turn round, and help against the French:" these, secretly, are Robinson's rich offers. The Queen, on consenting to these new offers, had "wrung her hands," like one in despair, and said passionately, "Unless accepted within a fortnight, I will not be bound by them!" "Admit his Excellency to the honour of an interview," solicits Hyndford; "his offers are much mended." Notable to witness,

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Friedrich will not see Robinson at all this time, nor even permit Podewils to see him; signifies plainly that he wants to hear no more of his offers, and that, in fact, the sooner he can take himself away from Breslau, it will be the better. To that effect, Robinson, rushing back in mortified astonished manner, reports progress at Presburg; to that and no better. "High Madam," urges Robinson, still indefatigable, "the King of Prussia's help would be life, his hostility is death at this crisis. Peace must be with him, at any price!" "Price?" answers her Majesty once: "If Austria must fall, it is indifferent to me whether it be by Kur-Baiern or Kur-Brandenburg!"[1] Nevertheless, in about a week she again yields to intense conjuring, and the ever-tightening pressure of events;—King George, except it be for counselling, is become stock-still, with Maillebois's sword at his throat; and is, without metaphor, sinking towards absolute neutrality: "Cannot help you, Madam, any farther; must not try it, or I perish, my Hanover and I!"—So that Maria Theresa again mends her offers: "Give him all Lower Silesia, and he to join with me!" and Robinson post-haste despatches a courier to Breslau with them. Notable again: King Friedrich will not hear of them; answers by a "No, I tell you! Time was, time is not. I have now joined with France; and to join against it in this manner? Talk to me no more!"'[2] * *

Here is a catastrophe for the Two Britannic Excellencies, and the Cause of Freedom! Robinson, in dudgeon and amazement, has hurried back to Presburg, has ceased sending even couriers; and, in a three weeks hence (9th October, a day otherwise notable), wishes 'to come home,' the game being up.[3] Such is Robinson's gloomy view: finished, he, and the game lost,—unless perhaps Hyndford could still do something? Of which what hope is there! Hyndford, who has a rough sagacity in him, and manifests often a strong sense of the practical and the practicable, strikes into—Readers,

[1] Stenzel, iv. 156.

[2] Friedrich to Hyndford: '*Au Camp*' (*de Neusendorf*), '14*me septembre*' 1741. '*Milord, j'ai reçu les nouvelles propositions d'alliance que l'infatigable Robinson vous envoie. Je les trouve aussi chimériques que les précédentes.*'—'*Ces gens sont-ils fols, Milord, de s'imaginer que je commisse la trahison de tourner en leur faveur mes armes, et de*'—? '*Je vous prie de ne me plus fatiguer avec de pareilles propositions, et de me croire assez honnête homme pour ne point violer mes engagements.*—FÉDÉRIC.' (British Museum: Hyndford Papers, fol. 133.)

[3] His Letter, '9th October 1741' (in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, iii. Appendix, p. lii.: edit. London, 1839).

from the following Fragments of Correspondence, now first made public, will gather for themselves what new course, veiled in triple mystery, Hyndford had struck into. Four bits of Notes, well worth reading, under their respective dates:

1°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington* (Two Notes)

'*Breslau, 2d September* 1741' (on the heel of Robinson's second miscarriage). * * 'My Lord, all these contretemps are very unlucky at present, when time is so precious; for France is pressing the King of Prussia in the strongest manner to declare himself; but whatever eventual preliminaries may be probably agreed between them, I still doubt if they have any treaty signed'—have had one, any time these three months (since 5th June last); signed sufficiently; but of a most fast-and-loose nature; neither party intending to be rigorous in keeping it. 'I wish to God the Court of Vienna may be brought to think before it is too late.'[1]

2°. '*Breslau, 6th September.* * * I am not without hopes of succeeding in a project which has occurred to me on this occasion, and which seems to be pretty well relished by some people' (properly by one individual, Goltz, the King's Adjutant and factotum), 'who are in great confidence about the King of Prussia's person; and I think it is the only thing that now remains to be tried; and as it is the least of two evils, I hope I shall have the King my Master's approbation in attempting it; and if the Court of Vienna will open their eyes, they must see it is the only thing left to save them from utter destruction;'—and, finally, here it is:

'Since Mr. Robinson left this place,'—("'Sooner *you* go, the better, Sir!"),—'I have been sounding the people afore mentioned,' the individual afore hinted at, 'Whether the King of Prussia would hearken to a Neutrality with respect to the Queen of Hungary, and at the same time fulfil his engagements to his Majesty with respect to the defence of his Majesty's German Dominions, *if* she would give him the Lower Silesia with Breslau? At first they rejected it; saying it was a thing they dared not propose. However, I have reason to believe, by a Letter I saw this day, that it has been proposed to the King, and that he is not absolutely averse to it. I shall know more in a few days; but if it can be done at all, it must be done in the very greatest secrecy, for neither the King nor his Ministers wish to appear in it; and I question if his Minister Podewils will be informed of it.'[2]

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[1] *Hyndford Papers* (Brit. Mus. Additional MSS. 11,366), ii. fol. 91.

[2] *Ibid.* fol. 97, 98.

3°. *Excellency Robinson* (in a flutter of excitement, temporary hope and excitement, about Goltz) *to Hyndford at Breslau*

'*Presburg, 8th September* (N.S.) 1741. My Lord, I could desire your Lordship to summon up, if it were necessary, the spirit of all your Lordship's Instructions, and the sense of the King, of the Parliament, and of the whole British Nation. It is upon this great moment that depends the fate, not of the House of Austria, not of the Empire, but of the House of Brunswick, of Great Britain, and of all Europe. I verily believe the King of Prussia does not himself know the extent of the present danger. With whatever motive he may act, there is not one, not that of the wildest resentment, that can blind him to this degree, of himself perishing in the ruin he is bringing upon others. With his concurrence, the French will, in less than six weeks, be masters of the German Empire. The weak Elector of Bavaria is but their instrument: Prague and Vienna may, and probably will, be taken in that short time. Will even the King of Prussia himself be reserved to the last?

'Upon this single transaction' (of your Lordship's affair with the mysterious individual) 'depend the *cita mors*, or the *victoria læta* of all Europe. Nothing will equal the glory of your Lordship, in the latter case, but that to be acquired by the King of Prussia in his immediate imitation of the great Sobieski'—reputed "saviour of Vienna," O your Excellency! * * 'Prince Lichtenstein will, if found in time upon his estates in Bohemia, be, I believe, the person to repair to the King of Prussia, the moment your Lordship shall have signed the Preliminaries. Once again, give me leave, my Lord, to express my most ardent wishes, my'—T. ROBINSON.[1]

4°. *Excellency Hyndford to Secretary Harrington*

'*Breslau, 9th September,* * * Received a message to meet him,'—*him*, for we now speak in the singular number, though still without naming Goltz,—'one of the persons I mentioned in my former Despatch: in a very unsuspected place; for we have agreed to avoid all appearance of familiarity. He told me he had received a Letter this morning from the Camp,'—Prussian Majesty's Camp, or Bivouac (in the Münsterberg Hill-Country), on that march towards Woitz, for crossing the Neisse upon Neipperg, which proved impracticable,—'and that he could with

[1] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 102.

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pleasure tell me that the King agreed to this last trial, although he would not, nor could appear in it. * * Then this person read to me a Paper, but I could not see whether it was the King's hand or not; for when I desired to take a copy, he said he could not show me the original; but dictated as follows:

'"*Toute la Basse Silésie, la rivière de Neisse pour limite, la ville de Neisse à nous, aussi bien que Glatz; de l'autre côté de l'Oder l'ancien limite entre les Duchés de Brieg et d'Oppeln. Namslau à nous. Les affaires de religion* in statu quo. *Point de dépendance de la Bohème; cession éternelle. En échange nous n'irons pas plus loin. Nous assiégerons Neisse* pro formâ: *le commandant se rendra et sortira. Nous prendrons les quartiers tranquillement, et ils pourront mener leur Armée où ils voudront. Que tout cela soit fini en douze jours.*"' That is to say:

'"The whole of Lower Silesia, Neisse Town included; Neisse River for boundary:—Glatz withal. Beyond the Oder, for the Duchies of Brieg and Oppeln the ancient limits. Namslau ours. Affairs of Religion to continue *in statu quo*. No dependence' (feudal tie or other, as there used to be) 'on Bohemia; cession of Silesia to be absolute and forever. —We, in return, will proceed no farther. We will besiege Neisse for form; the Commandant shall surrender and depart. We will pass quietly into winter-quarters; and the Austrian Army may go whither it will. Bargain to be concluded within twelve days."'[1]—Can his Excellency Hyndford get Vienna, get Feldmarschall Neipperg with power from Vienna, to accept: Yes or No? Excellency Hyndford thinks, Yes; will try his very utmost!—

'He (Goltz) then tore the Paper in very small pieces; and he repeated again, that if the affair should be discovered, both the King and he were determined to deny it. * * "But how about engagements with regard to my Master's German Dominions; not a word about that?" He answered, "You have not the least to fear from France;" protested the King of Prussia's great regard for his Majesty of England, etc. I told him these fine words did not satisfy me; and that if this affair should succeed, I expected there should be some stipulation.'[2] Yes; and came, about a fortnight hence, 'waylaying his Majesty' to get one,—as readers saw above.

Prussian Dryasdust (poor soul, to whom one is often cruel!) shall glad himself with the following Two bits of Autography from Goltz, who had instantly quitted Breslau again; —and, to us, they will serve as date for the actual arrival

[1] Coxe (iii. 272) gives this Translation, not saying whence he had it.

[2] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 115.

18th Sept. 1741]

of Excellency Hyndford in those fighting regions, and commencement of his mysterious glidings about between Camp and Camp.

Goltz to the Excellency Hyndford, at Breslau (most Private)

'Au Camp de Neuendorf, 16me septembre, à 9 heures du soir.

(1.) *'Milord,—Vous savez que je suis porté pour la bonne cause. Sur ce pied je prends la liberté de vous conseiller en ami et serviteur, de venir ici incessamment, et de presser votre voyage de sorte que vous puissiez paraître publiquement lundi'* (18*th*) *'vers midi. Vous trouverez* 6 (sic) *chevaux de postes à Olau et à Grottkau tout prêts. Hâtez-vous, Milord, tout ce que vous pourrez au monde. J'ai l'honneur de'*. Meaning, in brief English:

'Be at Neundorf here, publicly, on Monday next, 18th, towards noon.' Things being ripe. 'Haste, Milord, haste!'

'Ce 18me à 3 heures après-midi.

(2.) *'Je suis au désespoir, Milord, de votre maladie. Voici le courrier que vous attendiez. Venez le plutôt que vous pourrez au monde; si non, dites au Général Marwitz de quoi il s'agit, afin qu'il puisse me le faire savoir. * * Le courrier serait arrivé quatre heures plutôt, si nous ne l'avions renvoyé au Comte Neuberg* (sic) *à cause de votre maladie.'*—'GOLTZ.'[1]— That is to say:

'Distressed inexpressibly by your Lordship's biliary condition. One cannot travel under colic;—and things were so ripe! Courier would have reached you four hours sooner, but we had to send him over to Neipperg first. Come, oh come!'—Which Hyndford, now himself again, at once does.

This is the Mystery, which, on September 22d, had arrived at that stage, indicated above: 'Tush! Follow me: Dinner is already falling cold, and there are eyes upon us!' And in about another fortnight—But we shall have to take the luggage with us, too, what minimum of it is indispensable!

[1] *Hyndford Papers*, fol. 150-152.

CHAPTER V

KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF; FREIDRICH GETS NEISSE, IN A FASHION

WHILE these combined Mysteries and War-movements go on, in Neisse and its Environs, the World-Phenomena continue,—in Upper Austria and elsewhere. Of which take these select summits, or points chiefly luminous in the dusk of the forgotten Past:

Linz, September 14th. Karl Albert, being joined some days ago at Schärding by the first Three French Divisions, 15,000 men in all (the other Four Divisions of them are still in the Donauwörth-Ingolstadt quarter, making their manifold arrangements), has pushed forward, sixty miles (land-marches, south side of the Donau, which makes a bend here), and this day, September 14th, appears at Linz. Pleasant City of Linz; where, as readers may remember, Mr. John Kepler, long ago, busy discovering the System of the World (grandest Conquest ever made, or to be made, by the Sons of Adam), had his poor *Camera Obscura* set out, to get himself a livelihood in the interim: here now is Karl Albert's flag on the winds, and, as it were, the Oriflamme with it, on a singularly different Adventure. 'Open gates!' demands Karl Albert with authority: 'Admit me to my Capital of Upper Austria!' Which cannot be denied him, there being nothing but Town guards in the place.

Karl Albert continued there some weeks, in a serenely victorious posture; doing acts of authority; getting homaged by the *Stände*; pushing out his forces farther and farther down the Donau, post after post, —victorious Oriflamme-Bavarian Army may be 40,000 strong or so, in those parts. Friedrich urged him much to push-on without pause, and take opportunity by the forelock; sent Schmettau (elder of the two Schmettaus, who is much employed on such business) to urge him; wrote an express Paper of Considerations pressingly urgent: but he would not, and continued pausing.

Vienna, all in terror, is fortifying itself; citizens toiling at the earthworks, resolute for making some defence; Constituted Authorities, National Archives even, Court in a body, and all manner of Noble and Official people, flying elsewhither to covert: chiefly to Presburg, where her Majesty already is. The Archives were carried to Grätz; the two

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Dowager Empresses (for there are two, Maria Theresa's Mother, and Maria Theresa's Aunt, Kaiser Joseph's Widow) fled different ways,—I forget which. An agitated, paralysed population. Except the diligent wheelbarrows on the ramparts, no vehicle is rolling in Vienna but furniture-wagons loading for flight. General Khevenhüller with 6,000, who presides with fine scientific skill, and an iron calmness and clearness, over these fortifyings, is the only force left.[1] Neipperg's, our only Army in the world, is hundreds of miles away, countermarching and manœuvring about Woitz, and Neisse Town and River,—pretty sure to be beaten in the end;—and it is high time there were a Silesian bargain had, if Hyndford can get us any.

Dresden, September 19th (Excellency Hyndford just recovering from his colic, in Breslau), Kur-Sachsen, after many waverings, signs Treaty of Copartnery with France and Bavaria, seduced by 'that Moravia,' and the ticklings of Belleisle acting on a weak mind.[2] His troops are 20,000, or rather more; said to be of good quality, and well equipped. In February last we saw him engaged in Russian, Anti-Prussian Partition schemes. In April, as these suddenly (on sight of the Camp of Göttin) extinguished themselves, he agreed to go, in the pacific way, with her Hungarian Majesty for friend (Treaty with her, signed 11th April); but never went (Treaty never ratified); kept his 20,000 lying about in Camp, in an enigmatic manner,—first about Torgau, latterly in the Lausitz, much nearer to the *Erzgebirge* (Metal-Mountains), Frontier of Bohemia; —and now signs as above; intent to march as soon as possible. Is to have Four Circles of Bohemia, imaginary Kingships of Moravia, and other prizes. Belleisle has tickled that big trout: Belleisle could now have the Election as he wishes it, would the Electors but be speedy; but they will not, and he is obliged to push continually.

'Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ,' *in the Poetic, and then also in the Prose Form*

Presburg, September 21st. This is the date (or chief date, for, alas, there turn out to be two!) of the world-famous '*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ*'; of which there are now needed Two Narratives;

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[1] Anonymous, *Histoire de la Dernière Guerre de Bohème* (à Francfort, 1745-47, 4 tomes), i. 190. A lively succinct little Book, vague not false; still readable, though not now, as then, with complete intelligence, to the unprepared reader. Said, in Dictionaries, to be by Mauvillon *Père*, though it resembles nothing else of his that is known to me.

[2] Adelung, ii. 469, 304, 503.

the generally received (in part mythical) going first, in the following strain:

'The Queen has been in Presburg mainly, where the Hungarian Diet is sitting, ever since her Coronation-ceremony. On the 11th September' (or 11th and 21st together), 'the afflicted Lady makes an appearance there, which, for theatrical reality, has become very celebrated. Alas, it is but three months since she galloped to the top of the Königsberg, and cut defiantly with bright sabre towards the Four Points of the Universe; and already it has come to this. Hungarian Magnates in high session, the high Queen enters, beautiful and sad,—and among her Ministers is noticeable a Nurse with the young Archduke, some six months old, a fine thriving child, perhaps too wise for his age, who became Kaiser Joseph II. in after-time.

'The Hungarian Session is not on record for me, Hall of meeting, Magyar Parliamentary eloquence unknown; nor is any point conspicuously visible, exact and certain, except these' (alas, not even these): 'That it was the 11th of September; that her Majesty coming forward to speak, took the child in her arms, and there, in a clear and melodiously piercing voice, sorrow and courage on her noble face, beautiful as the moon riding among wet stormy clouds, spake, as the Hungarian Archives still have it, a short Latin Harangue; in substance as follows: * * "Hostile invasion of Austria; imminent peril, to this Kingdom of Hungary, to our person, to our children, to our crown. Forsaken by all,—*ab omnibus derelicti*" (Britannic Majesty himself standing stock-still,—blamably, one thinks, the two swords being only at *his* throat, and a good way off!)—"I have no resource but to throw myself on the loyalty and help of Your renowned Body, and invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise swiftly and save me!" Whereat the assembled Hungarian Synod, their wild Magyar hearts touched to the core, start-up in impetuous acclaim, flourish aloft their drawn swords, and shout unanimously in passionate tenor-voice, "*Moriamur* (Let us die) for our Rex Maria Theresa!"[1] Which were not vain words. For a general "Insurrection" was thereupon decreed; what the Magyars call their "Insurrection," which is by no means of rebellious nature; and many noblemen, old Count Palfy himself a chief among them, though past threescore and ten, took the field at their own cost; and the noise of the Hungarian Insurrection spread like a voice of hope over all Pragmatic countries.'—

A very beautiful heroic scene; which has gone about the world, circulating triumphantly through all hearts for above a Century past; and

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[1] *Maria Theresiens Leben* (which speaks hypothetically), iv. 44; Coxe, iii. 270 (who is positive 'after examining the Documents').

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has only of late acknowledged itself mythical,—not true, except as toned-down to the following stingy prose pitch:

Presburg, September 21st. Maria Theresa, since that fine Coronation-scene, June 25th, has had a mixed time of it with her Hungarian Diet; soft passages alternating with hard: a chivalrous people, most consciously chivalrous; but a constitutional withal, very stiff upon their Charter (*Pacta Conventa*, or whatever the name is); who wrangle much upon privileges, upon taxes, and are difficult to keep long in tune. Ten days ago (September 11th), her Majesty tried them on a new tack; summoned them to her Palace; threw herself upon their nobleness, 'No allies but you in the world' (and other fine things, authentically, as above, legible in the Archives to this day):—so spake the beautiful young Queen, her eyes filling with tears as she went on, and yet a noble fire gleaming through them. Which melted the Hungarian heart a good deal; and produced fine cheering, some persons even shedding tears, and voices of 'Life and Fortune to your Majesty!' being heard in it. In which humour the Diet returned to its Session-House, and voted the 'Insurrection,'—or general Arming of Hungary, County by County, each according to its own contingent;—with all speed, in pursuance of her Majesty's implied desire. This was voted in rapid manner; but again, in the detail of executing, it was liable to haggles. From this day, however, matters did decidedly improve; *Pacta Conventa*, or any remainder of them, are got adjusted,—the good Queen yielding on many points. So that, September 20th, Grand Duke Franz is elected Co-regent,—let him start from Vienna instantly, for Instalment;—and it is hoped the Insurrection will go well, and not prove haggly, or hang-fire in the details.

At any rate, next day, September 21st, Duke Franz, who arrived last night,—and Baby with him, or in the train of him (to the joy of Mamma!)—is in the Palace Audience-Hall, 'at 8 A.M.'; ready for the Diet, and what Homagings and mutual Oath, as new Co-regent, are necessary. Grand-Duke Franz, Mamma by his side, with the suitable functionaries; and to rearward Nurse and Baby, not so conspicuous till needed. Diet enters with the stroke of 8; solemnity proceeds. At the height of the solemnity, when Duke Franz, who is really risen now to something of a heroic mood, in these emergencies and perils, has just taken his Oath, and will have to speak a fit word or two,—the Nurse, doubtless on hint given, steps forward; holds-up Baby (a fine noticing fellow, I have no doubt,—'weighed sixteen pounds avoirdupois when born'); as if Baby too, fine mutual product of the Two Co-regents, were mutually swearing and appealing. Enough to touch any heart. 'Life and blood (*vitam et sanguinem*) for our Queen and Kingdom!' exclaims the Grand-Duke, among other things. 'Yes, *vitam et sanguinem*!'

re-echoes the Diet, 'our life and our blood!' many-voiced, again and again;—and returns to its own Place of Session, once more in a fine strain of loyal emotion.

And there, O reader, is the naked truth, neither more nor less. It was some Vienna Pamphleteer of theatrical imaginative turn, finding the thing apt, a year or two afterwards,—who by kneading different dates and objects into one, boldly annihilating time and space, and adding a little paint,—gave it that seductive mythical form. From whom Voltaire adopted it, with improvements, especially in the little Harangue; and from Voltaire gratefully the rest of mankind.[1] Cut-down to the practical, it stands as above:—by no means a bad thing still. That of 'bringing-in Baby' was a pretty touch in the domestic-royal way;—and surely very natural; and has no 'art' in it, or none to blame and not love rather, on the part of the bright young Mother, now girdled in such tragic outlooks, and so glad to have Baby back at least, and Papa with him! It is certain the 'Insurrection' was voted with enthusiasm; and even became rapidly a fact. And there was, in few months hence, an immense mounted force of Hungarians raised, which galloped and plundered (having almost no pay), and occasionally fenced and fought, very diligently during all these Wars. Hussars, Croats, Pandours, Tolpatches, Warasdins, Uscocks, never heard of in war before: who were found very terrible to look upon once, in the imagination or with the naked eye; but whose fighting talent, against regular troops, was next to worthless; and who gradually became hateful rather than terrible in the military world.

Hanover, September 27th. Britannic Majesty, reduced to that frightful pinch, has at last given way. Treaty of Neutrality for Hanover; engagement again to stick one's puissant Pragmatic sword into its scabbard, to be perfectly quiescent and contemplative in these French-Bavarian Anti-Austrian undertakings, and digest one's indignation as one can. For our Paladin of the Pragmatic what a posture! This is the first of Three Attempts by our puissant little Paladin to draw sword;—not till the third could he get his sword out, or do the least fighting (even foolish fighting) with all the 40,000 he had kept on pay and subsidy for years back. The Neutrality was for Hanover only, and had no specific limit as to time. Opportunities did rise; but something always rose along with them,—mainly the impossibility of hoisting those lazy Dutch,—and checked one's noble rage. His Majesty has covenanted to vote for Karl

[1] Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XV.*, c. 6 (*Œuvres*, xxviii. 78); Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii. 270; and innumerable others (who give this Myth); *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 44 *n.* (who cites the Vienna Pamphleteers, without much believing them); Mailäth (a Hungarian), *Geschichte des Œsterreichischen Kaiser-Staats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 11-13 (who explodes the fable).

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Albert as Kaiser; even he, and will make the thing unanimous! A thoroughly checkmated Majesty. Passing home to England, this time in a gloomy condition of mind, shortly after these humiliations, he was just issuing from Osnabrück by the Eastern Gate, when Maillebois's people entered by the Western,—the ugly shoes of them insulting his kibes in this manner. And a furious Anti-Walpole Parliament, most perturbed of National Palavers, is waiting him at St. James's. Heavy-laden little Hercules that he is!

Karl Albert lay at Linz for a month longer (till October 24th, six weeks in all); pausing in uncertainties, in a pleasant dream of victory and sovereignty; not pouncing on Vienna, as Friedrich urged on the French and him, to cut the matter by the root. He does push forward certain troops, Comte de Saxe with Three Horse Regiments as vanguard, ever nearer to Vienna; at last to within forty miles of it; nay, light-horse parties came within twenty-five miles. And there was skirmishing with Mentzel, a sanguinary fellow, of whom we shall hear more; who had got '1,000 Tolpatches' under him, and stood ruggedly at bay.

Karl Albert had been sending out sovereign messages from Linz: Letters to Vienna;—one Letter addressed 'To the Archduchess Maria Theresa'; which came back unopened, 'No such person known here.' October 2d, he is getting homaged at Linz, by the *Stände* of the Province,—on summons sent some time before,—many of whom attend, with a willing enough appearance; Kur-Baiern rather a favourite in Upper Austria, say some. Much fine processioning, melodious haranguing, there now is for Karl Albert, and a pleasant dream of Sovereignty at Linz: but if he do not pounce upon Vienna till Khevenhüller get it fortified? Khevenhüller is drawing home Italian Garrisons, gradually gathering something like an Army round him. In Khevenhüller's imperturbable military head, one of the clearest and hardest, there is some hope. Above all, if Niepperg's Army were to disengage itself, and be let loose into those parts?

Excellency Hyndford brings about a Meeting at Klein-Schnellendorf (9th October 1741)

It was the second day after that Homaging at Linz, when Hyndford (Sept. 22d) with mysterious negotiations, now nearly ripe, for disengaging Neipperg, waylaid his Prussian Majesty; and was answered, as we saw, with 'Tush, tush! Dinner is already cold!'

It must be owned, these Friedrich-Hyndford Negotiations, following on an express French-Prussian Treaty of June 5th, which have to proceed in such threefold mystery now and afterwards, are of questionable distressing nature: nor can the fact that they are escorted copiously enough by a correspondent sort on the French side, and indeed on the Austrian and on all sides, be a complete consolation,—far otherwise, to the ingenuous reader. Smelfungus indignantly calls it an immorality and a dishonour, 'a playing with loaded dice'; which in good part it surely was. Nor can even Friedrich, who has many pleas for himself, obtain spoken acquittal; unspoken, accompanied with regrets and pity, is all even Friedrich can aspire to. My own impression is, Smelfungus, if candid, would on clearer information and consideration have revoked much of what he says here in censure of Friedrich. At all events, if asked; 'Where then is the specifical not 'superstitious' *want* of 'veracity' you ever found in Friedrich? and How, *otherwise* than even as Friedrich did, would you, most veracious Smelfungus, have plucked out your Silesia from such an Element and such a Time?—he would be puzzled to answer. I give his Fragment as I find it, with these deductions:

'What negotiating we have had, and shall have,' exclaims Smelfungus, my sad foregoer,—'fit rather to be omitted from a serious History, which intends to be read by human creatures! Bargaining, Promising, Non-performing. False in general as dicers' oaths; false on this side and on that, from beginning to end. Intercepted Letters from Fleury;

9th Oct. 1741] Letter dropping from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, upon which Friedrich claps his foot: alas, alas, we are in the middle of a whole world of that. Friedrich knows that the French are false to him; he by no means intends to be romantically true to them, and that also they know. What is the use to human creatures of recording all that melancholy stuff? If sovereign persons want their diplomacies *not* to be swept into the ashpit, there are two conditions, especially one which is peremptory: *First*, that they should not be lies;—*Second*, that they should be of some importance, some wisdom; which with known lies is not a possible condition. To unravel cobwebs, and register laboriously and date and sort in the sorrow of your soul the oaths of crowned dicers,—what use is it to gods or men? Having well dressed and sliced your cucumber, the next clear human duty is: Throw it out of window. In that foul Lapland-witch world, of seething Diplomacies and monstrous wigged mendacities, horribly wicked and despicably unwise, I find nothing notable, memorable even in a small degree, except this aspect of a young King who does know what he means in it. Clear as a star, sharp as cutting steel (very dangerous to hydrogen balloons), he stands in the middle of it, and means to extort his own from it by such methods as there are.

'Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbours, nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business: but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wigged mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers; their dice all cogged;—and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it. And in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering melley, and go home safe with it if he can.'

Very well, my friend! Let us keep to windward of the Diplomatic wizard's-caldron; let Hyndford, Valori, and Company preside over it, throwing-in their eye of newt and limb of toad, as occasion may be. Enough, if the reader can be brought to conceive it; and how the young King,—who perhaps alone had real business in this foul element, and did not volunteer into it like the others, though it now unexpectedly envelops him like a world-whirlwind (frightful enough, if one spoke of that to anybody), is struggling with his whole soul to get well out of it. As supremely adroit, all readers already know him; his appearance what we called starlike,—always something definite, fixed and lucid in it.

He is dextrously holding aloof from Hyndford at present, clinging to French Valori as his chosen companion: we may fancy what a time he has of it, like a polygamist amid jealous wives. It will quicken Hyndford, he perceives, in these ulterior stages, to leave him well alone. Hyndford accordingly, as we have noticed, could not see the King at all; had to try every plan, to watch, waylay the King for a bit of interview, when indispensable. However, Hyndford, with his Neipperg in sight of the peril, manages better than Robinson with his Aulic Council at a distance: besides he is a long-headed dogged kind of man, with a surly edacious strength, not inexpert in negotiation, nor easily turned aside from any purpose he may have.

Between the two Camps, nearly midway, lies a Hamlet called Klein-Schnellendorf, *Little* Schnellendorf, to distinguish it from another Schnellendorf called *Great*, which is a mile or two north-westward, out of the straight line. Not far from the first of these poor Hamlets lies a Schloss or noble Mansion, likewise called Klein-Schnellendorf, belonging to a certain Count von Sternberg, who is not there at present, but whose servants are, and a party of Croats over them for some days back: a pleasant airy Mansion among pleasant gardens, well shut out from the intrusion of the world. Upon this Castle of Klein-Schnellendorf judicious Hyndford has cast his eye:—and Neipperg, now come to a state of readiness, approves the suggestion of Hyndford, and promptly at the due moment converts it into a fact. Arrests namely, on a given morning (the last act of his Croats there, who withdrew directly with their batch of prisoners), every living soul within or about the Mansion;—'suspected of treason'; only for one day;—and in this way, has it reduced to the comfortable furnished solitude of Sleeping Beauty's Castle; a place fit for high persons to hold a Meeting in, which shall remain secret as the grave. Such a thing was indispensable. For Friedrich, keeping shy of Hyndford, as he well may with a Valori

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watching every step, has, by words, by silences, when Hyndford could waylay him for a moment, sufficiently indicated what he will and what he will not; and, for one indispensable condition, in the present thrice-delicate Adventure, he will not sign anything; will give and take word of honour, and fully bind himself, but absolutely not put pen to paper at all. Neipperg being willing too, judicious Hyndford finds a medium. Let the parties meet at Klein-Schnellendorf, and judicious Hyndford be there with pen and paper.[1]

Monday 9th October 1741, accordingly, there is meeting to be held. Hyndford, Neipperg with his General Lentulus (a Swiss-Austrian General, whose Son served under Friedrich afterwards), these wait for Friedrich, on the one hand:—'to fix some cartel for exchange of prisoners,' it is said;—in these precincts of Klein-Schnellendorf; which are silent, vacant, yet comfortably furnished, like Sleeping Beauty's Castle. And Friedrich, on the other hand, is actually riding that way, with Goltz;—visiting outposts, reconnoitring, so to speak. 'Dine you with Prince Leopold (the Young Dessauer), my fine Valori; I fear I sha'n't be home to dinner!' he had said when going off; hoodwinking his fine Valori, who suspects nothing. At a due distance from Klein-Schnellendorf, the very groom is left behind; and Friedrich, with Goltz only, pushes on to the Schloss. All ready there; salutations soon done; business set about, perfected:—and Hyndford with pen and ink in his hand, he, by way of Protocol, or summary of what had been agreed on, on mutual word of honour, most brief but most clear on this occasion, writes a State-Paper, which became rather famous afterwards. This is the Paper in condensed state; though clear, it is very dull!

Klein-Schnellendorf, 9th October 1741. Britannic Excellency Hyndford testifies, That, here and now, his Majesty of Prussia, and Neipperg on behalf of her Hungarian Majesty do, solemnly though only verbally, agree to the following Four Things:

'*First*, That General Neipperg, on the 16th of the month' (this day

[1] Orlich, i. 146; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1009.

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week), 'shall have liberty to retire through the Mountains, towards Moravia; unmolested, or with nothing but sham attacks in the rear of him. *Second*, That, in consequence, his Prussian Majesty, on making sham-siege of Neisse, shall have the place surrendered to him on the fifteenth day. *Third*, That there shall be, nay, in a sense, there hereby is, a Peace made; his Majesty retaining Neisse and Silesia' (according to the limits known to us;—nothing said of Glatz); and that a complete Treaty to that effect shall be perfected, signed and ratified, before the Year is out. *Fourth*, That these sham-hostilities, but only sham, shall continue; and that his Majesty, wintering in Bohemia, and carrying on sham hostilities' (to the satisfaction of the French), 'shall pay his own expenses, and do no mischief.'[1]

To these Four Things they pledge their word of honour; and Hyndford signs and delivers each a Copy. Underwritten a Fifth thing is settled, That the present transaction in all parts of it shall be secret as death,—his Majesty expressly insisting that, if the least inkling of it ooze out, he shall have right to deny it, and refuse in any way to be bound by it. Which likewise is assented to.

Here is a pretty piece of work done for ourself and our allies, while Valori is quietly dining with the Prince of Dessau! The King stayed about two hours; was extremely polite, and even frank and communicative. 'A very high-spirited young King,' thinks Neipperg, reporting of it; 'will not stand contradiction; but a great deal can be made of him, if you go into his ideas, and humour him in a delicate dextrous way. He did not the least hide his engagements with France, Bavaria, Saxony; but would really, so far as I Neipperg could judge, prefer friendship with Austria, on the given terms; and seems to have secretly a kind of pique at Saxony, and no favour for the French and their plans.'[2]

'Business being done' (this is Hyndford's report), 'the King, who had been politeness itself, took Neipperg aside, beckoning Hyndford to be of the party, "I wish you too, my Lord, to hear every word:—his Britannic Majesty knows or should know my intentions never were to do him hurt, but only to take care of myself; and pray inform him" (what is

[1] Given in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1009; in etc.

[2] Orlich, i. 149 (in condensed state).

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the fact) "that I have ordered my Army in Brandenburg to go into winter-quarters, and break-up that Camp at Göttin." Friedrich's talk to Neipperg is, How he may assault the French with advantage: "Join Lobkowitz and what force he has in Böhmen; go right into your enemies, before they can unite there. If the Queen prosper, I shall—perhaps I shall have no objection to join her by and by? If her Majesty fail; well, every one must look to himself."' These words Hyndford listened to with an edacious solid countenance, and greedily took them down.[1]

Once more, a curious glimpse (perhaps imprudently allowed us, in the circumstances) into the real inner man of Friedrich. He had, at this time, now that the Belleisle Adventure is left in such a state, no essential reason to wish the French ruined, —nor probably did he; but only stated both chances, as in the way of unguarded soliloquy; and was willing to leave Neipperg a sweet morsel to chew. Secret mode of corresponding with the Court of Austria is agreed upon; not direct, but through certain Commandants, till the Peace-Treaty be perfected,—at latest 'by December 24th,' we hope. And so, '*Bon voyage*, and well across the Mountains, *M. le Maréchal*; till we meet again! And you, Excellency Hyndford, be so good you as write to me,—for Valori's behoof,—complaining that I am deaf to all proposals, that nothing can be had of me. And other Letters, pray, of the like tenor, all round; to Presburg, to England, to Dresden:—if the Couriers are seized, it shall be well. "Your Letter to myself, let a trumpet come with it while I am at dinner," and Valori beside me!'—'Certainly, your Majesty,' answers Hyndford; and does it, does all this; which produces a soothing effect on Valori, poor soul!

[1] Hyndford's Despatch, Breslau, 14th October 1741.

Friedrich takes Neisse by Sham Siege (Capture not Sham); gets Homaged in Breslau; and returns to Berlin

Thus, if the Austrians hold to their bargain, has Friedrich, in a most compendious manner, got done with the Business which threatened to be infinite: by this short-cut he, for his part, is quite out of the waste howling jungle of Enchanted Forest, and his foot again on the firm free Earth. If only the Austrians hold to their bargain! But probably he doubts if they will. Well, even in that case, he has got Neisse; stands prepared for meeting them again; and, in the mean while, has freedom to deny that there ever was such a bargain.

Of the Political morality of this game of fast-and-loose, what have we to say,—except that the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it forever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity), and what of folly (which is always falsity), there was in Friedrich and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances:—and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you cannot work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. Friedrich has got into the Enchanted Wilderness, populous with devils and their works;—and, alas, it will be long before he get out of it again, *his* life waning towards night before he get victoriously out, and bequeath his conquest to luckier successors! It is one of the tragic elements of this King's life; little contemplated by him, when he went lightly into the Silesian Adventure, looking for honour bright, what he called '*gloire*,' as one principal consideration, hardly a year ago!—

Neipperg, according to covenant, broke-up punctually that day week, October 16th; and went over the Mountains, through Jägerndorf, Troppau, towards Mähren; Prussians hanging on his rear, and skirmishing about, but only for

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imaginary or ostensible purposes. After a three-weeks march, he gets to a place called Frating,[1] easternmost border of Mähren, on the slopes of the Mannhartsberg Hill-Country, which is within wind of Vienna itself; where, as we can fancy, his presence is welcome as morning-light in the present dark circumstances.

Friedrich, on the morrow after Neipperg went, invested Neisse (October 17th); set about the Siege of Neisse with all gravity, as if it had been the most earnest operation; which nobody of mankind, except three or four, doubted but it was. Before opening of the trenches, Leopold Young Dessauer took the road for Glatz Country, and the adjoining Circles of Bohemia; there to canton himself, peaceably according to contract; and especially to have an eye upon Glatz, should the Klein-Schnellendorf engagement go awry in any point. The King in his Dialogue with Neipperg had said several things about Glatz, and what a sacrifice he made there for the sake of speedy peace, the French having guaranteed him Glatz, though he now forbore it. Leopold, who has with him some 15,000 horse and foot, cantons himself judiciously in those ultramontane parts,—'all the artillery in the Glatz Country';[2]—and we shall hear of him again, by and by, in regard to other business that rises there.

Neisse is a formidable Fortress, much strengthened since last year; but here is a Besieger with much better chance! He marked-out parallels, sent summonses, reconnoitred, manœuvred,—in a way more or less surprising to the eye of Valori, who is military, and knows about sieges. Rather singular, remarks Valori; good engineers much wanted here! But the bombardment did finally begin: night of October 26th-27th, the Prussians opened fire; and, at a terrible rate, cannonaded and bombarded without intermission. In point of fire and noise it is tremendous; Valori trusts it may be effective, in spite of faults; goes to Breslau in hope; 'Yes, go to Breslau, *mon cher Valori*; wait for me there. Neipperg

[1] Espagnac, i. 104. [2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 431; Orlich, i. 174.

be chased, say you? Shall not he,—if we had got this place!' And so the fire continues night and day.[1]

Fantastic Bielfeld, in his semi-fabulous style, has a *Letter* on this bombardment, attractive to Lovers of the Picturesque, —(written long afterwards, and dated etc. *wrong*). As Bielfeld is a rapid clever creature of the coxcomb sort, and doubtless did see Neisse Siege, and entertained seemingly a blazing incorrect recollection of it, his Pseudo-Neisse Letter may be worth giving, to represent approximately what kind of scene it was there at Neisse in the October nights:

'Maréchal Schwerin was lodged in a Village about three-quarters of a mile from Head-Quarters. One day he did me the honour to invite me to dinner; and even offered me a horse to ride thither with him. I found excellent company; a superb repast, and wine of the gods. Host and guests were in high spirits; and the pleasures of the table were kept-up so late, that it was midnight when we rose. I was obliged to return to Head-Quarters, having still to wait upon the King, as usual. The Maréchal was kind enough to lend me another horse; but the groom mischievously gave me the charger which the Maréchal rode at the Battle of Mollwitz; a very powerful animal, and which, from that day, had grown very skittish.

'I was made aware of this circumstance, before we were fairly out of the Village; and the night being of the darkest, I twenty times ran the risk of breaking my neck. We had to pass over a hill, to get to Head-Quarters. When I reached the top, a shudder came over me, and my hair stood on end. I had nobody with me but a strange groom. The country all around was infested with troops and marauders; I was mounted on an unmanageable horse. Under my feet, so to say, I saw the bombardment of the Town of Neisse. I heard the roar of cannon and doleful shrieks. Above our batteries the whole atmosphere was inflamed; and to complete the calamity, I missed the way, and got lost in the darkness. Finally, in descending the hill, my horse, frightened, made a terrible swerve or side-jump. I did not know the cause; but after having, with difficulty, got him into the road again, I found myself opposite to a deserter who had been hanged that day! I was horribly disgusted by the sight; the gallows being very low, and the head of the malefactor almost parallel with mine. I spurred on, and galloped away from such unpleasant night-company. At last I arrived at Head-Quarters, all in a perspiration. I sent my horse back; and went in to the King, who asked

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1006.

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me at once, why I was so heated. I made his Majesty a faithful report of all my disasters. He laughed much; and advised me seriously not again to go out by night, and alone, beyond the circuit of Head-Quarters.'[1]

After four days and nights of this sublime Playhouse thunder (with real bullets in it, which killed some men, and burnt considerable property), the Neisse Commandant (not Roth this time, Roth is now in Brünn),—his 'fortnight of siege,' October 17th to October 31st, being accomplished or nearly so,—beat chamade; and was, after grave enough treatying, allowed to march away. Marched, accordingly, on the correct Klein-Schnellendorf terms; most of his poor garrison deserting, and taking Prussian service. Ever since which moment, Neisse, captured in this curious manner, has been Friedrich's and his Prussia's.

November 1st, the Prussian soldiers entered the place; and Friedrich, after diligent inspection and what orders were necessary, left for Brieg on the following day;—where general illuminating and demonstrating awaited him, amid more serious business. After strict examinations, and approval of Walrave and his works at Brieg, he again takes the road; enters Breslau, in considerable state (November 4th); where many Persons of Quality are waiting, and the general Homaging is straightway to be,—or indeed should have been some days ago, but has fallen behind by delays in the Neisse affair.

The Breslau *Huldigung*,—Friedrich sworn-to and homaged with the due solemnities as 'Sovereign Duke of Lower Silesia,'—was an event to throw into fine temporary frenzy the descriptive Gazetteers, and Breslau City, overflowing with Quality people come to act and to see on the occasion. Event which can be left to the reader's fancy, at this date. There were Corporations out in quantity, 'all in cloaks,' and with sublime Addresses, partly in poetry, happily rather brief. There were beautiful Prussian Life-guards ('First Battalion,' admirable to the softer sex, not to speak of the harder); much military resonance and splendour. Friedrich drove

[1] Bielfeld, ii. 31, 32.

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about in carriages-and-six, 'nay, carriage-and-eight, horses cream-colour': a very high King indeed; and a very busy one, for those four days (November 4th-8th, 1741), but full of grace and condescension. The *Huldigung* itself took effect on the 7th; in the fine old Rathhaus, which Tourists still know,—the surrounding Apple-women sweeping themselves clear away for one day. Ancient Ducal throne and proper apparatus there was; state-sword unluckily wanting: Schwerin, who was to act Grand-Marshal, could find no state-sword, till Friedrich drew his own and gave it him.[1]

Podewils the Minister said something, not too much; to which one Prittwitz, head of a Silesian Family of which we shall know individuals, made pithy and pretty response, before swearing. 'There were above Four Hundred of Quality present, all in gala.' The customary Free-Gift of the *Stände* Friedrich magnanimously refused: 'Impossible to be a burden to our Silesia in such harassed war-circumstances, instead of benefactor and protector, as we intended and intend!' The Ceremony, swearing and all, was over in two hours; hundreds of silver medals, not to speak of the gold ones, flying about; and Breslau giving itself up joyfully to dinner and festivities. And, after dinner, that evening, to Illumination; followed by balls and jubilations for days after, in a highly harmonious key. Of the lamps-festoons, astonishing transparencies, and glad symbolic devices, I could say a great deal; but will mention only two, both of comfortably edible or quasi-edible tendency:

1°. That of David Schulze, Flesher by profession; who had a Transparency large as life, representing his own fat Person in the act of felling a fat Ox; to which was appended this epigraph:

'*Wer mir wird den König in Preussen verachten,*
Den will ich wie diesen Ochsen schlacten.'

'Who dares me the King of Prussia insult,
Him I will serve like this fat head of nolt.'

Signed 'DAVID SCHULZE, A BRANDENBURGER.'—

And then,

2°. How, in another quarter, there was set aloft *in re*, by some Pastry-

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1022, 1025; ii. 349.

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cook of patriotic turn: 'An actual Ox roasted whole; filled with pheasants, partridges, grouse, hares and geese; Prussian Eagle atop, made of roasted fowls, larks and the like,'—unattainable, I doubt, except for money down.[1]

On the fifth morning, 9th November,—after much work done during this short visit, much ceremonial audiencing, latterly, and raising to the peerage,—Friedrich rolled-on to Glogau. Took accurate survey of the engineering and other interests there, for a couple of days; thence to Berlin (noon of the 11th), joyfully received by Royal Family and all the world;—and, as we might fancy, asking himself: 'Am I actually home, then; out of the enchanted jungles and their devilries; safe here, and listening, I alone in Peace, to the universal din of War?' Alas, no; that was a beautiful hypothesis; too beautiful to be long credible! Before reaching Berlin,—or even Breslau, as appears,—Friedrich, vigilantly scanning and discerning, had seen that fine hope as good as vanish; and was silently busy upon the opposite one.

In a fortnight hence, Hyndford, who had followed to Berlin, got transient sight of the King one morning, hastening through some apartment or other: '"My Lord," said the King, "the Court of Vienna has entirely divulged our secret. Dowager Empress Amelia" (Kaiser Joseph's widow, mother of Karl Albert's wife) "has acquainted the Court of Bavaria with it; Wasner" (Austrian Minister at Paris) "has told Fleury; Sinzendorf" (ditto at Petersburg) "has told the Court of Russia; Robinson, through Mr. Villiers" (your Saxon Minister), "has told the Court of Dresden; and several members of your Government in England have talked publicly about it!" And, with a shrug of the shoulders, he left me,' —standing somewhat agape there.[2]

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 359.

[2] Hyndford's Despatch, Berlin, 28th November 1741; *Ib.* Breslau, 28th October (secret already known).

CHAPTER VI

NEW MAYOR OF LANDSHUT MAKES AN INSTALLATION SPEECH

THE late general Homaging at Breslau, and solemn Taking Possession of the Country by King Friedrich, under such peaceable omens, had straightway, as we gather, brought about, over Silesia at large, or at least where pressingly needful, various little alterations,—rectifications, by the Prussian model and new rule now introduced. Of which, as it is better that the reader have some dim notion, if easily procurable, than none at all, I will offer him one example;—itself dim enough, but coming at first-hand, in the actual or concrete form, and beyond disputing in whatever light or twilight it may yield us.

At Landshut, a pleasant little Mountain Town, in the Principality of Schweidnitz, high up, on the infant River Bober, near the Bohemian Frontier—(English readers may see *Quincey Adams's* description of it, and of the long wooden spouts which throw cataracts on you, if walking the streets in rain[1]):—at Landshut, as in some other Towns, it had been found good to remodel the Town Magistracy a little; to make it partly Protestant, for one thing, instead of Catholic (and Austrian), which it had formerly been. Details about the 'high controversies and discrepancies' which had risen there, we have absolutely none; nor have the special functions of the Magistracy, what powers they had, what work they did, in the least become distinct to us: we gather only that a certain nameless Bürgermeister (probably Austrian and Catholic) had, by 'Most gracious Royal Special-Order,' been

[1] John Quincey Adams (afterwards President of the United States), *Letters on Silesia* (London, 1804). 'The wooden spouts are now gone' (*Tourist's Note, of* 1858).

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at length relieved from his labours, and therewith 'the much by him persecuted and afflicted Herr Theodorus Spener' been named Bürgermeister instead. Which respectable Herr Theodorus Spener, and along with him Herr Johann David Fischer as *Raths-Senior*, and Herr Johann Caspar Rüffer, and also Herr Johann Jacob Umminger, as new Raths (how many of the old being left I cannot say), were accordingly, on the 4th of December 1741, publicly installed, and with proper solemnity took their places; all Landshut looking on, with the conceivable interest and astonishment, almost as at a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic,—change probably for the better.

Respectable Herr Theodorus Spener (we hope it is Spe*n*er, for they print him *Speer* in one of the two places, and we have to go by guess) is ready with an Installation Speech on the occasion; and his Speech was judged so excellent, that they have preserved it in print. Us it by no means strikes by its Demosthenic or other qualities: meanwhile we listen to it with the closest attention; hoping, in our great ignorance, to gather from it some glimmerings of instruction as to the affairs, humours, disposition and general outlook and condition of Landshut, and Silesia in that juncture;—and though a good deal disappointed, have made an Abstract of it in the English language, which perhaps the reader too, in his great ignorance, will accept, in defect of better. Scene is Landshut among the Giant Mountains on the Bohemian Border of Silesia: an old stone Town, where there is from of old a busy trade in thread and linen; Town consisting, as is common there, of various narrow winding streets comparable to spider-legs, and of a roomy central Market-place comparable to the body of the spider; wide irregular Market-place with the wooden spouts (dry for the moment) all projecting round it. Time, 4th December 1741 (doubtless in the forenoon); unusual crowd of population simmering about the Market-place, and full audience of the better sort gravely attentive in the interior of the Rathhaus; Bürgermeister Spener

loquitur[1] (liable to abridgment here and there, on warning given):

"I enter, then, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, upon an Office, to which Divine Providence has appointed, and the gracious and potent hand of a great King has raised me. Great as is the dignity" (giddy height of Mayoralty in Landshut), "though undeserved, which the Ever-Merciful has thus conferred upon me, equally great and much greater is the burden connected therewith. I confess"—He confesses, in high-stalking earnest wooden language very foreign to us in every way: (1°.) That his shoulders are too weak; but that he trusts in God. For (2°.) it is God's doing; and He that has called Spener, will give Spener strength; the essential work being to do God's will, to promote His honour, and the common weal. (3°.) That he comes out of a smaller Office (Office not farther specified, probably *exterior* to the *Raths-College*, and subaltern to the late tyrannous Mayor and it), and has taken upon him the Mayoralty of this Town (an evident fact!); but that the labour and responsibility are dreadfully increased; and that the point is not increase of honour, of respectability or income, but of heavy duties. (A sonorous, pious-minded Spener; much more in earnest than readers now think!)

'It is easy,' intimates he, 'to govern a Town, if,' as some have perhaps done, 'you follow simply your own will, regardless of the sighs and complaints your subjects utter for injustice undergone,—indifferent to the thought that the caprice of one Town Sovereign is to be glorified by so many thousand tears' (dim glance into the past history of Landshut!). 'Such Town Sovereign persecutes innocence, stops his ears to its cry; flourishes his sharp scourge;—no one shall complain: for is it not justice? thinks such a Town Sovereign. The reason is, He does not know himself, poor man; has had his eye always on the duties of his subjects towards him, and rarely or never on his towards them. A Sovereign Mayor that governs by fear,—he must live in continual fear of every one, and of himself withal. A weak basis; and capable of total overturn in one day. On the contrary, the love of your burgher subjects: that, if you can kindle it, will go on like a house on fire (*Ausbruch eines Feures*), and streams of water won't put it out.' * * "And," (let us now take Spener's very words) "if a man keep the fear of God before his eyes, there will be no need for any other kind of fear.

"I will therefore, you especially High-honoured Gentlemen, study to direct all my judicial endeavours to the honour of the great God, and to

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 416.

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inviolable fidelity towards my most gracious King and Lord" (Friedrich, by Decision of Providence—at Mollwitz and elsewhere).

"To the Citizens of this Town, from of old so dear to me, and now by Royal grace committed to my charge, and therefore doubly and trebly to be held dear, I mean to devote myself altogether. I will, on every occasion and occurrence, still more expressly than aforetime, stand by them; and when need is, not fail to bring their case before the just Throne of our Anointed" (Friedrich, by Decision of Providence). "Justice and fairness I will endeavour under whatever complexities, to make my loadstar. Yes, I shall and will, by means of this my Office, equip myself with weapons whereby I may be capable to damp such humours (*Intelligentien*), should such still be (but I believe there are now none such), as may repugn against the Royal interest, with possibility of being dangerous; and to put a bridle on mouths that are unruly. And, to say much in little compass, I will be faithful to God, to my King and to this Town.

"Having now the honour and happiness to be put into an Official friendship with those Gentlemen who, as Bürgermeisters, and as old and as new Members of Council, have for long years made themselves renowned among us, I will entertain, in respect of the former" (the old) "a firm confidence That the zeal they have so strongly manifested for behoof of the most serene Archducal House of Austria will henceforth burn in them for our most Beloved Land's-Prince whom God has now given us; that the fire of their lately-plighted truth and devotion, towards his Royal Majesty, shall shine not in words only, but in works, and be extinguished only with their lives." (Can that be, O Spener or Speer? Are we alarm-clocks, that need only to be wound-up, and told at what hour, and for whom?) "God, who puts Kings in and casts them out, has given to us a no less potent Sovereign than supremely loving Land's-Father, who, by the renown of his more than royal virtues, had taken captive the hearts of his future subjects and children still sooner than even by his arms, familiar otherwise to victory, he did the Land. And who shall be puissant and mighty enough, now to lead men's minds in a contrary direction; to control the Most High Power, ruler over hearts and Lands, who had decreed it should be so; and again to change this change?" (Hear Spener: he has taken great pains with his Discourse, and understands composition!)

"This change, High-honoured Gentlemen," of the Catholic persuasion, "is also for you a not unhappy one. For our now as pious as wise King will, especially in one most vital point, take pattern by the King of all Kings; and means to be lord of his subjects only, not of the consciences of his subjects. He requires nothing from you but what you are already bound by God, by conscience and duty, to render: to wit, obedience and

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inviolable unbroken fidelity. And by that, and without more asked than that, you will render yourselves worthy of his protection, and become partakers of the Royal favour. Nay, you will render yourselves all the worthier in that high quarter, and the more meritorious towards our civic commonweal, the more you, High-honoured Gentlemen," of the Catholic persuasion, "accept, with all frankness of colleague-love and amity, me and the Evangelical brother Raths now introduced by Royal grace and power; and make the new position generously tenable and available to us;—and thereby bind with us the more firmly the band of peace and colleague-unity, for helping-up this dear, and for some years greatly fallen, Town along with us.

"We, for our poor part, will, one and all, strive only to surpass each other in obedience and faith to our Most Gracious King. We will, as Regents of the Citizenry committed to us, go before them with a good example; and prove to all and every one, That, little and in war untenable as our Landshut is, it shall, in extent and impregnability of faith towards its Most Dearest Land's-Prince, approve itself unconquerable. As well I as"—Professes now, in the most intricate phraseology, that he, and Fischer and Umminger (giving not only the titles, but a succinct history of all three, in a single sentence, before he comes to the verb !), bring a true heart, etc. etc.—Or would the reader perhaps like to see it *in naturâ*, as a specimen of German human-nature, and the art these Silesian spinners have in drawing-out their yarns?

"As well I as" (1°.) "The Titular Herr Johann David Fischer, distinguished trader and merchant of this Town, who, by his tradings in and beyond our Silesian Countries, has made himself renowned, and by his merit and address in particular instances" (delicate instances known to Landshut, not to us) "has made himself beloved, who has now been installed as Raths-Senior; and also as" (2°.) "The Titular Herr Johann Caspar Rüffer, well-respected Citizen, and Revenue-office Manager here, who for many years has with much fidelity and vigilance managed the Revenue-office, and who for his experience in the economic constitution of this Town has been all-graciously nominated Raths-Herr;—and not less" (3°) "The Titular Johann Jacob Umminger, whilom Advocate at Law in Breslau, who, for his good studies in Law, and manifested skill in the practice of Law, has been all-graciously nominated Supernumerary Councillor and Notary's-Adjunct among us:—As well I as these Three not only assure you, High-honoured Gentlemen, of all imaginable estimation and return of love on our part; but do likewise assure all and sundry these respectable Herren Town-Jurats" (specially present), "representing here the universal well-beloved Citizenry of our Town,—that we bring a heart sincere, and intent only on aiming at the welfare of a Citizenry so loveworthy. We have the firm purpose, by God's grace, so

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to order our walk, and so to conduct our government that we may, one day, when summoned from our judgment-seats to answer before the Universal Judgment-seat of Christ, be able to say, with that pious King and Judge of Israel: 'Lord, thou knowest if we have walked uprightly before thee.' And we hope to understand that the rewards of justice, in that Life, will be much more than those of injustice in this.

"We believe that the Most High will, in so far, bless these our honest purposes and wholesome endeavours, as that the actual fruits thereof will in time coming, and when Peace now soon expected (which God grant) has returned to us, be manifest; and that if, in our Office, as is common, we should rather have thorns of persecution than roses of recompense to expect, yet to each of us there will at last accrue praise in the Earth and reward in Heaven." (Hear Spener!)

"Meanwhile we will unite all our wishes, That the Almighty may vouchsafe to his Royal Majesty, our now All-dearest Duke and Land's-Father, many long years of life and of happy reign; and maintain this All-highest Royal-Prussian and Elector-Brandenburgic House in supremest splendour and prosperity, undisturbed to the end of all Days; and along with it, our Town-Council, and whole Merchantry and Citizenry, safe under this Prussian Sceptre, in perpetual blessing, peace and unity" (what a modest prayer!): "to all which may Heaven speak its powerful Amen!"[1]— —

Whereupon solemn waving of hats; indistinct sough of loyal murmur from the universal Landshut Population; after which, continued to the due extent, they return to their spindles and shuttles again.

CHAPTER VII

FRIEDRICH PURPOSES TO MEND THE KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF FAILURE: FORTUNES OF THE BELLEISLE ARMAMENT

WE shall not dwell upon the movements of the French into Germany for the purpose of overwhelming Austria, and setting-up Four subordinate little Sovereignties to take their orders from Louis XV. The plan was of the mad sort, not

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 416-22.

recognised by Nature at all; the diplomacy was wide, expensive, grandiose, but vain and baseless; nor did the soldiering that followed take permanent hold of men's memory. Human nature cannot afford to follow-out these loud inanities; and, at a certain distance of time, is bound to forget them, as ephemera of no account in the general sum. Difficult to say what profit human nature could get out of such transactions. There was no good soldiering on the part of the French, except by gleams here and there; bad soldiering for the most part, and the cause was radically bad. Let us be brief with it; try to snatch from it, huge rotten heap of old exuviæ and forgotten noises and deliriums, what fractions of perennial may turn-up for us, carefully forgetting the rest.

Maillebois with his 40,000, we have seen how they got to Osnabrück, and effectually stilled the war-fervour of little George II.; sent him home, in fact, to England a checkmated man, he riding out of Osnabrück by one gate, the French at the same moment marching in by the other. There lies Maillebois ever since, and will lie, cantoned over Westphalia, 'not nearer than three leagues to the boundary of Hanover,' for a year and more. There let Maillebois lie, till we see him called away elsewhither; upon which the gallant little George, checkmate being lifted, will get into notable military activity, and attempt to draw his sword again,—though without success, owing to the laggard Dutch. Which also, as British subjects, if not otherwise, the readers of this Book will wish to see something of. Maillebois did not quite keep his stipulated distance of 'three leagues from the boundary' (being often short of victual), and was otherwise no good neighbour. Among his Field-Officers, there is visible (sometimes in trouble about quarters and the like) a Marquis du Châtelet,—who, I find, is Husband or Ex-Husband to the divine Emilie, if readers care to think of that![1] Other known face, or point of interest for or against, does not turn-up in the Maillebois Operation in those parts.

[1] *Campagnes* (i. 45, 193); and French Peerage-Books, § *Du Châtelet.*

As for the other still grander Army, Army of the Oriflamme as we have called it,—which would be Belleisle's, were not he so overwhelmed with embassying, and persuading the Powers of Germany,—this, since we last saw it, has struck into a new course, which it is essential to indicate. The major part of it (Four rear Divisions, if readers recollect) lay at Ingolstadt, its place of arms; while the Vanward Three Divisions, under Maurice Comte de Saxe, flowed onward, joining with Bavaria at Passau; down the Donau Country, to Linz and farther, terrifying Vienna itself; and driving all the Court to Presburg, with (fabulous) '*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ*,' but with actual armament of Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins, Uscocks and the like unsightly beings of a predatory centaur nature. Which fine Hungarian Armament, and others still more ominous, have been diligently going on, while Karl Albert sat enjoying his Homagings at Linz, his Pisgah-views Vienna-ward; and asking himself, 'Shall we venture forward, and capture Vienna, then?'

The question is intricate, and there are many secret biassings concerned in the solution of it. Friedrich, before Klein-Schnellendorf time, had written eagerly, had sent Schmettau with eager message, 'Push forward; it is feasible, even easy: cut the matter by the root!' This, they say, was Karl Albert's own notion, had not the French overruled him;—not willing, some guess, he should get Austria, and become too independent of them all at once. Nay, it appears Karl Albert had inducements of his own towards Bohemia rather. The French have had Kur-Sachsen to manage withal; and there are interests in Bohemia of his and theirs,—clippings of Bohemia promised him as bribes, besides that 'Kingdom of Moravia,' to get his 21,000 set on march. 'Clippings of Bohemia? Interests of Kur-Sachsen's in that Country?' asks Karl Albert with alarm: and thinks it will be safer, were he himself present there, while Saxony and France do the clippings in question! Sure enough, he did not push on. Belleisle, from the distance, strongly opined otherwise; Karl

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Albert himself had jealous fears about Böhmen. Friedrich's importunities and urgencies were useless: and the one chance there ever was for Karl Albert, for Belleisle and the Ruin of Austria, vanished without return.

Karl Albert has turned off, leftwards, towards his Bohemian Enterprises: French, Bavarians, Saxons, by their several routes, since the last days of October, are all on march that way. We will mark an exact date here and there, as fixed point for the reader's fancy. Poor Karl Albert, he had sat some six weeks at Linz,—about three weeks since that Homaging there (October 2d);—imaginary Sovereign of Upper Austria; looking over to Vienna and the Promised Land in general. And that fine Pisgah-view was all he ever had of it. Of Austrian or other Conquests earthly or heavenly, there came none to him in this Adventure;—mere *minus* quantities they all proved. For a few weeks more, there are, blended with awful portents, an imaginary gleam or two in other quarters; after which, nothing but black horror and disgrace, deepening downwards into utter darkness, for the poor man. Belleisle is an imaginary Sungod; but the poor Icarus, tempted aloft in that manner into the earnest elements, and melting at once into quills and rags, is a tragic reality!—Let us to our dates:

'*October* 24, The Bavarian Troops, who had lain at Mautern on the Donau some time, forty miles from Vienna and the Promised Land, got under way again;—not *forward*, but sharp to left, or northward, towards the Bohemian parts. Thither all the Belleisle Armaments are now bound; and a general rallying of them is to be at Prag; for conquest of that Country, as more inviting than Austria at present. Comte de Saxe, who had lain at St. Pölten, a march to southward of Mautern, he with the Vanward of the great Belleisle Army, bestirred himself at the same time; and followed steadily (Karl Albert in person was with Saxe), at a handy distance by parallel roads. To Prag may be about 200 miles. Across the Mannhartsberg Country, clear out of Austria, into Böhmen, towards Prag. At Budweis, or between that and Tabor,—Towns of our old friend Zisca's, of which we shall hear farther in these Wars; Towns important by their intricate environment of rock and bog, far up among the springs of the Moldau,—there can these Bavarians, and this French

Maurice de Saxe?

Vanward of Belleisle, halt a little, till the other parties, who are likewise on march, get within distance.

'For in these same days, as hinted above, the Rearward of the Belleisle Army (Four Divisions, strength not accurately given) pushes forward from Donauwörth, well rested, through the Bavarian Passes, towards Bohemia and Prag: these have a longer march (say 250 miles), to north-east; and the leader of them is one Polastron, destined unhappily to meet us on a future occasion. With them go certain other Bavarians; accompanying or preceding, as in the Vanward case. And then the Saxons (21,000 strong, a fine little Army, all that Saxony has) are, at the same time, come across the Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*), in quest of those Bohemian clippings, of that Kingdom of Moravia: and march from the westward upon Prag,—Rutowsky leading them. Comte de Rutowsky, Comte de Saxe's Half-Brother, one of the Three-hundred and fifty-four: —with whom is *Chevalier* de Saxe, a second younger ditto; and I think there is still a third, who shall go unnamed. In this grand Oriflamme Expedition, Four of the Royal-Saxon Bastards altogether.' Who cost us more distinguishing than they are worth!

Chief General of these Saxons, says an Authentic Author, is Rutowsky; got from a Polish mother, I should guess: he commands in chief here; —once had a regiment under Friedrich Wilhelm, for a while; but has not much head for strategy, it may be feared. But mark that Fourth individual of the Three-hundred and fifty-four, who has a great deal. Fourth individual, called Comte de Saxe, who is now in that French Vanward a good way to east, was (must I again remind you!) the produce of the fair Aurora von Königsmark, Sister of the Königsmark who vanished instantaneously from the light of day at Hanover long since, and has never reappeared more. It was in search of him that Aurora, who was indeed a shining creature (terribly insolvent all her life, whose charms even Charles XII. durst not front), came to Dresden; and,—in this Comte de Saxe, men see the result. Tall enough, restless enough; most eupeptic, brisk, with a great deal of wild faculty,—running to waste, nearly all. There, with his black arched eyebrows, black swift physically-smiling eyes, stands Monseigneur le Comte, one of the strongest-bodied and most dissolute-minded men now living on our Planet. He is now turned of forty: no man has been in such adventures, has swum through such seas of transcendent eupepticity determined to have its fill. In this new Quasi-sacred French Enterprise, under the Banner of Belleisle and the Châteauroux, he has at last, after many trials, unconsciously found his culmination; and will do exploits of a wonderful nature,—very worthy of said Banner and its patrons.

'Here, then, are Three streams or Armaments pouring forward upon Prag; perhaps some 60,000 men in all:—a good deal uncertain what

they are to do at Prag, except arrive simultaneously so far as possible. Belleisle, far off, has fallen sick in these critical days. Comte de Saxe cannot see his way in the matter at all: "What are we to live upon," asks Comte de Saxe, "were there nothing more!"—For, simultaneously with these Three Armaments on march, there is an important Austrian one, likewise on the road for Prag: that of Grand-Duke Franz, who has left Presburg, with say 30,000 (including the Pandour element); and duly meets the Neipperg, or late Silesian Army;—well capable, now, to do a stroke upon the Three Armaments, if he be speedy? "November 7th" it was when Grand-Duke Franz picked up Neipperg, "at Frating," deep in Moravia (November 7th, the very day while Friedrich was getting homaged in Breslau), and turned him north-westward again. The Grand-Duke, in such strength, marches Prag-ward what he can; might be there before the French, were he swift; and is at any rate in disagreeable proximity to that Budweis-Tabor Country, appointed as one's halting-place.'

And Belleisle, in these critical days, is—consider it!—'Poor Belleisle, he has all the Election Votes ready; he has done unspeakable labours in the diplomatic way; and leaves Europe in ebullition and conflagration behind him. He has all these Armies in motion, and has got rid of "that Moravia,"—given it to Saxony, who adds the title "King of Moravia" to his other dignities, and has set on march those 21,000 men. "Would he were ready with them!" Belleisle had been saying, ever since the Treaty for them,—Treaty was, September 19th. Belleisle, to expedite him, came to Dresden' (what day is not said, but deep in October); 'intending next for the Prag Country, there to commence General, the diplomacies being satisfactorily done. Valori ran over from Berlin to wait upon him there. Alas, the Saxons are on march, or nearly so; but the great man himself, worn-down with these Herculean labours, has fallen into rheumatic fever; is in bed, out at Hubertsburg (serene Country Palace of his Moravian Polish Majesty); and cannot get the least well, to march in person with the Three Armaments, with the flood of things he has set reeling and whirling at such rate.

'The sympathies of Valori go deep at this spectacle. The Alcides, who was carrying the axis of the world, fallen down in physical rheumatism! But what can sympathies avail? The great man sees the Saxons march without him. The great man, getting no alleviation from physicians, determines, in his patriotic heroism, to surrender glory itself; writes home to Court, "That he is lamed, disabled utterly; that they must nominate another General." And they nominate another; nominate Broglio, the fat choleric Marshal, of Italian breed and physiognomy, whom we saw at Strasburg last year, when Friedrich was there. Broglio will quit Strasburg too soon, and came. A man fierce in

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fighting, skilled too in tactics; totally incompetent in strategy, or the art of *leading* armies, and managing campaigns;—defective in intelligence indeed, not wise to discern; dim of vision, violent of temper; subject to sudden cranks, a headlong, very positive, loud, dull and angry kind of man; with whose tumultuous imbecilities the great Belleisle will be sore tried by and by. "I reckon this," Valori says, "the root of all our woes"; this Letter which the great Belleisle wrote home to Court. Let men mark it, therefore, as a cardinal point,—and snatch out the date, when they have opportunity upon the Archives of France.[1]

'Monseigneur the Comte de Saxe, before quitting the Vienna Countries, had left some 10,000 French and Bavarians, posted chiefly in Linz, under a Comte de Ségur, to maintain those Donau Conquests, which have cost only the trouble of marching into them. Count Khevenhüller has ceased working at the ramparts of Vienna, nothing of siege to be apprehended now, civic terror joyfully vanishing again; and busies himself collecting an Army at Vienna, with intent of looking into those same French Ségurs, before long. It is probable the so-called Conquests on the Donau will not be very permanent.

'*November 19th-21st*, The Three Belleisle Armaments, Karl Albert's first, have, simultaneously enough for the case, arrived on three sides of Prag; and lie looking into it,—extremely uncertain what to do when there. To Comte de Saxe, to Schmettau, who is still here, the outlook of this grand Belleisle Army, standing shelterless, provisionless, grim winter at hand, long hundreds of miles from home or help, is in the highest degree questionable, though the others seem to make little of it: "Fight the Grand-Duke when he comes," say they; "beat him, and—" "Or suppose, he won't fight? Or suppose, we are beaten by him?" answer Saxe and Schmettau, like men of knowledge, in the same boat with men of none. "We have no strong place, or footing in this Country: what are we to do? Take Prag!" advises Comte de Saxe, with earnestness, day after day.[2] "Take Prag: but how?" answer they. "By escalade, by surprise, and sword in hand," answers he: "Ogilvy their General has but 3,000, and is perhaps no wizard at his trade: we can do it, thus and thus, and then farther thus; and I perceive we are a lost Army if we don't!" So counsels Maurice Comte de Saxe, brilliant, fervent in his military views;—and, before it is quite too late, Schmettau and he persuade Karl Albert, persuade Rutowsky chief of the Saxons; and Count Polastron, Gaisson or whatever subaltern Counts there are, of French type, have to accede, and be saved in spite of themselves. And so,

[1] See Valori, i. 131.

[2] His Letters on it to Karl Albert and others (in Espagnac, i. 94-99).

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'*Saturday Night, 25th November* 1741, brightest of moonshiny nights, our dispositions are all made: Several attacks, three if I remember; one of them false, under some Polastron, Gaisson, from the south side; a couple of them true, from the north-west and the south-east sides, under Maurice with his French, and Rutowsky with his Saxons, these two. And there is great marching "on the side of the Karl-Thor (Charles-Gate)," where Rutowsky is; and by Count Maurice "behind the Wischerad";—and shortly after midnight the grand game begins. That French-Polastron attack, false, though with dreadful cannonade from the south, attracts poor Ogilvy with almost all his forces to that quarter; while the couple of Saxon Captains (Rutowsky not at once successful, Maurice with his French completely so) break-in upon Ogilvy from rearward, on the right flank and on the left; and ruin the poor man. Military readers will find the whole detail of it well given in Espagnac. Looser account is to be had in the Book they call Mauvillon's.'[1]

One thing I remember always: the bright moonlight; steeples of Prag towering serene in silvery silence, and on a sudden the wreaths of volcanic fire breaking-out all round them. The opposition was but trifling, null in some places, poor Ogilvy being nothing of a wizard, and his garrison very small. It fell chiefly on Rutowsky; who met it with creditable vigour, till relieved by the others. Comte Maurice, too, did a shifty thing. Circling round by the outside of the Wischerad, by rural roads in the bright moonshine, he had got to the Wall at last, hollow slope and sheer wall; and was putting-to his scaling-ladders,—when, by ill luck, they proved too short! Ten feet or so; hopelessly too short. Casting his head round, Maurice notices the Gallows hard by: 'There, see you, are a few short ladders: *mes enfans*, bring me these, and we will splice with rope!' Supplemented by the gallows, Maurice soon gets in, cuts-down the one poor sentry; rushes to the Market-place, finds all his Brothers rushing, embraces them with '*Victoire!*' and 'You see I am eldest; bound to be foremost of you!'

'No point in all the War made a finer blaze in the French imagination, or figured better in the French gazettes, than this of the Scalade of Prag, 25th November 1741. And surely it was important to get hold of Prag; nevertheless, intrinsically it is no great thing, but an opportune small thing, done by the Comte de Saxe, in spite of such contradiction as we saw.'

It was while news of this exploit was posting towards Berlin, but not yet arrived there, that Friedrich, passing through the apartment, intimated to Hyndford, 'Milord, all

[1] *Dernière Guerre de Bohème*, i. 252-264. Saxe's own Account (Letter to Chevalier de Folard) is in Espagnac, i. 89 et sqq.

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is divulged, our Klein-Schnellendorf mystery public as the housetops'; and vanished with a shrug of the shoulders,—thinking doubtless to himself, 'What is *our* next move to be, in consequence?' Treaty with Kur-Baiern (November 4th) he had already signed in consequence, expressly declaring for Kur-Baiern, and the French intentions towards him. This news from Prag,—Prag handsomely captured, if Vienna had been foolishly neglected,—put him upon a new Adventure, of which in following Chapters we shall hear more.

The French safe in Prag; Kaiserwahl just coming on

Grand-Duke Franz, with that respectable amount of Army under him, ought surely to have advanced on Prag, and done some stroke of war for relief of it, while time yet was. Grand-Duke Franz, his Brother Karl with him and his old Tutor Neipperg, both of whom are thought to have some skill in war, did advance accordingly. But then withal there was risk at Prag; and he always paused again, and waited to consider. From Frating, on the 16th,[1] he had got to Neuhaus, quite across Mähren into Bohemian ground, and there joined with Lobkowitz and what Bohemian force there was; by this time an Army which you would have called much stronger than the French. Forward, therefore! Yes; but with pauses, with considerations. Pause of two days at Neuhaus; thence to Tabor (famed Zisca's Tabor), a safe post, where again pause three days. From Tabor is broad highway to Prag, only sixty miles off now:—screwing their resolution to the sticking-point, Grand-Duke and Consorts advance at length with fixed determination, all Friday, all Saturday (November 24th, 25th), part of Sunday too, not thinking it shall be only *part*; and their light troops are almost within sight of Prag, when—they learn that Prag is scaladed the night before, and quite settled; that there is nothing except destruction to be looked for in Prag! Back

[1] Espagnac, i. 87.

again, therefore, to the Tabor-and-Budweis land. They strike into that boggy broken country about Budweis, some 120 miles south of Prag; and will there wait the signs of the times.

Grand-Duke Franz had seen war, under Seckendorf, under Wallis and otherwise, in the disastrous Turk Countries; but, though willing enough, was never much of a soldier: as to Neipperg, among his own men especially, the one cry is, He ought to go about his business out of Austrian Armies, as an imbecile and even a traitor. 'Is it conceivable that Friedrich could have beaten us, in that manner, except by buying Neipperg in the first place? Neipperg and the generality of them, in that luckless Silesian Business? Glogau scaladed with the loss of half-a-dozen men; Brieg gone within a week; Neisse ditto: and Mollwitz, above all, where, in spite of Römer and such Horse-charging as was never seen, we had to melt, dissolve, and roll away in the glitter of the evening sun!' The common notion is, they are traitors, partial-traitors, one and all.[1]—Poor Neipperg he has seen hard service, had ugly work to do: it was he that gave away Belgrad to the Turks (so interpreting his orders), and the Grand Vizier, calling him Dog of a Giaour, spat in his face, not far from hanging him; and the Kaiser and Vienna people, on his coming home, threw him into prison, and were near cutting-off his head. And again, after such sleety marchings through the Mountains, he has had to dissolve at Mollwitz; float away in military deluge in the manner we saw. And now, next winter, here is he lodged among the upland bogs at Budweis, escorted by mere curses. What a life is the soldier's, like other men's; what a master is the world! Aulic Cabinet is not all-wise; but may readily be wiser than the vulgar, and, with a Maria Theresa at its head, it is incapable of truculent impiety like that. Neipperg, guilty of not being a Eugene, is not hanged as a traitor; but placed quietly as Commandant in Luxemburg, spends

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, sæpiùs.

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there the afternoon of his life, in a more commodious manner. Friedrich had, of late, rather admired his movements on the Neisse River; and found him a stiff article to deal with.

The French, now with Prag for their place of arms, stretched themselves as far as Pisek, some seventy miles south-westward; occupied Pisek, Pilsen and other Towns and posts, on the south-west side, some seventy miles from Prag; looking towards the Bavarian Passes and homeward succours that might come: the Saxons, a while after, got as far as Teutschbrod, eighty miles on the south-eastward or Moravian hand. Behind these outposts, Prag may be considered to hang on Silesia, and have Friedrich for security. This, in front or as forecourt of Friedrich's Silesia, this inconsiderable section, was all of Bohemian Country the French and Confederates ever held, and they did not hold this long. As for Karl Albert, he had his new pleasant Dream of Sovereignty at Prag; Titular of Upper Austria, and now of Böhmen as well; and enjoyed his Feast of the Barmecide, and glorious repose in the captured Metropolis, after difficulty overcome. December 7th, he was homaged (a good few of the Nobility attending, for which they smarted afterwards), with much processioning, blaring and *te-deum*-ing: on the 19th he rolled off, home to München; there to await still higher Romish-Imperial glories, which it is hoped are now at hand.

A day or two after the Capture of Prag, Maréchal de Belleisle, partially cured of his rheumatisms, had hastened to appear in that City; and for above four weeks he continued there, settling, arranging, ordering all things, in the most consummate manner, with that fine military head of his. About Christmas time, arrived Maréchal de Broglio, his unfortunate successor or substitute; to whom he made everything over; and hastened off for Frankfurt, where the final crisis of *Kaiserwahl* is now at hand, and the topstone of his work is to be brought out with shouting. Maréchal de

Broglio had an unquiet Winter of it in his new command; and did not extend his quarters, but the contrary.

Broglio has a Bivouac of Pisek; Khevenhüller looks-in upon the Donau Conquests

Grand-Duke Franz edged himself at last a little out of that Tabor-Budweis region, and began looking Prag-ward again;—hung about, for some time, with his Hungarian light-troops scouring the country; but still keeping Prag respectfully to right, at seventy miles distance. December 28th, to Broglio's alarm, he tried a night-attack on Pisek, the chief French outpost, which lies France-ward too, and might be vital. But he found the French (Broglio having got warning) unexpectedly ready for him at Pisek,—drawn-up in the dark streets there, with torrents of musketry ready for his Pandours and him;—and entirely failed of Pisek. Upon which he turned eastward to the Budweis-Tabor fastnesses again; left Brother Karl as Commander in those parts (who soon leaves Lobkowitz as Substitute, Vienna in the idle winter-time being preferable);—left Brother Karl, and proceeded in person, south, towards the Donau Countries, to see how Khevenhüller might be prospering, who is in the field there, as we shall hear.

Of Pisek and the night-skirmish at Pisek, glorious to France, think all the Gazettes, I should have said nothing, were it not that Maréchal Broglio, finding what a narrow miss he had made, established a night-watch there, or bivouac, for six weeks to come; such as never was before or since: Cavalry and Infantry, in quantity, bivouacking there, in the environs of Pisek, on the grim Bohemian snow or snow-slush, in the depth of winter, nightly for six weeks, without whisper of an enemy at any time; whereby the Maréchal did save Pisek (if Pisek was ever again in danger), but froze horse and man to the edge of destruction or into it; so that the 'Bivouac of Pisek' became proverbial in French Mess-

31st Dec. 1741
rooms, for a generation coming.[1] And one hears in the mind a clangorous nasal eloquence from antique gesticulative mustachio-figures, witty and indignant,—who are now gone to silence again, and their fruitless bivouacs, and frosty and fiery toils, tumbling pell-mell after them. This of Pisek was but one of the many unwise hysterical things poor Broglio did, in that difficult position; which, indeed, was too difficult for any mortal, and for Broglio beyond the average.

One other thing we note: Graf von Khevenhüller, solid Austrian man, issued from Vienna, December 31st, last day of the Year, with an Army of only some 15,000, but with an excellent military head of his own, to look into those Conquests on the Donau. Which he finds, as he expected, to be mere conquests of stubble, capable of being swept home again at a very rapid rate. 'Khevenhüller, here as always, was consummate in his choice of posts,' says Lloyd;[2]—discovered where the *arteries* of the business lay, and how to handle the same. By choice of posts, by silent energy and military skill, Khevenhüller very rapidly sweeps Ségur back; and shuts him up in Linz. There Ségur, since the first days of January, is strenuously barricading himself; 'wedging beams from house to house, across the streets';—and hopes to get provision, the Donau and the Bavarian streams being still open behind him; and to hold-out a little. It will be better if he do, —especially for poor Karl Albert and his poor Bavaria! Khevenhüller has also detached through the Tyrol a General von Bärenklau (*Bear's-claw*, much heard of henceforth in these Wars), who has 12,000 regulars; and much Hussar-folk under bloody Mentzel:—across the Tyrol, we say; to fall-in upon Bavaria and München itself; which they are too like doing with effect. Ought not Karl Albert to be upon the road again? What a thing, were the Kaiser Elect taken prisoner by Pandours!

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 23, etc.
[2] General Lloyd, *History of Seven-Years' War*, etc. (incidentally, somewhere).

In fine, within a short two weeks or so, Karl Albert quits München, as no safe place for him; comes across to Mannheim to his Cousin Philip, old Kur-Pfalz, whom we used to know, now extremely old, but who has marriages of Granddaughters, and other gaieties, on hand; which a Cousin and prospective Kaiser,—especially if in peril of his life,—might as well come and witness. This is the excuse Karl Albert makes to an indulgent Public; and would fain make to himself, but cannot. Bärenklau and Khevenhüller are too indisputable. Nay, this rumour of Friedrich's 'Peace with Austria,' divulged Bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf, if this also (horrible to think) were true—! Which Friedrich assures him it is not. Karl Albert writes to Friedrich, and again writes; conjuring him, for the love of God, To make some thrust, then, some inroad or other, on those man-devouring Khevenhüllers; and take them from his, Karl Albert's, throat and his poor Country's. Which Friedrich, on his own score, is already purposing to do.

CHAPTER VIII

FRIEDRICH STARTS FOR MORAVIA, ON A NEW SCHEME HE HAS

THE Austrian Court had not kept Friedrich's secret of Klein-Schnellendorf, hardly even for a day. It was whispered to the Dowager Empress, or Empresses; who whispered it, or wrote it, to some other high party; by whom again as usual: —in fact, the Austrian Court, having once got their Neipperg safe to hand, took no pains to keep the secret; but had probably an interest rather in letting it filter out, to set Friedrich and his Allies at variance. At all events, in the space of a few weeks, as we have seen, the rumour of a Treaty between Austria and Friedrich was everywhere rife; Friedrich, as he had engaged, everywhere denying it, and indeed

clearly perceiving that there was like to be no ground for acknowledging it. The Austrian Court, instead of 'completing the Treaty before Newyear's-day,' had broken the previous bargain; evidently not meaning to complete; intent rather to wait upon their Hungarian Insurrection, and the luck of War.

There is now, therefore, a new turn in the game. And for this also Friedrich has been getting the fit card ready; and is not slow to play it. Some time ago, November 4th, —properly November 1st, hardly three weeks since that of Klein-Schnellendorf,—finding the secret already out ('whispered of at Breslau, 28th October,' casually testifies Hyndford), he had tightened his bands with France; had, on November 4th, formally acceded to Karl Albert's Treaty with France.[1] Glatz to be his: he will not hear of wanting Glatz; nor of wanting elsewhere the proper Boundary for Schlesien, 'Neisse River both banks' (which Neipperg had agreed to, in his late Sham-Bargain);—quite strict on these preliminaries.

And furthermore, Kur-Sachsen being now a Partner in that French-Bavarian Treaty,—and a highly active one (with 21,000 in the field for him), who is 'King of Moravia' withal, and has some considerable northern Paring of Bohemia thrown-in, by way of 'Road to Moravia,'—Friedrich made, at the same time, special Treaty with Kur-Sachsen, on the points specially mutual to them; on the Boundary point, first of all. Which latter Treaty is dated also November 1st, and was 'ratified November 8th.'

Treaty otherwise not worth reading; except perhaps as it shows us Friedrich putting, in his brief direct way, Kur-Sachsen at once into Austria's place, in regard to Ober-Schlesien. 'Boundary between your Polish Majesty and me to be the River Neisse *plus* a full German mile';—which (to Belleisle's surprise) the Polish Majesty is willing to accept; and consents, farther, Friedrich being of succinct turn, That

[1] Accession agreed to, 'Frankfurt, Nov. 1st,' 1741; ratified 'Nov. 4th.'

Commissioners go directly and put-down the boundary-stones, and so an end. 'Let the Silesian matter stand where it stood,' thinks Friedrich: 'since Austria will not, will you? Put-down the boundary-pillars, then!'—an interesting little glance into Friedrich's inner man. And a Prussian Boundary Commissioner, our friend Nüssler the man, did duly appear; —whom perhaps we shall meet,—though no Saxon one quite did.[1] It is this boundary clause, it is Friedrich's little decision, 'Put-down the pillars, then,' that alone can now interest any mortal in this Saxon Bargain; the clause itself, and the bargain itself, having quite broken-down on the Saxon side, and proved imaginary as a covenant made in dreams. Could not be helped, in the sequel!—

Meanwhile, the preliminary diplomacies being done in this manner, Friedrich had ordered certain of his own Forces to get in motion a little; ordered Leopold, who has had endless nicety of management, since the French and Saxons came into those Bohemian Circles of his, to go upon Glatz; to lay fast hold of Glatz, for one thing. And farther eastward, Schwerin, by order, has lately gone across the Mountains; seized Troppau, Friedenthal; nay, Olmütz itself, the Capital of Mähren, —in one day (December 27th), garrison of Olmütz being too weak to resist, and the works in disrepair. 'In Heaven's name, what are your intentions, then?' asked the Austrians there. 'Peaceable in the extreme,' answered Schwerin, 'if only yours are. And if they are *not*—!'— There sits Schwerin ever since, busy strengthening himself, and maintains the best discipline; waiting farther orders.

'The Austrians will not complete their bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf?' thinks this young King: 'Very well; we will not press them to completion. We will not ourselves complete, should they now press. We will try another method, and that without loss of time.'—It was a pungent reflection with Friedrich that Karl Albert had not pushed forward on Vienna, from Linz that time, but had blindly

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 339 (§ *Nüssler*).

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turned-off to the left, and thrown away his one chance. 'Cannot one still mend it; cannot one still do something of the like?' thinks Friedrich now: 'Schwerin in Olmütz; Prussian Troops cantoned in the Highlands of Silesia, or over in Bohemia itself, near the scene of action; the Saxons eastward as far as Teutschbrod, still nearer; the French triumphant at Prag, and reinforcement on the road for them: a combined movement on Vienna, done instantly and with an impetus!' That is the thing Friedrich is now bent upon; nor will he, like Karl Albert, be apt to neglect the hour of tide, which is so inexorable in such operations.

At Berlin, accordingly, he has been hurrying-on his work, inspection, preparation of many kinds,—Marriage of his Brother August Wilhelm, for one business;[1]—and (January 18th), after a stay of two months, is off fieldward again, on this new project. To Dresden, first of all; Saxony being an essential element; and Valori being appointed to meet him there on the French side. It is January 20th, 1742, when Friedrich arrives: due Opera festivities, 'triple salute of all the guns,' fail not at Dresden; but his object was not these at all. Polish Majesty is here, and certain of the warlike Bastard Brothers home from Winter-quarters, Comte de Saxe for one; Valori also, punctually as due; and little Graf von Brühl, highest-dressed of human creatures, who is factotum in this Court.

'Your Polish Majesty, by treaty and title you are King of Moravia withal: now is the time, now or never, to become so in fact! Forward with your Saxons:' urges Friedrich: 'The Austrians and their Lobkowitz are weak in that Country: at Iglau, just over the Moravian border, they have formed a Magazine; seize that, snatch it from Lobkowitz: that gives us footing and basis there. Forward with your Saxons; Valori gives us so-many French; I myself will join

[1] 6th January 1742 (in Bielfeld, ii. 55-69, exuberant account of the Ceremony, and of B.'s part in it).

with 20,000 : swift, steady, all at once ; we can seize Moravia, who knows if not Vienna itself, and for certain drive a stroke right home into the very bowels of the Enemy !' That is Friedrich's theme from the first hour of his arrival, and during all the four-and-twenty that he stayed.

In one hour, Polish Majesty, who is fonder of tobacco and pastimes than of business, declared himself convinced ;—and declared also that the time of Opera was come ; whither the two Majesties had to proceed together, and suspend business for a while. Polish Majesty himself was very easily satisfied ; but with the others, as Valori reports it, the argument was various, long and difficult. 'Winter time ; so dangerous, so precarious,' answer Brühl and Comte de Saxe : There is this danger, this uncertainty, and then that other ;—which the King and Valori, with all their eloquence, confute. 'Impossible, for want of victual,' answers Maurice at last, driven into a corner : 'Iglau, suppose we get it, will soon be eaten ; then where is our provision ?'—'Provision ?' answers Valori : 'There is M. de Séchelles, Head of our Commissariat in Prag ; such a Commissary never was before.' 'And you consent, if I take that in hand ?' urges Friedrich upon them. They are obliged to consent, on that proviso. Friedrich undertakes Séchelles ; the Enterprise cannot now be refused.[1] 'Alert, then ; not a moment to be lost ! Good-night ; *au revoir*, my noble friends !'—and to-morrow, many hours before daybreak, Friedrich is off for Prag, leaving Dresden to awaken when it can.

At Prag he renews acquaintance with his old maladroit Strasburg friend, Maréchal de Broglio, not with increase of admiration, as would seem ; declines the demonstrations and civilities of Broglio, business being urgent ; finds M. de Séchelles to be in truth the supreme of living Commissaries (ready, in words which Friedrich calls golden, 'to make the impossible possible') : 'Only march, then, noble Saxons ; swift !'—and dashes-off again, next morning, to north-east-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 170 ; Valori, i. 139 ; etc. etc.

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ward, through Leopold's Bohemian cantonments, Glatz-ward by degrees, to be ready with his own share of the affair; no delay in him, for one. January 24th, after Königsgrätz and other Prussian posts,—January 24th, which is elsewhere so notable a day,—his route goes north-east, to Glatz, a hundred miles away, among the intricacies of the Giant Mountains, hither side of the Silesian Highlands; wild route for winter season, if the young King feared any route. From Berlin, hither and farther, he may have gone well-nigh his seven-hundred miles within the week; rushing on continually (starts, say at four in the winter morning); doing endless business, of the ordering sort, as he speeds along.

Glatz, a south-western mountainous Appendage to Silesia, abutting on Moravia and Bohemia, is a small strong Country; upon which, ever since the first Friedrich times, we have seen him fixed; claiming it too, as expenses from the Austrians, since they will not bargain. For he rises Sibyl-like: a year ago, you might have had him with his 100,000 to boot, for the one Duchy of Glogau; and now—! At Glatz or in these adjacent Bohemian parts, the Young Dessauer has been on duty, busy enough, ever since the late Siege of Neisse: Glatz Town the Young Dessauer soon got, when ordered; Town, Population, Territory, all is his,—all but the high mountain Fortress (centre of the Town of Glatz), with its stiff-necked Austrian Garrison shut-up there, which he is wearing-out by hunger. We remember the little Note from Valori's waistcoat-pocket, 'Don't give him Glatz, if you can possibly help it!' In his latest treaties with the French and their Allies, Friedrich has very expressly bargained for the Country (will even pay money for it);[1] and is determined to have it, when the Austrians next take to bargaining. Of Glatz Fortress, now getting hungered-out by Leopold's Prussian Detachment, I will say farther, though Friedrich heeds these circumstances little at present, that it stands on a

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 85.

scarped rock, girt by the grim intricate Hills; and that in the Arsenal, in dusty fabulous condition, lies a certain Drum, which readers may have heard of. Drum is not a fable, but an antique reality fallen flaccid; made, by express bequest, as is mythically said, from the skin of Zisca, above 300 years ago: altogether mythic that latter clause. Drum, Fortress, Town, Villages and Territory, all shall be Friedrich's, had hunger done its work.[1]

Friedrich, while at Glatz this time, gave a new Dress to the Virgin, say all the Biographers; of which the story is this. Holy Virgin stood in the main Convent of Glatz, in rather a threadbare condition, when the Prussians first approached; the Jesuits, and ardently Orthodox of both sexes, flagitating Heaven and her with their prayers, that she would vouchsafe to keep the Prussians out. In which case pious Madam Something, wife of the Austrian Commandant, vowed her a new suit of clothes. Holy Virgin did not vouchsafe; on the contrary, here the Prussians are, and Starvation with them. 'Courage, nevertheless, my new friends!' intimates Friedrich: 'The Prussians are not bugaboos, as you imagined: Holy Virgin shall have a new coat, all the same!' and was at the expense of the bit of broadcloth with trimmings. He was in the way of making such investments, in his light sceptical humour; and found them answer to him. At Glatz, and through those Bohemian and Silesian Cantonments, he sets his people in motion for the Moravian Expedition; rapidly stirs-up the due Prussian detachments from their Christmas rest among the Mountains; and has work enough in these regions, now here now there. Schwerin is already in Olmütz, for a month past; and towards him, or his neighbourhood, the march is to be.

[1] Town already, after short scuffle, 14th January 1742; Fortress, by hunger (no firing nor being fired on, in the interim), 25th April following,—when the once 2,000 of garrison, worn to about 200, pale as shadows, marched away to Brünn; 'only ten of them able for duty on arriving.' (Orlich, i. 174.)

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January 26th, Friedrich, now with considerable retinue about him, gets from Glatz to Landskron, some fifty miles Olmütz-ward; such a march as General Stille never saw,—'through the ice and through the snow, which covered that dreadful Chain of Mountains between Böhmen and Mähren: we did not arrive till very late;· many of our carriages broken down, and others overturned more than once.'[1] At Landskron next day, Friedrich, as appointed, met the Chevalier de Saxe (*Chevalier*, by no means Comte, but a younger Bastard, General of the Saxon Horse); and endeavoured to concert everything: Prussian rendezvous to be at Wischau, on the 5th next; thence straightway to meet the Saxons at Trebitsch (convenient for that Iglau*),—if only the Saxons will keep bargain.

January 28th, past midnight, after another sore march, Friedrich arrived at Olmütz; a pretty Town,—with an excellent old Bishop, 'a Graf von Lichtenstein, a little gouty man about fifty-two years of age, with a countenance open and full of candour;[2] in whose fine Palace, most courteously welcomed, the King lodged till near the day of rendezvousing. We will leave him there, and look westward a little; before going farther into the Moravian Expedition. Friedrich himself is evidently much bent on this Expedition; has set his heart on paying the Austrians for their trickery at Klein-Schnellendorf, in this handsome way, and still picking-up the chance against them which Karl Albert squandered. If only the French and Saxons would go well abreast with Friedrich, and thrust home! But will they? Here is a surprising bit of news; not of good omen, when it reaches one at Olmütz!

'*Linz, 24th January* 1742' (day otherwise remarkable). 'After the much barricading, and considerable defiance and bravadoing, by Comte

[1] Stille (Anonymous, Friedrich's Old-Tutor Stille), *Campagnes du Roi de Preusse* (English Translation, 12mo, London, 1763), p. 5. An intelligent, desirable little Volume,—many misprints in the English form of it.

* See Map at p. 350.

[2] Stille, p. 8.

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de Ségur and his 10,000, he has lost this City in a scandalous manner' (not quite scandalous, but reckoned so by outside observers); 'and Linz City is not now Ségur's, but Khevenhüller's. To Khevenhüller's first summons M. de Ségur had answered, "I will hang on the highest gallows the next man that comes to propose such a thing!"—and within a week' (Khevenhüller having seized the Donau River to rear of Linz, and blasted-off the Bavarian party there), 'M. de Ségur did himself propose it ("Free withdrawal: Not serve against you for a year"); and is this day beginning to march out of Linz.'[1] Here is an example of defending Key-Positions! If Ségur's be the pattern followed, those conquests on the Donau are like to go a fine road!—

There came to Friedrich, in all privacy, during his stay in Olmütz at this Bishop's, a Diplomatic emissary from Vienna, one Pfitzner; charged with apologies, with important offers probably;—important; but not important enough. Friedrich blames himself for being too abrupt on the man; might perhaps have learned something from him by softer treatment.[2] After three days, Pfitzner had to go his ways again, having accomplished nothing of change upon Friedrich.

CHAPTER IX

WILHELMINA GOES TO SEE THE GAIETIES AT FRANKFURT

On the day when Friedrich, overhung by the grim winter Mountains, was approaching Glatz, same day when Ségur was evacuating Linz on those sad terms, that is, on the 24th day of January 1742,—Two Gentlemen were galloping their best in the Frankfurt-Mannheim regions; bearing what they reckoned glad tidings towards Mannheim and Karl Albert; who is there 'on a visit' (for good reasons), after his triumphs at Prag and elsewhere. The hindmost of the Two Gentle-

[1] *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, iii. 280, etc.; Adelung, iii. *a*, p. 12, and p. 15 (a Paris street-song on it).

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 109.

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men is an Official of rank (little conscious that he is preceded by a rival in message-bearing); Official Gentleman, despatched by the Diet of Frankfurt to inform Karl Albert, That he now is actually Kaiser of the Holy Romish Empire; votes, by aid of Heaven and Belleisle, having all fallen in his favour. Gallop, therefore, my Official Gentleman:—alas, another Gentleman, Non-official, knowing how it would turn, already sat booted and saddled, a good space beyond the walls of Frankfurt, waiting till the cannon should fire; at the first burst of cannon, he (cunning dog) gives his horse the spur; and is miles ahead of the toiling Official Gentleman, all the way.[1]

In the dreary mass of longwinded ceremonial nothingnesses, and intricate Belleisle cobwebberies, we seize this one poor speck of human foolery in the native state, as almost the memorablest in that stupendous business. Stupendous indeed; with which all Germany has been in travail these sixteen months, on such terms! And in verity has got the thing called 'German Kaiser' constituted, better or worse. Heavens, was a Nation ever so bespun by gossamer; enchanted into paralysis, by mountains of extinct tradition, and the want of power to annihilate rubbish! There are glittering threads of the finest Belleisle diplomacy, which seem to go beyond the Dog-star, and to be radiant, and irradiative, like paths of the gods: and they are, seem what they might, poor threads of idle gossamer, sunk already to dusty cobweb, unpleasant to poor human nature; poor human nature concerned only to get them well swept into the fire. The quantities of which sad litter, in this Universe, are very great!—

Karl Albert, now at the topgallant of his hopes: homaged Archduke of Upper Austria, homaged King of Bohemia, declared Kaiser of the German Nation,—is the highest-titled mortal going: and, poor soul, it is tragical, once more, to think what the reality of it was for him. Ejection from

[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 52.

house and home; into difficulty, poverty, despair; life in furnished lodgings, which he could not pay;—and at last heart-break, no refuge for him but in the grave. All which is mercifully hidden at present; so that he seems to himself a man at the topgallant of his wishes; and lives pleasantly, among his friends, with a halo round his head to his own foolish sense and theirs.

'Karl Albert, Kurfürst of Baiern' (lazy readers ought to be reminded), 'whose achievements will concern us to an unpleasant extent, for some years, is now a lean man of forty-five; lean, erect, and of middle stature; a Prince of distinguished look, they say; of elegant manners, and of fair extent of accomplishment, as Princes go. His experiences in this world, and sudden ups and downs, have been and will be many. Note a few particulars of them; the minimum of what are indispensable here.

'English readers know a Maximilian Kurfürst of Baiern, who took into French courses in the great Spanish-Succession War; the Anti-Marlborough Maximilian, who was quite ruined-out by the Battle of Blenheim; put under Ban of the Empire, and reduced to depend on Louis XIV. for a living,—till times mended with him again; till, after the Peace of Utrecht, he got reinstated in his Territories; and lived a dozen years more, in some comparative comfort, though much sunk in debt. Well, our Karl Albert is the son of that Anti-Marlborough Kurfürst Maximilian; eldest surviving son; a daughter of the great Sobieski of Poland was his mother. Nay, he is great-grandson of another still more distinguished Maximilian, him of the Thirty-Years War,—(who took the Jesuits to his very heart, and let-loose Até on his poor Country for the sake of them, in a determined manner; and was the First of all the Bavarian *Kurfürsts*, mere Dukes till then; having got for himself the poor Winter-King's Electorship, or split it into Two as ultimately settled, out of that bad Business),—great-grandson, we say, of that forcible questionable First Kurfürst Max; and descends from Kaiser Ludwig, "Ludwig the *Baier*," if that is much advantage to him.

'In his young time he had a hard upcoming; seven years old at the Battle of Blenheim and Papa living abroad under Louis XIV.'s shelter, the poor Boy was taken charge of by the victorious Austrian Kaisers, and brought-up in remote Austrian Towns, as a young "Graf von Wittelsbach" (nothing but his family name left him), mere Graf and private nobleman henceforth. However, fortune took the turn we know, and he became Prince again; nothing the worse for this Spartan part of his breeding. He made the Grand Tour, Italy, France, perhaps more than once; saw, felt, and tasted; served slightly, at a Siege of Belgrad (one

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of the many Sieges of Belgrad);—wedded, in 1722, a Daughter of the late Kaiser Joseph's, niece of the late Kaiser Karl's, cousin of Maria Theresa's; making the due "renunciations," as was thought; and has been Kurfürst himself for the last Fourteen Years, ever since 1726, when his Father died. A thrifty Kurfürst, they say, or at least has occasionally tried to be so, conscious of the load of debts left on him; fond of pomps withal, extremely polite, given to Devotion and to *Billets-doux*; of gracious address, generous temper (if he had the means), and great skill in speaking languages. Likes hunting a little,—likes several things, we see!—has lived tolerably with his Wife and children; tolerably with his Neighbours (though sour upon the late Kaiser now and then); and is an ornament to München, and well liked by the population there. A lean, elegant, middle-sized gentleman; descended direct from Ludwig the ancient Kaiser; from Maximilian the First Kurfürst, who walked by the light of Father Lämmerlein (*Lambkin*) and Company, thinking *it* light from Heaven; and lastly is son of Maximilian the Third Kurfürst, whom learned English readers know as the Anti-Marlborough one, ruined-out by the Battle of Blenheim.

'His most important transaction hitherto has been the marriage with Kaiser Joseph's Daughter;—of which, in Pöllnitz somewhere, there is sublime account; forgettable, all except the date (Vienna, 5th October 1722), if by chance that should concern anybody. Karl Albert (*Kurprinz*, Electoral Prince or Heir-Apparent at that time) made free renunciation of all right to Austrian Inheritances, in such terms as pleased Karl VI., the then Kaiser; the due complete "renunciations" of inheriting in Austria; and it was hoped he would at once sign the Pragmatic Sanction, when published; but he has steadily refused to do so: "I renounced for my Wife," says Kurfürst Karl, "and will never claim an inch of Austrian land on her account; but my own right, derived from Kaiser Ferdinand of blessed memory, who was Father of my Great-grandmother, I did not, do not, never will renounce; and I appeal to *his* Pragmatic Sanction, the much older and alone valid one, according to which, it is not you, it is I that am the real and sole Heir of Austria.

'This he says, and has steadily said or meant: "It is I that am to be King of Bohemia; I that shall and will inherit all your Austrias, Upper, Under, your Swabian Brisgau or Hither Austria, and what of the Tyrol remained wanting to me. Your Archduchess will have Hungary, the Styrian-Carinthian Territories; Florence, I suppose, and the Italian ones. What is hers by right I will be one of those that defend for her; what is not hers, but mine, I will defend against her, to the best of my ability!" This was privately, what it is now publicly, his argument; from which he never would depart; refusing always to accept Kaiser Karl's new Pragmatic Sanction; getting Saxony (who likewise had a

Ferdinand great-grandmother) to refuse,—till Polish Election compelled poor Saxony, for a time. Karl Albert had likewise secretly, in past years, got his abstruse old Cousin of the Pfalz (who mended the Heidelberg Tun) to back him in a Treaty; nay, still better, still more secretly, had got France itself to promise eventual backing:—and, on the whole, lived generally on rather bad terms with the late Kaiser Karl, his Wife's Uncle; any reconciliation they had proving always of temporary nature. In the Rhenish War (1734), Karl Albert, far from assisting the Kaiser, raised large forces of his own; kept drilling them, in four or three camps, in an alarming manner; and would not even send his Reich's Contingent (small body of 3,000 he is by law bound to send), till he perceived the War was just expiring. He was in angry controversy with the Kaiser, claiming debts,—debts contracted in the last generation, and debts going back to the Thirty-Years War, amounting to hundreds of millions,—when the poor Kaiser died; refusing payment to the last, nay, claiming lands left *him*, he says, by Margaret Mouthpoke:[1] "Cannot pay your Serene Highness (having no money); and would not, if I could!" Leaving Karl Albert to protest to the uttermost;'—which, as we ourselves saw in Vienna, he at once honourably did.

Karl Albert's subsequent history is known to readers; except the following small circumstance, which occurred in his late transit, flight, or whatever we may call it, to Mannheim, and is pleasantly made notable to us by Wilhelmina. 'His Highness on the way from München,' intimates our Princess, passed through Baireuth in a very bad post-chaise.' This, as we elsewhere pick out, was on January 16th; Karl Albert in post-haste for the marriage-ceremony, which takes place at Mannheim tomorrow.[2] 'My Margraf, accidentally hearing, galloped after him, came up with him about fifteen miles away: they embraced, talked half an hour; very content, both.'[3]

And eight days afterwards, 24th January 1742, busy Belleisle (how busy for this year past, since we saw him in the Œil-de-Bœuf!) gets him elected Kaiser;—and Ségur, in the self-same hours, is packing out of Linz; and one's Donau 'Conquests,' not to say one's München, one's Baiern itself,

[1] Michaelis, ii. 260; Buchholz, ii. 9; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 182; etc.
[2] Adelung, iii. *a*, 51. [3] Wilhelmina, ii. 334.

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are in a fine way! The marriage-ceremony, witnessed on the 17th, was one of the sublimest for Kur-Pfalz and kindred; and it too had secretly a touch of tragedy in it for the poor Karl Albert. A double marriage: Two young Princesses, Grand-daughters, priceless Heiresses, to old Kur-Pfalz; married, one of them to Duke Clement of Baiern, Karl Albert's nephew, which is well enough: but married, the other and elder of them, to Theodor of Deux-Ponts, who will one day,—could we pierce the merciful veil,—be Kurfürst of Baiern, and succeed our own childless Son![1]

'Kaiser Karl VII.,' such the style he took, is to be crowned February 12th; makes sublime Public Entry into Frankfurt, with that view, January 31st;—both ceremonies splendid to a wonder, in spite of finance considerations. Which circumstance should little concern us, were it not that Wilhelmina, hearing the great news (though in a dim ill-dated state), decided to be there and see; did go;—and has recorded her experiences there, in a shrill human manner. Wishful to see our fellow-creatures (especially if bound to look at them), even when they are fallen fantasmal, and to make persons or them again, we will give this Piece; sorry that it is the last we have of that fine hand. How welcome, in the murky puddle of Dryasdust, is any glimpse by a lively glib Wilhelmina, which we can discern to be human! Hear what Wilhelmina says (in a very condensed form):

Wilhelmina at the Coronation

Wilhelmina, in the end of January 1742,—Karl Albert having shot past, one day lately, in a bad post-chaise, and kindled the thought in her,—resolved to go and see him crowned at Frankfurt, by way of pleasure-excursion. We will, struggling to be briefer, speak in her person; and indicate withal where the very words are hers, and where ours.

'The Marwitz, elder Marwitz, her poor father being wounded at Mollwitz,[2] had gone to Berlin to nurse him; but she returned just now,—not much to my joy;' I being, with some cause, jealous of that foolish minx.

[1] Michaelis, ii. 265.

[2] *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 23; and *Preussische Adels-Lexikon*, iii. 365.

'The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg also came, sorrow on her; a foolish talking woman, always cutting jokes, making eyes, giggling and coquetting: "*has* some wit and manner, but wearies you at last: her charms, now on the decline, were never so considerable as rumour said; in the long-run she bores you with her French gaieties and sprightliness: her character for gallantry is too notorious. She quite corrupted Marwitz, in this and a subsequent visit; turned the poor girl's head into a French whirligig, and undermined any little moral principle she had. She was on the road to Berlin,"—of which anon, for it is not quite nothing to us;—"but she was in no hurry, and would right willingly have gone with us." And it required all our female diplomacy to get her under way again, and fairly out of our course. January 28th, *she* off to Berlin; *we*, same day, to Frankfurt-on-Mayn.[1]

'Coronation was to have been' (or we Country-folk thought it was), January 31st: Let us be there *incognito*, the night before; see it, and return the day after. That was our plan. Bad roads, waters all out; we had to go night and day;—reached the gates of Frankfurt, 30th January late. Berghover, our Legationsrath there, says we are known everywhere; Coronation is not to be till February 12th! I was fatigued to death, a bad cold on me, too: we turned back to the last Village; stayed there overnight. Back again to Berghover, in secret (*à la sourdine*), next night; will see the Public Entry of Karl Albert, which is to be tomorrow' (not quite, my Princess; January 31st for certain,[2] did one the least care). '"It was a very grand thing indeed (*des plus superbes*); but I will not stop describing it. Masked ball that night; where I had much amusement, tormenting the masks; not being known to anybody. We next day retired to a small private House, which Berghover had got for us, out of Town, for fear of being discovered; and lodged there, waiting February 12th, under difficulties."

'The weather was bitterly cold; we had brought no clothes; my dames and I nothing earthly but a black *andrienne* each' (whatever that may be), 'to spare bulk of luggage: strictest incognito was indispensable. The Marwitzes, for giggling, raillery, French airs, and absolute impertinence, were intolerable, in that solitary place. We return to Frankfurt again; have balls and theatres, at least: "of these latter I missed none. One evening, my head-dress got accidentally shoved awry, and exposed my face for a moment: Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, who was looking that way, recognised me; told the Prince of Orange of it;—they are in our box, next minute!"'

Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, did readers ever hear of him before?

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[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 334; see pp. 335, 338, 347, etc., for the other salient points that follow.

[2] Adelung, iii. *a*, 63; etc., etc.

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Transiently perhaps, in Friedrich's *Letters to his Father*; but have forgotten him again; can know him only as the outline of a shadow. A fat solid military man of fifty; junior Brother of that solid *Wilhelm*, Vice-regent and virtual 'Landgraf of Hessen'—(*vice* an elder and eldest Brother, *Friedrich*, the now Majesty of Sweden, who is actual Hereditary Landgraf, but being old, childless, idle, takes no hold of it, and quite leaves it to Wilhelm),—of whom English readers may have heard, and will hear. For it is Wilhelm that hires us those 'subsidised 6,000,' who go blaring about on English pay (Prince George merely Commandant of them); and Wilhelm, furthermore, has wedded his Heir-Apparent to an English Princess lately;[1] which also, as the poor young fellow became Papist by and by) costs certain English people, among others, a good deal of trouble. Uncle George, we say, is merely Commandant of those blaring 6,000; has had his own real soldierings before this; his own labours, contradictions, in his time; but has borne all patiently, and grown fat upon it, not quarrelling with his burdens or his nourishments. Perhaps we may transiently meet him again.

As to the Prince of Orange, him we have seen more than once in times past: a young fellow in comparison, sprightly, reckoned clever, but somewhat humpbacked; married an English Princess, years ago ('Papa, if he were as ugly as a baboon!')—which fine Princess, we find, has stopt short at Cassel, too fatigued on the present occasion. "His *esprit*," continues Wilhelmina, "and his conversation, delighted me. His Wife, he said, was at Cassel; he would persuade her to come and make my acquaintance;"—could not; too far, in this cold season. "These two Serene Highnesses would needs take me home in their carriage; they asked the Margraf to let them stay supper: from that hour they were never out of our house. Next morning, by means of them, the secret had got abroad. Kur-Köln" (lanky hook-nosed gentleman, richest Pluralist in the Church) "had set spies on us; next evening he came up to me, and said, 'Madam, I know your Highness; you must dance a measure with me!' That comes of one's headgear getting awry! We had nothing for it but to give-up the incognito, and take our fate!"

This dancing Elector of Köln, a man still only entering his forties, is the new Emperor's Brother:[2] do readers wonder to see him dance, being an Archbishop? The fact is certain,—let the Three Kings and the Eleven Thousand Virgins say to it what they will. 'He talked a

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[1] Princess Mary (age only about seventeen), 28th June 1740; Prince's name was Friedrich (became Catholic, 1749; *wife* made family-manager in consequence, etc., etc.).

[2] Clement August (Hübner, t. 134).

long time with me; presented to me the Princess Clemence his Niece" (that is to say, Wife of his Nephew Clement; one of the Two whom his now Imperial Majesty saw married the other day),[1] and then the Princess" —in fact, presented all the three Sulzbach Princesses (for there is a youngest, still to wed),—" and then Prince Theodor" (happy Husband of the eldest), " and Prince Clement " (ditto of the younger); 'and was very polite indeed. How keep our incognito, with all these people heaping civilities upon us? Let us send to Baireuth for clothes, equipages; and retire to our country concealment till they arrive.'

"Just as we were about setting-off thither, I waiting till the Margraf were ready, the Margraf entered, and a Lady with him; who, he informed me, was Madame de Belleisle, the French Ambassador's Wife:" —Wife of the great Belleisle, the soul of all these high congregatings, consultations, coronations, who is not Kaiser, but maker of Kaisers: what is to be done!—" I had carefully avoided her; reckoning she would have pretensions I should not be in the humour to grant. I took my resolution at the moment" (being a swift decisive creature); " and received her like any other Lady that might have come to me. Her visit was not long. The conversation turned altogether upon praises of the King" (my Brother). " I found Madame de Belleisle very different from the notion I had formed of her. You could see she had moved in high company (*sentait son monde*); but her air appeared to me that of a waiting-maid (*soubrette*), and her manners insignificant." Let Madame take that.

" Monseigneur himself," when our equipages had come, " waited on me several times,"—Monseigneur the grand Maréchal de Belleisle, among the other Principalities and Lordships: but of this lean man in black (who has done such famous things, and will have to do the Retreat of Prag within year and day), there is not a word farther said. Old Seckendorf too is here; " Reich's-Governor of Philipsburg"; very ill with Austria, no wonder; and striving to be well with the new Kaiser. Doubtless old Seckendorf made his visit too (being of Baireuth kin withal), and snuffled his respects: much unworthy of mention; not lovely to Wilhelmina. 'Prince of Orange,' hunchbacked, but sprightly and much the Prince, 'bore me faithful company all the Coronation time; nor was George of Hessen-Cassel wanting, good fat man.

'Of the Coronation itself, though it was truly grand,' and even of an Oriental splendour,[2] 'I will say nothing. The poor Kaiser could not enjoy it much. He was dying of gout and gravel, and could scarcely stand on his feet.' Poor gentleman; and the French are driven dismally out of Linz; and the Austrians are spreading like a lava-flood or general

[1] Michaelis, ii. 256, 123; Hübner, tt. 141, 134.
[2] *Anemonen*, ubi suprà.

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conflagration over Baiern—Demon Mentzel, whom they call Colonel Mentzel, he (if we knew it) is in München itself, just as we are getting crowned here! And unless King Friedrich, who is falling into Mähren, in the flank of them, call back this Infernal Chase a little, what hope is there in those parts!—'The poor Kaiser, oftenest in his bed, is courting all manner of German Princes,'—consulting with Seckendorfs, with cunning old stagers. 'He has managed to lead my Margraf into a foolish bargain, about raising men for him. Which bargain I, on fairly getting sight of it, persuade my Margraf to back-out of; and, in the end, he does so. Meanwhile, it detains us some time longer in Frankfurt, which is still full of Principalities, busy with visitings and ceremonials.

'Among other things, by way of forwarding that Bargain I was so averse to, our Official People had settled that I could not well go without having seen the Empress, after her crowning. Foolish people; entangling me in new intricacies! For if she is a Kaiser's Daughter and Kaiser's Spouse, am not I somewhat too? "How a King's Daughter and an Empress are to meet, was probably never settled by example: what number of steps down stairs does she come? The armchair (*fauteuil*), is that to be denied me?" And numerous other questions. The official people, Baireuthers especially, are in despair; and, in fact, there were scenes. But I held firm; and the Berlin Ambassadors tempering, a medium was struck: steps of stairs, to the due number, are conceded me; armchair no, but the Empress to "take a very small armchair," and I to have a big common chair (*grand dossier*). So we meet, and I have sight of this Princess, next day.

'In her place, I confess I would have invented all manner of etiquettes, or any sort of contrivance, to save myself from showing face. "Heavens! the Empress is below middle size, and so corpulent (*puissante*), she looks like a ball; she is ugly to the utmost (*laide au possible*), and without air or grace:"' Kaiser Joseph's youngest Daughter,—the gods, it seems, have not been kind to her in figure or feature! 'And her mind corresponds to her appearance: she is bigoted to excess; passes her nights and days in her oratory, with mere rosaries and gaunt superstitious platitudes of that nature; a dark fat dreary little Empress. "She was all of a tremble in receiving me; and had so discountenanced an air, she couldn't speak a word. We took seats. After a little silence, I began the conversation, in French. She answered me in her Austrian jargon, That she did not well understand that language, and begged I would speak to her in German. Our conversation was not long. Her Austrian dialect and my Lower-Saxon are so different that, till you have practised, you are not mutually intelligible in them. Accordingly we are not. A bystander would have split with laughing at the Babel we made of it;

each catching only a word here and there, and guessing the rest. This Princess was so tied to her etiquette, she would have reckoned it a crime against the Reich to speak to me in a foreign language; for she knew French well enough.

"The Kaiser was to have been of this visit; but he had fallen so ill, he was considered even in danger of his life. Poor Prince, what a lot had he achieved for himself!" reflects Wilhelmina, as we often do. 'He was soft, humane, affable; had the gift of captivating hearts. Not without talent either; but then of an ambition far disproportionate to it. "Would have shone in the second rank, but in the first went sorrowfully eclipsed," as they say! He could not be a great man, nor had about him any one that could; and he needed now to be so.' This is the service a Belleisle can do; inflating a poor man to Kaisership, beyond his natural size! Crowned Kaiser, and Mentzel just entering his München the while; a Kaiser bedrid, stranded; lying ill there of gout and gravel, with the Demon Mentzels eating him:—well may his poor little bullet of a Kaiserinn pray for him night and day, if that will avail!—

The Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, returning from Berlin, favours us with another Visit

I am sorry to say this is almost the last scene we shall get out of Wilhelmina. She returns to Baireuth; breaks there conclusively that unwise Frankfurt bargain; receives by and by (after several months, when much has come and gone in the world) the returning Duchess of Würtemberg, effulgent Dowager 'spoken of only as a Lais'; and had other adventures, alluded to up and down, but not put in record by herself any farther.—Sorrowfully let us hear Wilhelmina yet a little, on this Lais Duchess, who will concern us somewhat. Dowager, much too effulgent, of the late Karl Alexander, a Reichs-Feldmarschall (or *fourth-part* of one, if readers could remember) and Duke of Würtemberg,—whom we once dined with at Prag, in old Friedrich-Wilhelm and Prince-Eugene times:

'This Princess, very famous on the bad side, had been at Berlin to see her three Boys settled there, whose education she' (and the *Stände* of Würtemberg, she being Regent) 'had committed to the King. These Princes had been with us on their road thither, just before their Mamma

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last time. The Eldest, age fourteen, had gone quite agog (*s'étoit amouraché*) about my little Girl, age only nine; and had greatly diverted us by his little gallantries' (mark that, with an Alas!). 'The Duchess, following somewhat at leisure,' had missed the King that time; who was gone for Mähren, January 18th. * * 'I found this Princess wearing pretty well. Her features are beautiful, but her complexion is faded and very yellow. Her voice is so high and screechy, it cuts your ears; she does not want for wit, and expresses herself well. Her manners are engaging for those whom she wishes to gain; and with men are very free. Her way of thinking and acting offers a strange contrast of pride and meanness. Her gallantries had brought her into such repute that I had no pleasure in her visits.'[1] No pleasure; though she often came; and her Eldest Prince, and my little Girl—Well, who knows!

Besides her three Boys (one of whom, as Reigning Duke, will become notorious enough to Wilhelmina and mankind), the Lais Duchess has left at Berlin,—at least, I guess she has now left him, in exchange perhaps for some other,—a certain very gallant, vagabond young Marquis d'Argens, 'from Constantinople' last; originally from the Provence countries; extremely dissolute creature, still young (whom Papa has had to disinherit), but full of good-humour, of gesticulative loyal talk, and frothy speculation of an Anti-Jesuit turn (has written many frothy Books, too, in that strain, which are now forgotten): who became a very great favourite with Friedrich, and will be much mentioned in subsequent times.

'In the end of July,' continues Wilhelmina, 'we went to Stouccard' (Stuttgard, capital of Würtemberg, O beautiful glib tongue!), 'whither the Duchess had invited us: but—' And there we are on blank paper; our dear Wilhelmina has ceased speaking to us: her *Memoirs* end; and oblivious silence wraps the remainder!—

Concerning this effulgent Dowager of Würtemberg, and her late ways at Berlin, here, from Bielfeld, is another snatch, which we will excerpt, under the usual conditions:

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 335.

'*Berlin, February* 1742' (real date of all that is not fabulous in Bielfeld, who chaotically dates it '6th December' of that Year). * * 'A day or two after this' (no matter *what*) 'I went to the German Play, the only spectacle which is yet fairly afoot in Berlin. In passing in, I noticed the Duchess Dowager of Würtemberg, who had arrived, during my absence, with a numerous and brilliant suite, as well to salute the King and the Queens' (King off, on his Moravian Business, before she came), 'and to unite herself more intimately with our Court, as to see the Three Princes her Children settled in their new place, where, by consent of the States of Würtemberg, they are to be educated henceforth.

'As I had not yet had myself presented to the Duchess, I did not presume to approach too near, and passed up into the Theatre. But she noticed me in the side-scenes; asked who I was' (such a handsome fashionable fellow), 'and sent me order to come immediately and pay my respects. To be sure, I did so; was most graciously received; and, of course, called early next day at her Palace. Her Grand-Chamberlain had appointed me the hour of noon. He now introduced me accordingly: but what was my surprise to find the Princess in bed; in a negligee all new from the laundress, and the gallantest that art could imagine! On a table, ready to her hand, at the *dossier* or bed-head, stood a little Basin silver-gilt, filled with Holy Water: the rest was decorated with extremely precious Relics, with a Crucifix, and a Rosary of rock-crystal. Her dress, the cushions, quilt, all was of Marseilles stuff, in the finest series of colours, garnished with superb lace. Her cap was of Alençon lace, knotted with a ribbon of green and gold. Figure to yourself, in this gallant deshabille, a charming Princess, who has all the wit, perfection of manner—and is still only thirty-seven, with a beauty that was once so brilliant! Round the celestial bed were courtiers, doctors, almoners, mostly in devotional postures; the three young Princes; and a Dame d'Atours, who seemed to look slightly *ennuyée* or bored.' I had the honour to kiss her Serene Highness's hand, and to talk a great many peppered insipidities suitable to the occasion.

Dinner followed, more properly supper, with lights kindled: 'Only I cannot dress, you know,' her Highness had said; 'I never do, except for the Queen-Mother's parties';—and rang for her maids. So that you are led out to the Anteroom, and go grinning about, till a new and still more charming deshabille be completed, and her Most Serene Highness can receive you again: 'Now Messieurs! Pshaw, one is always

stupid, no *esprit* at all except by candlelight!'—After which, such a dinner, unmatchable for elegance, for exquisite gastronomy, for Attic-Paphian brilliancy and charm! And indeed there followed hereupon, for weeks on weeks, a series of such unmatchable little dinners; chief parts, under that charming Presidency, being done by 'Grand-Chamberlain Baron de' Something-or-other, 'by your humble servant Bielfeld, M. Jordan, and a Marquis d'Argens, famous Provençal gentleman now in the suite of her Highness:'[1]—feasts of the Barmecide, I much doubt, poor Bielfeld being in this Chapter very fantastic, *misdate*ful to a mad extent; and otherwise, except as to general effect, worth little serious belief.

We shall meet this Paphian Dowager again (Crucifix and Myrtle joined): meet especially her D'Argens, and her Three little Princes more or less;—wherefore, mark slightly (besides the D'Argens as above):

'1°. The Eldest little Prince, Karl Eugen; made "Reigning-Duke" within three years hence' (Mamma falling into trouble with the *Stände*): 'a man still gloomily famous in Germany' (Poet Schiller's Duke of Würtemberg), 'of inarticulate, extremely arbitrary turn,—married Wilhelmina's Daughter by and by' (with horrible usage of her); 'and otherwise gave Friedrich and the world cause to think of him.

'2°. The Second little Prince, Friedrich Eugen, Prussian General of some mark, who will incidentally turn-up again. He was afterwards Successor to the Dukedom' (Karl Eugen dying childless); 'and married his Daughter to Paul of Russia, from whom descend the Autocrats there to this day.

'3°. Youngest little Prince, Ludwig Eugen, a respectable Prussian Officer, and later a French one: he is that "Duc de Wirtemberg" who corresponds with Voltaire' (inscrutable to readers, in most of the Editions); 'and need not be mentioned farther.'[2]

But enough of all this. It is time we were in Mähren, where the Expedition must be blazing well ahead, if things have gone as expected.

[1] Bielfeld, ii. 74-78.
[2] See Michaelis, iii. 449; Preuss, i. 476; etc. etc.

CHAPTER X

FRIEDRICH DOES HIS MORAVIAN EXPEDITION, WHICH PROVES A MERE MORAVIAN FORAY

WHILE these Coronation splendours had been going on, Friedrich, in the Moravian regions, was making experiences of a rather painful kind; his Expedition prospering there far otherwise than he had expected. This winter Expedition to Mähren was one of the first Friedrich had ever undertaken on the Joint-stock Principle; and it proved of a kind rather to disgust him with that method in affairs of war.

A deeply disappointing Expedition. The country hereabouts was in bad posture of defence; nothing between us and Vienna itself, in a manner. Rushing briskly forward, living on the country where needful, on that Iglau Magazine, on one's own Séchelles resources; rushing on, with the Saxons, with the French, emulous on the right hand and the left, a Captain like Friedrich might have gone far; Vienna itself,—who knows!—not yet quite beyond the reach of him. Here was a way to check Khevenhüller in his Bavarian Operations, and whirl him back, double-quick, for another object nearer home!—But, alas, neither the Saxons nor the French would rush on, in the least emulous. The Saxons dragged heavily arear; the French Detachment (a poor 5,000 under Polastron, all that a captious Broglio could be persuaded to grant) would not rush at all, but paused on the very frontier of Moravia, Broglio so ordering, and there hung supine, or indeed went home.

Friedrich remonstrated, argued, turned back to encourage; but it was in vain. The Saxon Bastard Princes 'lived for days in any Schloss they found comfortable'; complaining always that there was no victual for their Troops; that the Prussians, always ahead, had eaten the country. No end to haggling; and, except on Friedrich's part, no hearty begin-

ning to real business. 'If you wish at all to be "King of Moravia," what is this!' thinks Friedrich justly. Broglio, too, was unmanageable,—piqued that Valori, not Broglio, had started the thing;—showed himself captious, dark, hysterically effervescent, now over-cautious, and again capable of rushing blindly headlong.

To Broglio the fact at Linz, which everybody saw to be momentous, was overwhelming. Magnanimous Ségur, and his Linz 'all wedged with beams,' what a road have they gone! Said so valiantly they would make defence; and did it, scarcely for four days: January 24th; before this Expedition could begin! True, M. le Maréchal, too true:—and is that a reason for hanging-back in this Mähren Business; or for pushing-on in it, double-quick, with all one's strength? 'But our Conquests on the Donau,' thinks Broglio, 'what will become of them,—and of us!' To Broglio, justly apprehensive about his own posture at Prag and on the Donau, there never was such a chance of at once raking back all Austrians homewards, post-haste out of those countries. But Broglio could by no means see it so,—headstrong, blusterous, over-cautious and hysterically headlong old gentleman; whose conduct at Prag here brought Strasburg vividly to Friedrich's memory. Upon which, as upon the ghost of Broglio's Breeches, Valori had to hear 'incessant sarcasms' at this time.

In a word, from February 5th, when Friedrich, according to bargain, rendezvoused his Prussians at Wischau to begin this Expedition, till April 5th, when he re-rendezvoused them (at the same Wischau, as chanced) for the purpose of ending it and going home,—Friedrich, wrestling his utmost with Human Stupidity, '*mit der Dummheit*' (as Schiller sonorously says), 'against which the very gods are unvictorious,' had probably two of the most provoking months of his Life, or of this First Silesian War, which was fruitful in such to him. For the common cause he accomplished nearly nothing by this Moravian Expedition. But, to his own mind, it was

rich in experiences, as to the Joint-Stock Principle, as to the Partners he now had. And it doubtless quickened his steps towards getting personally out of this imbroglio of big French-German Wars,—home to Berlin, with Peace and Silesia in his pocket,—which had all along been the goal of his endeavours. As a feat of war it is by no means worth detailing, in this place,—though succinct Stille, and bulkier German Books give lucid account, should anybody chance to be curious.[1] Only under the other aspect, as Friedrich's experience of Partnership, and especially of his now Partners, are present readers concerned to have, in brief form, some intelligible notion of it.

Iglau is got, but not the Magazine at Iglau

Friedrich was punctual at Wischau; Headquarters there (midway between Olmütz and Brünn), Prussians all assembled, 5th February 1742. Wischau is some eighty miles *east* or inward of Iglau; the French and Saxons are to meet us about Trebitsch, a couple of marches from that Teutschbrod of theirs, and well within one march of Iglau, on our route thither.* The French and Saxons are at Trebitsch, accordingly; but their minds and wills seem to be far elsewhere. Rutowsky and the Chevalier de Saxe command the Saxons (20,000 strong on paper, 16,000 in reality); Comte de Polastron the French, who are 5,000, all Horse. Along with whom, professedly as French Volunteer, has come the Comte de Saxe, capricious Maurice (Maréchal de Saxe that will be), who has always viewed this Expedition with disfavour. Excellency Valori is with the French Detachment, or rather poor Valori is everywhere; running about, from quarter to quarter, sometimes to Prag itself; assiduous to heal rents everywhere; clapping cement into manifold cracks, from day to day. Through Valori we get some interesting glimpses into the secret humours and manœuvres of Comte Maurice. It is known otherwise Comte Maurice was no friend to Belleisle, but looked for his promotion from the opposite or Noailles party, in the French Court: at present, as Valori perceives, he has got the ear of Broglio, and put much sad stuff into the loud foolish mind of him.

To these Saxon gentlemen, being Bastard-Royal and important to con-

[1] Stille, *Campaigns of the King of Prussia*, i. 1-55; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 548-611; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 110-114; Orlich, ii. ; etc. etc.

* See Map at p. 350.

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ciliate, Friedrich has in a highflown way assigned the Schloss of Budischau for quarters, an excellent superbly magnificent mansion in the neighbourhood of Trebitsch, 'nothing like it to be seen except in theatres, on the Drop-scene of *The Enchanted Island*';[1] where they make themselves so comfortable, says Friedrich, there is no getting them roused to do anything for three days to come. And yet the work is urgent, and plenty of it. 'Iglau, first of all,' urges Friedrich, 'where the Austrians, 10,000 or so, under Prince Lobkowitz, have posted themselves' (right flank of that long straggle of Winter Cantonments, which goes leftwards to Budweis and farther), 'and made Magazines: possession of Iglau is the foundation-stone of our affairs. And if we would have Iglau *with* the Magazines and not without, surely there is not a moment to be wasted!' In vain; the Saxon Bastard Princes feel themselves very comfortable. It was Sunday the 11th of February, when our junction with them was completed: and, instead of next morning early, it is Wednesday afternoon before Prince Dietrich of Anhalt-Dessau, with the Saxon and French party roused to join his Prussians and him, can at last take the road for Iglau. Prince Dietrich makes now the reverse of delay; marches all night, 'bivouacks in woods near Iglau,' warming himself at stick-fires till the day break; takes Iglau by merely marching into it and scattering 2,000 Pandours, so soon as day has broken; but finds the Magazines not there. Lobkowitz carted-off what he could, then burnt 'Seventeen Barns yesterday'; and is himself off towards Budweis Headquarters and the Bohemian bogs again. This comes of lodging Saxon royal gentlemen too well.

The Saxons think Iglau enough; the French go home

Nay, Iglau taken, the affair grows worse than ever. Our Saxons now declare that they understand their orders to be completed; that their Court did not mean them to march farther, but only to hold by Iglau, a solid footing in Moravia, which will suffice for the present. Fancy Friedrich; fancy Valori, and the cracks he will have to fill! Friedrich, in astonishment and indignation, sends a messenger to Dresden: 'Would the Polish Majesty *be* 'King of Moravia,' then, or not be?' Remonstrances at Budischau rise higher and higher; Valori, to prevent total explosion, flies over once, in the dead of the night, to deal with Rutowsky and Brothers. Rutowsky himself seems partly persuadable, though dreadfully ill of rheumatism. They rouse Comte Maurice; and Valori, by this Comte's caprices, is driven out of patience. 'He talked with a flippant sophistry, almost with an insolence,' says Valori; 'nay, at last, he made me a gesture in speaking,'—what gesture, thumb to

[1] Stille, *Campaigns*, p. 14.

nose, or what, the shuddering imagination dare not guess! But Valori, nettled to the quick, 'repeated it,' and otherwise gave him as good as he brought. 'He ended by a gesture which displeased me'— —'and went to bed.'[1] This is the night of February 18th; third night after Iglau was had, and the Magazines in it gone to ashes. Which the Saxons think is conquest enough.

Poor Polish Majesty,—poor Karl Albert, above all, now 'Kaiser Karl VII.,' with nothing but those French for breath to his nostrils! With his fine French Army of the Oriflamme, Karl Albert should have pushed along last Autumn; and not merely 'read the Paper' which Friedrich sent him to that effect, 'and then laid it aside.' They will never have another chance, his French and he,—unless we call this again a chance; which they are again squandering! Linz went by capitulation; January 24th, the very day of one's 'Election' as they called it: and ever since that day of Linz, the series of disasters has continued rapid and uniform in those parts. Linz gone, the rest of the French posts did not even wait to capitulate; but crackled all off, they and our Conquests on the Donau, like a train of gunpowder, and left the ground bare. And General von Bärenklau (*Bear's-claw*), with the hideous fellow called Mentzel, Colonel of Pandours, they have broken through into Bavaria itself, from the Tyrol; climbing by Berchtesgaden and the wild Salzburg Mountains, regardless of Winter, and of poor Bavarian militia-folk; —and have taken München, one's very Capital, one's very House and Home!—Poor Karl Albert,—and, what is again remarkable, it was the very day while he was getting 'crowned' at Frankfurt, 'with Oriental pomp,' that Mentzel was about entering München with his Pandours.[2] And this poor Archduke of the Austrians, King of Bohemia, Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich Teutsch by Nation, is becoming Titular merely, and owns next to nothing in these extensive Sovereignties. Judge if there is not call for despatch on all sides!—The Polish Majesty sent instant rather angry order to his Saxons, 'Forward, with you; what else! We would be King in Mähren!'

The Saxons then have to march forward; but we can fancy with what a will. Rutowsky flings-up his command on this Order (let us hope, from rheumatism partly), and goes home; leaving the Chevalier de Saxe to preside in room of him. As for Polastron, he produces Order from Broglio, 'Iglau got, return straightway'; must and will cross over into Bohemia again; and does. Nay, the Comte de Saxe had, privately in his pocket, a Commission to supersede Polastron, and take command himself, should Polastron make difficulties about turning back. Poor

[1] Valori, i. 148, 149.

[2] Coronation was February 12th; Capitulation to Mentzel, 'München, February 13th,' is in *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 56-59.

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Polastron made no difficulties: Maurice and he vanish accordingly from this Adventure, and only the unwilling Saxons remain with Friedrich. Poor Polastron ('a poor weak creature,' says Friedrich, 'fitter for his breviary than anything else') fell sick, from the hardships of campaigning; and soon died, in those Bohemian parts. Maurice is heard of, some weeks hence, besieging Eger;—very handsomely capturing Eger:[1]—on which service Broglio had ordered him after his return. The former Commandant of the Siege, not very progressive, had just died; and Broglio, with reason (all the more for his late Moravian procedures) was passionate to have done there. One of the first auspicious exploits of Maurice, that of Eger; which paved the way to his French fortunes, and more or less sublime glories, in this War. Friedrich recognises his ingenuities, impetuosities, and superior talent in war; wrote highflown Letters of praises, now and then, in years coming; but, we may guess, would hardly wish to meet Maurice in the way of joint-stock business again.

Friedrich submerges the Moravian Countries; but cannot Brünn, which is the indispensable point

February 19th, these sad Iglau matters once settled, Friedrich, followed by the Saxons, plunges forward into Moravia; spreads himself over the country, levying heavy contributions, with strict discipline nevertheless; intent to get hold of Brünn and its Spielberg, if he could. Brünn is the strong place of Moravia; has a garrison of 6 or 7,000; still better, has the valiant Roth, whom we knew in Neisse once, for Commandant: Brünn will not be had gratis.

Schwerin, with a Detachment of 5,000 horse and foot, Posadowsky, Ziethen, Schmettau Junior commanding under him, has dashed along far in the van; towards Upper Austria, through the Town of Horn, towards Vienna itself; levying, he also, heavy contributions,—with a hand of iron, and not much of a glove on it, as we judge. There is a grim enough Proclamation (in the name of a 'frightfully injured Kaiser,' as well as Kaiser's Ally), still extant, bearing Schwerin's signature, and the date '*Stein*, 26th Feb. 1742.'[2] Stein is on the Donau, a mile or two from Krems, and twice as far from Mautern, where the now Kaiser was in Autumn last. Forty and odd miles short of Vienna: this proved the Pisgah of Schwerin in that direction, as it had done of Karl Albert. Ziethen, with his Hussars, coursed some 20 miles farther, on the Vienna Highway; and got the length of Stockerau; a small Town, notable slightly, ever since, as the Prussian *Non-plus-ultra* in that line.

[1] 19th April 1742 (*Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 78-85).
[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 556.

Meanwhile, Prince Lobkowitz is rallying; has quitted Budweis and the Bohemian Bogs, for some check of these insolences. Lobkowitz, rallying to himself what Vienna force there is, comes, now in good strength, to Waidhofen (rearward of Horn, far rearward of Stein and Stockerau), so that Ziethen and Schwerin have to draw homeward again. Lobkowitz fortifies himself in Waidhofen; gathers Magasines there, as if towards weightier enterprises. For indeed much is rallying, in a dangerous manner; and Moravia is now far other than when Friedrich planned this Expedition. And at Vienna, 25th February last, there was held Secret Council, and (much to Robinson's regret) a quite high Resolution come to,—which Friedrich gets to know of, and does not forget again.

The Saxons have no Cannon for Brünn, cannot afford any; there is a high Resolution taken at Vienna (February 25th): *Friedrich quits the Moravian Enterprise*

Friedrich keeps his Headquarter, all this while, closer and closer upon Brünn. First, chiefly at a Town called Znaim, on the River Taya; many-branched river, draining all those North-western parts; which sends its widening waters down to Presburg,—latterly in junction with those of the Morawa from North, which washes Olmütz, drains the Northern and Eastern parts, and gives the Country its name of 'Moravia.' Brünn lies north-east of Friedrich, while in Znaim, some fifty miles; the Saxon headquarter is at Kromau, midway towards that City. After Znaim, he shifts inward, to Selowitz, still in the same Taya Valley, but much nearer Brünn; and there continues.[1]

Striving hard for Brünn; striving hard, under difficulties, for so many things distant and near; we may fancy him busy enough;—and are surprised at the fractions of light Jordan Correspondence which he still finds time for. Pretty bits of Letters, in prose and doggrel, from and to those Moravian Villages; Jordan, 'twice a week,' bearing the main weight; Friedrich, oftener than one could hope, flinging some word of answer,—very intent on Berlin gossip, we can notice. 'Vattel is still here, your Majesty,'[2] insinuates Jordan:—young Vattel, afterwards of the *Droit des Gens*, whom his Majesty might have kept, but did not.—What more of your D'Argens, then; anything *in* your D'Argens? Friedrich will ask. 'For certain, D'Argens is full of *esprit*,' answers Jordan, in a dextrous way; and How the Effulgent of Würtemberg 'has quar-

[1] At Znaim, 19th February—9th March; at Selowitz, 13th March—5th April (Rödenbeck, i. 65).

[2] *Œuvres*, xvii. 163, etc.

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relled outright with her D'Argens, and will not eat-off silver (*d'argent*), lest she have to *name* him by accident!'—with other gossip, in a fine brief airy form, at which Jordan excels. Cheering the rare leisure hour, in one's Tent at Selowitz, Pohrlitz, Irrlitz, far away!—There are also orders about *Cicero* and Books. Of Business for most part, or of private feelings, nothing: Berlin gossip, and Books for one's reading, are the staple. But to return.

Out from Headquarters, diligent operations shoot forth, far enough, along those Taya-Morawa Valleys, where Hungarian 'Insurgents' are beginning to be dangerous. South of Brünn, all round Brünn, are diligent operations, frequent skirmishings, constant strict levyings of contributions. The saving operation, Friedrich well sees, would be to get hold of Brünn: but, unluckily, How? Vigilant Roth scorns all summoning; sallies continually in a dangerous manner; and at length, when closer pressed, burns all the Villages round him: 'we counted as many as sixteen villages laid in ashes,' says Friedrich. Here is small comfort of outlook.

And then the Saxons, at Kromau or wherever they may be: no end of trouble and vexation with these Saxons. Their quarters are not fairly allotted, they say; we make exchange of quarters, without improvement noticeable. 'One fine day, on some slight alarm, they came rushing over to us, all in panic; ruined, merely by Pandour noises, had not we marched them back, and reinstated them.' Friedrich sends to Silesia for reinforcements of his own, which he can depend upon. Sends to Silesia, to Glatz and the Young Dessauer;—nay, to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer, ultimately. Finding Roth would not yield, he has sent to Dresden for Siege-Artillery: Polish Majesty there, titular 'King o Moravia,' answers that he cannot meet the expense of carriage. 'He had just purchased a green diamond which would have carried them thither and back again': What can be done with such a man?—And by this time, early in March, Hungarian '*Moriamur pro Rege*' begins to show itself. Clouds of Hungarian Insurgents, of the Tolpatch, Pandour sort, mount over the Carpathians on us, all round the east, from south to north; and threaten to penetrate Silesia itself. So that we have to sweep laboriously the Morawa-Taya Valleys; and undertake first one and then another outroad, or sharp swift sally, against those troublesome barbarians.

And more serious still, Prince Karl and the regular Army, quickened by such Khevenhüller-Bärenklau successes in the Donau Countries, are beginning to stir. Prince Karl, returning from Vienna and its consultations, took command, 4th March;[1] with whom has come old Graf von Königseck, an experienced head to advise with; Prince Karl is in

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 557.

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motion, skirting us southward, about Waidhofen, where Lobkowitz lay waiting him with Magazines ready. Rumour says, the force in those parts is already 40,000, with more daily coming in. Friedrich has of his own, apart from the Saxons, some 24,000. Prince Karl, with so many heavy troops, and with unlimited supply of light, is very capable of doing mischief: he has orders (and Friedrich now knows of it) To go in upon us;—such their decision in Secret Council at Vienna, on the 25th of February last, That he must go and fight us:—'Better we met him with fewer thrums on our hands!' thinks Friedrich; and beckons the Old Dessauer out of Brandenburg withal. 'Swift, your Serenity; hitherward with 20,000!' Which the Old Dessauer (having 30,000 to pick from, late Camp-of-Göttin people) at once sets about. Will be a security, in any event![1] To finish with Brünn, Friedrich has sent for Siege-Artillery of his own; he urges Chevalier de Saxe to close with him round Brünn, and batter it energetically into swift surrender. Is it not the one thing needful? Chevalier de Saxe admits, half-promises; does not perform. Being again urged, Why have not you performed? he answers, 'Alas, your Majesty, here are Orders for me to join Marshal Broglio at Prag, and retire altogether out of this!'

'Altogether out of it,' thinks Friedrich to himself: 'may all the Powers be thanked! Then I too, without disgrace, can go altogether out of it;—and it shall be a sharp eye that sees me in joint-stock with you again, M. le Chevalier.' Friedrich has written in his *History*, and Valori used to hear him often say in words, Never were tidings welcomer than these, that the Saxons were about to desert him in this manner. Go: and may all the Devils—But we will not fall into profane swearing. It is proper to get out of this Enterprise at one's best speed, and never get into the like of it again! Friedrich (on this strange Saxon revelation, 30th March) takes instant order for assembling at Wischau again, for departing towards Olmütz; thence homewards, with deliberate celerity, by the Landskron mountain-country, Tribau, Zwittau, Leutomischl, and the way he came. He has countermanded his Silesian reinforcements; these and the rest shall rendezvous at Chrudim in Bohemia; whitherwards the two Dessauers are bound:—in Brünn, with its wrecked environs, famed Spielberg looking down from its conical height, and sixteen villages in ashes, Roth shall do his own way henceforth.

The Saxons pushed straight homewards; did not 'rejoin Broglio,' rejoin anybody,—had, in fact, done with this First Silesian War, as it proved; and were ready for the *opposite* side, on a Second falling out! Their march, this time, was

[1] Orlich, i. 221: Date of the Order, '13th March 1742.'

5th April 1742]
long and harassing,—sad bloody passage in it, from Pandours and hostile Village-people, almost at starting, 'four Companies of our Rearguard cut-down to nine men; Village burnt, and Villagers exterminated (*sic*), by the rescuing party.'[1] They arrived at Leitmeritz and their own Border, 'hardly above 8,000 effective.' Naturally, in a highly indignant humour; and much disposed to blame somebody. To the poor Polish *Non*-Moravian Majesty, enlightened by his Brühls and Staff-Officers, it became a fixed truth that the blame was all Friedrich's,—'starving us, marching us about!'—that Friedrich's conduct to us was abominable, and deserved fixed resentment. Which accordingly it got, from the simple Polish Majesty, otherwise a good-natured creature;—got, and kept. To Friedrich's very great astonishment, and to his considerable disadvantage, long after!

Friedrich's look, when Valori met him again coming home from this Moravian Futility, was '*farouche*,' fierce and dark; his laugh bitter, sardonic; harsh mockery, contempt and suppressed rage, looking through all he said. A proud young King, getting instructed in several things, by the stripes of experience. Look in that young Portrait by Pesne, the full cheeks, and fine mouth capable of truculence withal, the brow not unused to knit itself, and the eyes flashing out in sharp diligent inspection, of a somewhat commanding nature. We can fancy the face very impressive upon Valori in these circumstances. Poor Valori has had dreadful work; running to and fro, with his equipages breaking, his servants falling all sick, his invaluable D'Arget (Valori's chief Secretary, whom mark) quite disabled; and Valori's troubles are not done. He has been to Prag lately; is returning futile, as usual. Driving through the Mountains to rejoin Friedrich, he meets the Prussians in retreat; learns that the Pandours, extremely voracious, are ahead; that he had better turn, and wait for his Majesty about Chrudim in the Elbe region, upon highways, and within reach of Prag.

[1] Details in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 606; in etc. etc.

Friedrich, on the 5th of April, is in full march out of the Moravian Countries,—which are now getting submerged in deluges of Pandours; towards the above-said Chrudim, whereabouts his Magazines lie, where privately he intends to wait for Prince Karl, and that Vienna Order of the 25th February, with hands clearer of thrums. The march goes in proper columns, dislocations; Prince Dietrich, on the right, with a separate Corps, bent elsewhither than to Chrudim, keeps-off the Pandours. A march laborious, mountainous, on roads of such quality; but except baggage-difficulties and the like, nothing material going wrong. 'On the 13th' (April), 'we marched to Zwittau, over the Mountain of Schönhengst. The passage over this Mountain is very steep; but not so impracticable as it had been represented; because the cannon and wagons can be drawn round the sides of it.'[1] Yes;—and readers may (in fancy) look about them from the top; for we shall go this road again, sixteen years hence; hardly in happier circumstances!—

Friedrich gets to Chrudim, April 17th; there meets the Young Dessauer with his forces: by and by the Old Dessauer, too, comes to an Interview there (of which shortly). The Old Dessauer,—his 20,000 not with him, at the moment, but resting some way behind, till he return,—is to go eastward with part of them; eastward, Troppau-Jablunka way, and drive those Pandour Insurgencies to their own side of the Mountains: a job Old Leopold likes better than that of the Göttin Camp of last year. Other part of the 20,000 is to reinforce Young Leopold and the King, and go into cantonments and 'refreshment-quarters' here at Chrudim. Here, living on Bohemia, with Silesia at their back, shall the Troops repose a little; and be ready for Prince Karl, if he will come on. That is what Friedrich looks to, as the main Consolation left.

In Moravia, now overrun with Pandours, precursors of Prince Karl, he has left Prince Dietrich of Anhalt, able still

[1] Stille, p. 86.

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to maintain himself, with Olmütz as Headquarters, for a calculated term of days: Dietrich is, with all diligence, to collect Magazines for that Jablunka-Troppau Service, and march thither to his Father with the same (cutting his way through those Pandour swarms); and leaving Mähren as bare as possible, for Prince Karl's behoof. All which Prince Dietrich does, in a gallant, soldierlike, prudent and valiant manner,—with details of danger well fronted, of prompt dexterity, of difficulty overcome; which might be interesting to soldier students, if there were among us any such species; but cannot be dwelt upon here. It is a march of 60 or 70 miles (north-east, not north-west as Friedrich's had been), through continual Pandours, perils and difficulties:—met in the due way by Prince Dietrich, whose toils and valours had been of distinguished quality in this Moravian Business. Take one example, not of very serious nature (in the present March to Troppau):

'*Olischau, evening of April 21st.* Just as we were getting into Olischau' (still only in the environs of Olmütz), 'the Vanguard of Prince Karl's Army appeared on the Heights. It did not attack; but retired, Olmütz way, for the night. Prince Dietrich, not doubting but it would return next day, made the necessary preparations overnight. Nothing of it returned next day; Prince Dietrich, therefore, in the night of April 22d, pushed forward his sick-wagons, meal-wagons, heavy baggage, peaceably to Sternberg; and, at dawn on the morrow, followed with his army, Cavalry ahead, Infantry to rear'; nothing whatever happening,—unless this be a kind of thing:—'Our Infantry had scarcely got the last bridge broken down after passing it, when the roofs of Olischau seemed as it were to blow up; the Inhabitants simultaneously seizing that moment, and firing, with violent diligence, a prodigious number of shot at us,—no one of which, owing to their hurry and the distance, took any effect';[1] but only testified what their valedictory humour was.

Or again—(Place, this time, is *Ungarisch-Brod*, near Göding on the Moravian-Hungarian Frontier, date *March 13th*; one of those swift Outroads, against Insurgents or 'Hungarian Militias' threatening to gather):—* * 'Göding on our Moravian side of the Border, and then Skalitz on their Hungarian, being thus finished, we make for Ungarisch-Brod,'

[1] Stille, p. 50.

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the next nucleus of Insurgency. And there is the following minute phenomenon,—fit for a picturesque human memory: 'As this, from Skalitz to Ungarisch-Brod, is a long march, and the roads were almost impassable, Prince Dietrich with his Corps did not arrive till after dark. So that, having sufficiently blocked the place with parties of horse and foot, he had, in spite of thick-falling snow, to wait under the open sky for daylight. In which circumstances, all that were not on sentry lay down on their arms'; slept heartily, we hope; 'and there was half an ell of snow on them, when day broke.'[1] When day broke, and they shook themselves to their feet again,—to the astonishment of Ungarisch-Brod! * *

There had been fine passages of arms, throughout, in this Business, round Brünn, in the March home, and elsewhere; and Friedrich is well contented with the conduct of his men and generals,—and dwells afterwards with evident satisfaction on some of the feats they did.[2] I am sorry to say, General Schwerin has taken pique at this preference of the Old Dessauer for the Troppau Anti-Pandour Operation; and is home in a huff; not to reappear in active life for some years to come. 'The little Marlborough,'—so they call him (for he was at Blenheim, and has abrupt hot ways),—will not participate in Prince Karl's consolatory Visit, then! Better so, thinks Friedrich perhaps (remembering Mollwitz): 'This is the freak of an imitation *Anglais*!' sneers he, in mentioning it to Jordan.—Friedrich's Synopsis of this Moravian Failure of an Expedition, in answer to Jordan's curiosity about it, —curiosity implied, not expressed by the modest Jordan,— is characteristic:

[1] *Bericht von der Unternehmung des etc.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 508).

[2] For instance, *Truchsess von Waldburg's* fine bit of Spartanism (14th March, at Lesch, near Brünn, near *Austerlitz* withal), which was much celebrated; King himself, from Selowitz, heard the cannonading (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 518-520). Selchow's feat (*ib.* 521). Fouquet's (this is the *Captain* Fouquet, with '*my* two candles, Sir,' of the old Cüstrin-Prison time; who is dear to Friedrich ever since, and to the end): 'Account of Fouquet's Grenadier Battalion, to and at Fulnek, January—April 1742' (is in *Feldzüge der Preussen*, i. 176-184); especially his March *from* Fulnek, homewards, part of Prince Dietrich's that way (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 510-515). With various others (in *Seyfarth* and *Feldzüge*): well worth reading till you understand them.

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'Moravia, which is a very bad Country, could not be held, owing to want of victual; and the Town of Brünn could not be taken, because the Saxons had no cannon; and when you wish to enter a Town, you must first make a hole to get in by. Besides, the Country has been reduced to such a state, that the Enemy cannot subsist in it, and you will soon see him leave it. There is your little military lesson; I would not have you at a loss what to think of our Operations; or what to say, should other people talk of them in your presence!'[1]

'Winter Campaigns,' says Friedrich elsewhere, much in earnest, and looking back on this thing long afterwards, 'Winter Campaigns are bad, and should always be avoided, except in cases of necessity. The best Army in the world is liable to be ruined by them. I myself have made more Winter Campaigns than any General of this Age; but there were reasons. Thus:

'In 1740,' Winter Campaign which we saw, 'there were hardly above two Austrian Regiments in Silesia, at Karl VI.'s death. Being determined to assert my right to that Duchy, I had to try it at once, in winter, and carry the war, if possible, to the Banks of the Neisse. Had I waited till spring, we must have begun the war between Crossen and Glogau; what was now to be gained by one march would then have cost us three or four campaigns. A sufficient reason, this, for campaigning in winter.

'If I did not succeed in the Winter Campaign of 1742,' Campaign which we have just got out of, 'which I made with a design to deliver the Elector of Bavaria's Country, then overrun by Austria, it was because the French acted like fools, and the Saxons like traitors.' Mark that deliberate opinion.

'In 1745-6,' Winter Campaign which we expect to see, 'the Austrians having got Silesia, it was necessary to drive them out. The Saxons and they had formed a design to enter my Hereditary Dominions, to destroy them with fire and sword. I was beforehand with them. I carried the War into the heart of Saxony.'[2]

Digesting many bitter-enough thoughts, Friedrich has cantoned about Chrudim; expecting, in grim composed

[1] Friedrich to Jordan (*Œuvres*, xvii. 196), Chrudim, 5th May 1742.

[2] *Military Instructions written by etc.* 'translated by an Officer' (London, 1762), pp. 171, 172. One of the best, or altogether the best, of Friedrich's excellent little Books, written successively (thrice-*private*, could they have been kept so) for the Instruction of his Officers. Is to be found now in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. (that is vol. i. of the '*Œuvres Militaires*,' which occupy 3 voll.), pp. 4 et sqq.

humour, the one Consolation there can now be. February 25th, as readers well know, the Majesty of Hungary and her Aulic Council had decided, 'One stroke more, O Excellency Robinson; one Battle more for our Silesian jewel of the crown! If beaten, we will then give it up; Oh, not till then!' Robinson and Hyndford,—imagination may faintly represent their feelings, on the wilful downbreak of Klein-Schnellendorf; or what clamour and urgency the Majesty of Britain and they have been making ever since. But they could carry it no further: 'One stroke more!'

At Chrudim, and to the right and the left of it, sprinkled about in long, very thin, elliptic shape (thirty or forty miles long, but capable of coalescing 'within eight-and-forty hours'), there lies Friedrich: the Elbe River is behind him; beyond Elbe are his Magazines, at Königsgrätz, Nimburg, Podiebrad, Pardubitz; the Giant Mountains, and world of Bohemian Hills, closing-in the background, far off: that is his position, if readers will consult their Map. The consolatory Visit, he privately thinks, cannot be till the grass come; that is, not till June, two months hence; but there also he was a little mistaken.

CHAPTER XI

NUSSLER IN NEISSE, WITH THE OLD DESSAUER AND WALRAVE

THE Old Dessauer with part of his 20,000,—aided by Boy Dietrich (*Knabe*, 'Knave Dietrich,' as one might fondly call him) and the Moravian Meal-wagons, — accomplished his Troppau-Jablunka Problem perfectly well; cleaning the Mountains, and keeping them clean, of that Pandour rabble, as he was the man to do. Nor would his Expedition require mentioning farther,—were it not for some slight passages of

a purely Biographical character; first of all, for certain rubs which befell between his Majesty and him. For example, once, before that Interview at Chrudim, just on entering Bohemia thitherward, Old Leopold had seen good to alter his march-route; and,—on better information, as he thought it, which proved to be worse,—had taken a road not prescribed to him. Hearing of which, Friedrich reins him up into the right course, in this sharp manner:

'*Chrudim, 21st April.* I am greatly surprised that your Serenity, as an old Officer, does not more accurately follow my orders which I give you. If you were skilfuler than Cæsar, and did not with strict accuracy observe my orders, all else were of no help to me. I hope this notice, once for all, will be enough; and that in time coming you will give no farther causes to complain.'[1]

Friedrich, on their meeting at Chrudim, was the same man as ever. But the old Son of Gunpowder stood taciturn, rigorous, in military business attitude, in the King's presence; had not forgotten the passage; and indeed he kept it in mind for long months after. And during all this Ober-Schlesien time, had the hidden grudge in his heart;—doing his day's work with scrupulous punctuality; all the more scrupulous, they say. Friedrich tried, privately through Leopold Junior, some slight touches of assuagement; but without effect; and left the Senior to Time, and to his own methods of cooling again.

Besides that of keeping-down Hungarian Enterprises in the Mountains, Old Leopold had, as would appear, to take some general superintendence in Ober-Schlesien; and especially looks after the new Fortification-work going on in those parts. Which latter function brought him often to Neisse, and into contact with the ugly Walrave, Engineer-in-Chief there. A much older and much worthier acquaintance of ours, Herr Boundary-Commissioner Nüssler, happens also to be in Neisse; —waiting for those Saxon Gentlemen; who are unpunctual to a degree, and never come (nor in fact ever will, if Nüssler

[1] King to Fürst Leopold (Orlich, i. 219-221).

knew it). Luckily Nüssler kept a Notebook; and Büsching ultimately got it, condensed it, printed it;—whereby (what is rare, in these Dryasdust labyrinths, inane spectralities and cinder-mountains) there is sudden eyesight vouchsafed; and we discern veritably, far off, brought face to face for an instant, this and that! I must translate some passages,—still farther condensed:

How Nüssler happened to be in Neisse, May 1742

Nüssler had been in this Country, off and on, almost since Christmas last; ready here, if the Saxons had been ready. As the Saxons were not ready, and always broke their appointment, Nüssler had gone into the Mountains, to pass time usefully, and take preliminary view of the ground.

* * 'From Berlin, 20th December 1741; by Breslau,'—where some pause and correspondence;—'thence on, Neisse way, as far as Löwen' (so well known to Friedrich, that Mollwitz night!). 'From Berlin to Löwen, Nüssler had come in a carriage: but as there was much snow falling, he here took a couple of sledges; in which, along with his attendants, he proceeded some fifty miles, to Jauernik, a stage beyond Neisse, to the south-west. Jauernik is a little Town lying at the foot of a Hill, on the top of which is the Schloss of Johannisberg. Here it began to rain; and the getting-up the Hill, on sledges, was a difficult matter. The *Drost'* (Steward) 'of this Castle was a Nobleman from Brunswick-Lüneburg; who, for the sake of a marriage and this Drost-ship for dowry, had changed from Protestant to Roman-Catholic,'—poor soul! 'His wife and he were very polite, and showed Nüssler a great deal of kindness. Nüssler remarked on the left side of this Johannisberg,' western side a good few miles off, 'the Pass which leads from Glatz to Upper and Lower Schlesien,'—where the reader too has been, in that *Baumgarten Skirmish*, if he could remember it,—'with a little Block-house in the bottom,' and no doubt Prussian soldiers in it at the moment. 'Nüssler, intent always on the useful, did not institute picturesque reflections; but considered that his King would wish to have this Pass and Blockhouse; and determined privately, though it perhaps lay rather beyond the boundary-mark, that his Master must have it when the bargaining should come.' * *

'On the homeward survey of these Borders, Nüssler arrived at Steinau' (little Village with Schloss, which we saw once, on the march to Mollwitz, and how accident of fire devoured it that night), 'and at sight of the burnt Schloss standing black there, he remembered with great

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emotion the Story of Gräfin von Callenberg' (dead since, with her pistols and brandy-bottle), 'and of the Gräfin's Daughter, in which he had been concerned as a much-interested witness, in old times.'—'For the rest, the journey, amid ice and snow, was not only troublesome in the extreme, but he got a life-long gout by it' (and no profit to speak of); 'having sunk, once, on thin ice, sledge and he, into a half-frozen stream, and got wetted to the loins, splashing about in such cold manner,—happily not quite drowned.' The indefatigable Nüssler; working still, like a very artist, wherever bidden, on wages miraculously low.

The Saxon Gentlemen never came;—privately the Saxons were quite off from the Silesian bargain, and from Friedrich altogether;—so that this border survey of Nüssler's came to nothing, on the present occasion. But it served him and Friedrich well, on a new boundary-settling, which did take effect, and which holds to this day. Nüssler, during these operations, and vain waitings for the Saxons, had Neisse for head-quarters; and, going and returning, was much about Neisse; Walrave, Marwitz (father of Wilhelmina's baggage Marwitz), Feldmarschall Schwerin (in earlier stages), and other high figures, being prominent in his circle there.

'The old Prince of Dessau came thither, for some days.[1] He was very gracious to Nüssler, who had been at his Court, and known him before this. The Old Dessauer made use of Walrave's Plate; usually had Walrave, Nüssler, and other principal figures to dinner. Walrave's Plate, every piece of it, was carefully marked with a *Raven* on the rim,—that being his crest' ('Wall-raven,' his name): 'Old Dessauer, at sight of so many images of that bird, threw-out the observation, loud enough, from the top of the table, "Hah, Walrave, I see you are making yourself acquainted with the *ravens* in time, that they may not be strange to you at last,"'—when they come to eat you on the gibbet! (not a soft tongue, the Old Dessauer's). 'Another day, seeing Walrave seated between two Jesuit Guests, the Prince said: "Ah, there you are right, Walrave; there you sit safe; the Devil can't get you there!" As the Prince kept continually bantering him in this strain, Walrave determined not to come; sulkily absented himself one day: but the Prince sent the *Ordinans* (Soldier in waiting) to fetch him; no refuge in sulks.

'They had Roman-Catholic victual for Walrave and others of that faith, on the meagre-days; but Walrave eat right before him,—evidently nothing but the name of Catholic. Indeed, he was a man hated by the Catholics, for his special rapacity on them. "He is of no religion at all," said the Catholic Prelate of Neisse, one day, to Nüssler; "greedy to

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 347 (beginning of May as we guess, but there is no date given).

plunder the Monasteries here; has wrung gold, silver and jewels from them,—nay, from the Pope himself,—by threatening to turn Protestant, and use the Monasteries still worse. And the Pope, hearing of this, had to send him a valuable Gift, which you may see some day." Nüssler did, one day, see this preciosity: a Crucifix, ebony bordered with gold, and the Body all of that metal, on the smallest of altars,—in Walrave's bedroom. But it was the bedroom itself which Nüssler looked at with a shudder,' Nüssler and we: 'in the middle of it stood Walrave's own bed, on his right hand that of his Wife, and on his left that of his Mistress':—a brutish polygamous Walrave! 'This Mistress was a certain Quarter-Master's Wife,'—Quarter-Master willing, it is probable, to get rid of such an article gratis, much more on terms of profit. 'Walrave had begged for him the Title of Hofrath from King Friedrich,'—which, though it was but a clipping of ribbon contemptible to Friedrich, and the brute of an Engineer had excellent talents in his business, I rather wish Friedrich had refused in this instance. But he did not; 'he answered in gibing tone, "I grant you the Hofrath Title for your Quarter-Master; thinking it but fit that a General's,"—What shall we call her? (Friedrich uses the direct word)—"should have some handle to her name."'[1]

It was this Mistress, one is happy to know, that ultimately betrayed the unbeautiful Walrave, and brought him to Magdeburg for the rest of his life.—And now let us over the Mountains, to Chrudim again; a hundred-and-fifty miles at one step.

CHAPTER XII

PRINCE KARL DOES COME ON

It was before the middle of May, not of June as Friedrich had expected, that serious news reached Chrudim. May 11th, from that place, there is a Letter to Jordan, which for once has no verse, no bantering in it: Prince Karl actually coming on; Hussar precursors, in quantity, stealing across to attack our Magazines beyond Elbe;—and in consequence, Orders are out this very day: 'Cantonments, cease; immediate ren-

[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 343-348.

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dezvous, and Encampment at Chrudim here!' Which takes effect two days hence, Monday 13th May: one of the finest sights Stille ever saw. 'His Majesty rode to a height; you never beheld such a scene: bright columns, foot and horse, streaming-in from every point of the compass, their clear arms glittering in the sun; lost now in some hollow, then emerging, winding out with long-drawn glitter again; till at length their blue uniforms and actual faces come home to you. Near upon 30,000 of all arms; trim exact, of stout and silently good-humoured aspect; well rested, by this time;—likely fellows for their work, who will do it with a will. The King seemed to be affected by so glorious a spectacle; and, what I admired, his Majesty, though fatigued, would not rest satisfied with reports or distant view, but personally made the tour of the whole Camp, to see that everything was right, and posted the pickets himself before retiring.'[1]

Prince Karl, since we last heard of him, had hung about in the Brünn and other Moravian regions, rallying his forces, pushing-out Croat parties upon Prince Dietrich's home-march, and the like; very ill off for food, for draught-cattle, in a wasted Country. So that he had soon quitted Mähren; made for Budweis and neighbourhood:—dangerous to Broglio's outposts there? To a 'Castle of Frauenberg,' across the Moldau from Budweis; which is Broglio's bulwark there, and has cost Broglio much revictualling, reinforcing, and flurry for the last two months. Prince Karl did not meddle with Frauenberg, or Broglio, on this occasion; leaves Lobkowitz, with some Reserve-party, hovering about in those parts;—and himself advances, by Teutschbrod (well known to the poor retreating Saxons lately!) towards Chrudim, on his grand Problem, that of 25th February last. Cautiously, not too willingly, old Königseck and he. But they were inflexibly urged to it by the Heads at Vienna; who, what with their Bavarian successes, what with their Moravian and other, had

[1] Stille, p. 57 (or Letter x.).

got into a high key;—and scorned the notion of 'Peace,' when Hyndford (getting Friedrich's permission, in the late Chrudim interval) had urged it again.[1]

Broglio is in boundless flurry; nothing but spectres of attack looming-in from Karl, from Khevenhüller, from everybody; and Eger hardly yet got.[2] Fine reinforcement, 25,000 under a Duc d'Harcourt; this and other good outlooks there are; but it is the terrible alone that occupy Broglio. And indeed the poor man,—especially ever since that Moravian Business would not thrive in spite of him,—is not to be called well off! Friedrich and he are in correspondence, by no means mutually pleasant, on the Prince-Karl phenomenon. 'Evidently intending towards Prag, your Majesty perceives!' thinks Broglio. 'If not towards Chrudim, first of all, which is 80 miles nearer him, on his road to Prag!' urges Friedrich, at this stage: 'Help *me* with a few regiments in this Chrudim Circle, lest I prove too weak here. Is not this the bulwark of your Prag just now?' In vain; Broglio (who indeed has orders that way) cannot spare a man. 'Very well,' thinks Friedrich; and has girded-up his own strength for the Chrudim phenomenon; but does not forget this new illustration of the Joint-Stock Principle, and the advantages of Broglio Partnership.

Friedrich's beautiful Encampment at Chrudim lasted only two days. Precursor Tolpatcheries (and, in fact, Prince Karl's Vanguard, if we knew it) comes storming about, rifer and rifer; attempting the Bridge of Kolin (road to our Magazines); attempting this and that;—meaning to get between us and Prag; and, what is worse, to seize the Magazines, Podiebrad, Nimburg, which we have in that quarter! Tuesday May 15th, accordingly, Friedrich himself gets on march, with a strong swift Vanguard, horse and foot (grenadiers, hussars, dragoons), Prag-ward,—probably as far as Kuttenberg, a fine high-lying post, which commands those Kolin

[1] Orlich, i. 226. [2] 19th April (*Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 77-81).

parts;—will march with despatch, and see how that matter is. The main Army is to follow under Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau tomorrow, Wednesday, 'so soon as their loaves have come from Königsgrätz,'—for 'an Army goes on its belly,' says Friedrich often. Loaves do not come, owing to evil chance, on this occasion: Leopold's people 'take meal instead'; but will follow, next morning, all the same, according to bidding. Readers may as well take their Map,* and accompany in these movements; which issue in a notable conclusive thing.

Tuesday morning, 15th May, Friedrich marches from Chrudim: on which same morning of the 15th, Prince Karl, steadily on the advance he too, is starting,—and towards the same point,—from a place called Chotieborz, only fifteen miles to southward of Chrudim. In this way, mutually unaware, but Prince Karl getting soonest aware, the Vanguards of the Two Armies (Prince Karl's Vanguard being in many branches, of Tolpatch nature) are cast athwart each other; and make, both to Friedrich and Prince Karl, an enigmatic business of it for the next two days. Tuesday 15th, Friedrich marching along, vigilantly observant on both hands, some fifteen miles space, came that evening to a Village called Podhorzan, with Height near by;[1] Height which he judged unattackable, and on the side of which he pitches his camp accordingly,—himself mounting the Height to look for news. News sure enough: there, south of us on the heights of Ronnow, three or four miles off, are the Enemy, camped or pickeering about, 7 or 8,000 as we judge. Lobkowitz, surely not Lobkowitz? He has been gliding about, on the French outskirts, far in the south-west lately: can this be Lobkowitz, about to join Prince Karl in these parts?—Truly, your Majesty, this is not Lobkowitz at all; this is Prince Karl's Vanguard, and Prince Karl himself actually in it for the moment,—anxiously taking view of *your* Vanguard; recognising, and admitting to himself, 'Pooh,

* At p. 350.

[1] Stille, pp. 60, 61.

they will be at Kuttenberg before us; no use in hastening. Headquarters at Willimow tonight; here at Ronnow to-morrow: that is all we can do!'[1]

Tomorrow, 16th May, before sunrise at Podhorzan, the supposed Lobkowitz is clean vanished: there is no Enemy visible to Friedrich, at Ronnow or elsewhere. Leaving Friedrich in considerable uncertainty: clear only that there are Enemies copiously about; that he himself will hold-on for Kuttenberg; that Young Leopold must get hitherward, with steady celerity at the top of his effort,—parts of the ground being difficult; especially a muddy Stream, called Dobrowa, which has only one Bridge on it fit for artillery, the Bridge of Sbislau, a mile or two ahead of this. Instructions are sent Leopold to that effect; and farther that Leopold must quarter in Czaslau (a substantial little Town, with bogs about it, and military virtues); and, on the whole, keep close to heel of us, the Enemy in force being near. Upon which, his Majesty pushes-on for Kuttenberg; Prince Leopold following with best diligence, according to Program. His Majesty passed a little place called Neuhof that afternoon (Wednesday 16th May); and encamped a short way from Kuttenberg, behind or north of that Town,—out of which, on his approach, there fled a considerable cloud of Austrian Irregulars, and 'left a large baking of bread.' Bread just about ready to their order, and coming hot out of the ovens; which was very welcome to his Majesty that night; and will yield refreshment, partial refreshment, next morning, to Prince Leopold, not too comfortable on his meal-diet just now.

Poor Prince Leopold had his own difficulties this day; rough ground, very difficult to pass; and coming on the Height of Podhorzan where his Majesty was yesterday, Leopold sees crowds of hussars, needing a cannon-shot or two; sees evident symptoms, to southward, that the whole Force of the Enemy is advancing upon him! 'Speed, then, for Sbislau Bridge yonder; across the Dobrowa, with our

[1] Orlich, i. 233.

Artillery-wagons, or we are lost!' Prince Karl, with Hussar-parties all about, is fully aware of Prince Leopold and his movements, and is rolling on, Ronnow-ward all day, to cut him off, in his detached state, if possible. Prince Karl might, with ease, have broken this Dobrowa Bridge; and Leopold and military men recognise it as a capital neglect that he did not.

Leopold, overloaded with such intricacies and anxieties, sends-off three messengers, Officers of mark (Schmettau Junior one of them), to apprise the King: the Officers return, unable to get across to his Majesty; Leopold sends proper detachment of horse with them,—uncertain still whether they will get through. And night is falling; we shall evidently be too late for getting Czaslau: well if we can occupy Chotusitz and the environs; a small clay Hamlet, three miles nearer us. It was 11 at night before the rearguard got into Chotusitz: Czaslau, three miles south of us, we cannot attend to till tomorrow morning.[1] And the three messengers, despatched with escort, send back no word. Have they ever got to his Majesty? Leopold sends-off a fourth. This fourth one does get through; reports to his Majesty, That, by all appearance, there will be Battle on the morrow early; that not Czaslau, but only Chotusitz is ours; and that Instructions are wanted. Deep in the night, this fourth messenger returns; a welcome awakening for Prince Leopold; who studies his Majesty's Instructions, and will make his dispositions accordingly.

It is 2 or 3 in the morning,[2] in Leopold's Camp,—Bivouac rather, with its face to the south, and Chotusitz ahead. Thursday 17th May 1742; a furiously important Day about to dawn. High Problem of the 25th February last; Britannic Majesty and his Hyndfords and Robinsons vainly protesting:—it had to be tried; Hungarian Majesty having got, from Britannic, the sinews for trying it: and this is to be the Day.

[1] Orlich, pp. 236-239. [2] *Ib.* p. 238.

CHAPTER XIII

BATTLE OF CHOTUSITZ

KUTTENBERG, Czaslau, Chotusitz and all these other places lie in what is called the Valley of the Elbe, but what to the eye has not the least appearance of a hollow, but of an extensive plain rather, dimpled here and there; and, if anything, rather sloping *from* the Elbe,—were it not that dull bushless brooks, one or two, sauntering to *northward*, not southward, warn you of the contrary. Conceive a flat tract of this kind, some three or four miles square, with Czaslau on its southern border, Chotusitz on its northern;* flanked, on the west, by a straggle of Lakelets, ponds and quagmires (which in our time are drained away, all but a tenth part or so of remainder); flanked, on the east, by a considerable puddle of a Stream called the Dobrowa; and cut in the middle by a nameless poor Brook ('*Brtlinka*' some write it, if anybody could pronounce), running parallel and independent,—which latter, of more concernment to us here, springs beyond Czaslau, and is got to be of some size, and more intricate than usual, with 'islands' and the like, as it passes Chotusitz (a little to east of Chotusitz);—this is our Field of Battle. Sixty or more miles to eastward of Prag, eight miles or more to southward of Elbe River and the Ford of Elbe-Teinitz (which we shall hear of, in years coming). A scene worth visiting by the curious, though it is by no means of picturesque character.

Uncomfortably bare, like most German plains; mean little hamlets, which are full of litter when you enter them, lie sprinkled about; little church-spires (like suffragans to Chotusitz spire, which is near you); a ragged untrimmed country: beyond the Brook, towards the Dobrowa, two or more miles from Chotusitz, is still noticeable something like a

* See Plan at p. 350.

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Deerpark, with umbrageous features, bushy clumps, and shadowy vestiges of a Mansion, the one regular edifice within your horizon. Schuschitz is the name of this Mansion and Deerpark; farther on lies Sbislau, where Leopold happily found his Bridge unbroken yesterday.

The general landscape is scrubby, littery; ill-tilled, scratched rather than ploughed; physiognomic of Czech Populations, who are seldom trim at elbows: any beauty it has is on the farther side of the Dobrowa, which does not concern Prince Leopold, Prince Karl, or us at present. Prince Leopold's camp lies east and west, short way to north of Chotusitz. Schuschitz Hamlet (a good mile northward of Sbislau) covers his left, the chain of Lakelets covers his right; and Chotusitz, one of his outposts, lies centrally in front. Prince Karl is coming on, in four columns, from the Hills and intricacies south of Czaslau,—has been on march all night, intending a night-attack or camisado if he could; but could not in the least, owing to the intricate roadways, and the discrepancies of pace between his four columns. The sun was up before anything of him appeared:—drawing out, visibly yonder, by the east side of Czaslau; 30,000 strong, they say. Friedrich's united force, were Friedrich himself on the ground, will be about 28,000.

Friedrich's Orders, which Leopold is studying, were: 'Hold by Chotusitz for centre; your left wing, see you lean it on something, towards Dobrowa side,—on that intricate Brook (Brtlinka) or Park-wall of Schuschitz,[1] which I think is there; then your right wing westwards, till you lean again on something: two lines, leave room for me and my force, on the corner nearest here. I will start at four; be with you between seven and eight,—and even bring a proportion of Austrian bread (hot from these ovens of Kuttenberg) to refresh part of you.' Leopold of Anhalt, a much-comforted man, waits only for the earliest gray of the morning, to be up and

[1] *Sbislau*, Friedrich hastily calls it (*Œuvres*, ii. 121-126); Stille (p. 63) is more exact.

doing. From Chotusitz he spreads out leftwards towards the Brtlinka Brook,—difficult ground that, unfit for cavalry, with its bogholes, islands, gullies and broken surface; better have gone across the Brtlinka with mere infantry, and leant on the wall of that Deerpark of Schuschitz with perhaps only 1,000 horse to support, well rearward of the infantry and this difficult ground? So men think,—after the action is over.[1] And indeed there was certainly some misarrangement there (done by Leopold's subordinates), which had its effects shortly.

Leopold was not there in person, arranging that left wing; Leopold is looking after centre and right. He perceives, the right wing will be his best chance; knows that, in general, cavalry must be on both wings. On a little eminence in front of his right, he sees how the Enemy comes on; Czaslau, lately on their left, is now getting to rear of them:—'And you, stout old General Buddenbrock, spread yourself out to right a little, hidden behind this rising ground; I think we may outflank their left wing by a few squadrons, which will be an advantage.'

Buddenbrock spreads himself out, as bidden: had Buddenbrock been reinforced by most of the horse that could do no good on our *left* wing, it is thought the Battle had gone better. Buddenbrock in this way, secretly, outflanks the Austrians; to *his* right all forward, he has that string of marshy pools (Lakes of Czirkwitz so-called, outflowings from the Brook of Neuhof), and cannot be taken in flank by any means. Brook of Neuhof, which his Majesty crossed yesterday, farther north;—and ought to have *re*crossed by this time?—said Brook, hereabouts a mere fringe of quagmires and marshy pools, is our extreme boundary on the west or right; Brook of Brtlinka (unluckily *not* wall of the Deerpark) bounds us eastward, or on our left. Prince Karl, drawn-up by this time, is in two lines, cavalry on right and left, but rather in bent order; bent towards us at both ends (being dainty of his ground, I suppose); and comes-on in hollow-

[1] Stille, pp. 63-67.

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crescent form;—which is not reckoned orthodox by military men. What all these Villages, human individuals and terrified deer, are thinking, I never can conjecture! Thick-soled peasants, terrified nursing-mothers: Better to run and hide, I should say; mount your garron plough-horses, hide your butter-pots, meal-barrels; run at least ten miles or so!—

It is now past seven, a hot May morning, the Austrians very near;—and yonder, of a surety, is his Majesty coming. Majesty has marched since four; and is here at his time, loaves and all. His men rank at once in the corner left for them; one of his horse-generals, Lehwald, is sent to the left, to put straight what may be awry there (cannot quite do it, he either):—and the attack by Buddenbrock, who secretly outflanks here on the right, this shall at once take effect. No sooner has his Majesty got upon the little eminence or rising ground, and scanned the Austrian lines for an instant or two, than his cannon-batteries awaken here; give the Austrian horse a good blast, by way of morning salutation and overture to the concert of the day. And Buddenbrock, deploying under cover of that, charges, 'first at a trot, then at a gallop,' to see what can be done upon them with the white weapon. Old Buddenbrock, surely, did not himself *ride* in the charge? He is an old man of seventy; has fought at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, nay, at Steenkirk, and been run-through the body, under Dutch William; is an old acquaintance of Charles XII.'s even; and sat solemnly by Friedrich Wilhelm's coffin, after so much attendance during life. The special leader of the charge was Bredow; also a veteran gentleman, but still only in the fifties: he, I conclude, made the charge; first at a trot, then at a gallop,—with swords flashing hideous, and eyebrows knit.

'The dust was prodigious,' says Friedrich, weather being dry and ground sandy; for a space of time you could see nothing but one huge whirlpool of dust, with the gleam of steel flickering madly in it: however, Buddenbrock, outflank-

ing the Austrian first line of horse, did hurl them from their place; by and by you see the dust-tempest running *south*, faster and faster south,—that is to say, the Austrian horse in flight; for Buddenbrock, outflanking them by three squadrons, has tumbled their first line topsy-turvy, and they rush to rearward, he following away and away.[1] Now were the time for a fresh force of Prussian cavalry,—for example, those you have standing useless behind the gullies and quagmires on your left wing (says Stille, after the event);—due support to Buddenbrock, and all that Austrian cavalry were gone, and their infantry left bare.

But now again, see, do not the dust-clouds pause? They pause, mounting higher and higher; they dance wildly, then roll back towards us; too evidently back. Buddenbrock has come upon the second line of Austrian horse; in too loose order Buddenbrock, by this time, and they have broken him: —and it is a mutual defeat of horse on this wing, the Prussian rather the worse of the two. And might have been serious,—had not Rothenburg plunged furiously in, at this crisis, quite through to the Austrian infantry, and restored matters, or more. Making a confused result of it in this quarter. Austrian horse-regiments there now were that fled quite away; as did even one or two foot-regiments, while the Prussian infantry dashed forward on them, escorted by Rothenburg in this manner,—who got badly wounded in the business; and was long an object of solicitude to Friedrich. And contrariwise certain Prussian horse also, it was too visible, did not compose themselves till fairly a-rear of our foot. This is Shock First in the Battle; there are Three Shocks in all.

Partial charging, fencing and flourishing went on; but nothing very effectual was done by the horse in this quarter farther. Nor did the fire or effort of the Prussian infantry in this their right wing continue; Austrian fury and chief effort having, by this time, broken-out in an opposite quarter.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 123.

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So that the strain of the Fight lies now in the other wing over about Chotusitz and the Brtlinka Brook; and thither I perceive his Majesty has galloped, being 'always in the thickest of the danger' this day. Shock Second is now on. The Austrians have attacked at Chotusitz; and are threatening to do wonders there.

Prince Leopold's Left Wing, as we said, was entirely defective in the eye of tacticians (after the event). Far from leaning on the wall of the Deerpark, he did not even reach the Brook,—or had to weaken his force in Chotusitz Village for that object. So that when the Austrian foot comes storming upon Chotusitz, there is but 'half a regiment' to defend it. And as for cavalry, what is to become of cavalry, slowly threading, under cannon-shot and musketry, these intricate quagmires and gullies, and dangerously breaking into files and strings, before ever it can find ground to charge? Accordingly, the Austrian foot took Chotusitz, after obstinate resistance; and old Königseck, very ill of gout, got seated in one of the huts there; and the Prussian cavalry, embarrassed to get through the gullies, could not charge except piecemeal, and then though in some cases with desperate valour, yet in all without effectual result. Königseck sits in Chotusitz;—and yet withal the Prussians are not out of it, will not be driven out of it, but cling obstinately; whereupon the Austrians set fire to the place; its dry thatch goes up in flame, and poor old Königseck, quite lame of gout, narrowly escaped burning, they say.

And, see, the Austrian horse have got across the Brtlinka, are spread almost to the Deerpark, and strive hard to take us in flank,—did not the Brook, the bad ground and the platoon-firing (fearfully swift, from discipline and the iron ramrods) hold them back in some measure. They make a violent attempt or two; but the problem is very rugged. Nor can the Austrian infantry, behind or to the west of burning Chotusitz, make an impression, though they try it, with levelled bayonets and deadly energy, again and again:

the Prussian ranks are as if built of rock, and their fire is so sure and swift. Here is one Austrian regiment, came rushing on like lions; would not let-go, death or no-death:—and here it lies, shot-down in ranks; whole swaths of dead men, and their muskets by them,—as if they had got the word to take that posture, and had done it hurriedly! A small transitory gleam of proud rage is visible, deep down, in the soul of Friedrich as he records this fact. Shock Second was very violent.

The Austrian horse, after such experimenting in the Brtlinka quarter, gallop off to try to charge the Prussians in the rear;—'pleasanter by far,' judge many of them, 'to plunder the Prussian camp,' which they descry in those regions; whither accordingly they rush. Too many of them; and the Hussars as one man. To the sorrowful indignation of Prince Karl, whose right arm (or wing) is fallen paralytic in this manner. After the Fight, they repented in dust and ashes; and went to say so, as if with the rope about their neck; upon which he pardoned them.

Nor is Prince Karl's left wing gaining garlands just at this moment. Shock Third is awakening;—and will be decisive on Prince Karl. Chotusitz, set on fire an hour since (about 9 A.M.), still burns; cutting him in two, as it were, or disjoining his left wing from his right: and it is on his right wing that Prince Karl is depending for victory, at present; his left wing, ruffled by those first Prussian charges of horse, with occasional Prussian swift musketry ever since, being left to its own inferior luck, which is beginning to produce impression on it. And, lo, on the sudden (what brought finis to the business), Friedrich, seizing the moment, commands a united charge on this left wing: Friedrich's right wing dashes forward on it, double-quick, takes it furiously, on front and flank; fifteen fieldpieces preceding, and intolerable musketry behind them. So that the Austrian left wing cannot stand it at all.

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The Austrian left wing, stormed-in upon in this manner, swags and sways, threatening to tumble pellmell upon the right wing; which latter has its own hands full. No Chotusitz or point of defence to hold by, Prince Karl is eminently ill-off, and will be hurled wholly into the Brtlinka, and the islands and gullies, unless he mind! Prince Karl, —what a moment for him!—noticing this undeniable phenomenon, rapidly gives the word for retreat, to avoid worse. It is near upon Noon; four hours of battle; very fierce on both the wings, together or alternately; in the centre (westward of Chotusitz) mostly insignificant: 'more than half the Prussians' standing with arms shouldered. Prince Karl rolls rapidly away, through Czaslau towards south-west again, loses guns in Czaslau; goes, not quite broken, but at double-quick time for five miles; cavalry, Prussian and Austrian, bickering in the rear of him; and vanishes over the horizon towards Willimow and Haber that night, the way he had come.

This is the battle of Chotusitz, called also of Czaslau: Thursday 17th May 1742. Vehemently fought on both sides;—calculated, one may hope, to end this Silesian matter? The results, in killed and wounded, were not very far from equal. Nay, in killed the Prussians suffered considerably the worse; the exact Austrian cipher of killed being 1,052, while that of the Prussians was 1,905,—owing chiefly to those fierce ineffectual horse-charges and bickerings, on the right wing and left, 'above 1,200 Prussian cavalry were destroyed in these.' But, in fine, the general loss, including wounded and missing, amounted on the Austrian side (prisoners being many, and deserters very many) to near seven thousand, and on the Prussian to between four and five.[1] Two Generals Friedrich had lost, who are not specially of our acquaintance;

[1] Orlich, i. 255; *Feldzüge der Preussen*, p. 113; Stille, pp. 62-71; Friedrich himself, *Œuvres*, ii. 121-126; and (*ib.* pp. 145-150) the Newspaper '*Relation*,' written also by him.

and several younger friends whom he loved. Rothenburg, who was in that first charge of horse with Buddenbrock, or in rescue of Buddenbrock, and did exploits, got badly hurt, as we saw,—badly, not fatally, as Friedrich's first terror was,—and wore his arm in a sling for a long while afterwards.

Buddenbrock's charge, I since hear, was ruined by the *dust*;[1] the King's vanguard, under Rothenburg, a 'new-raised regiment of hussars in green,' coming to the rescue, were mistaken for Austrians, and the cry rose, 'Enemy to rear!' which brought Rothenburg his disaster. Friedrich much loved and valued the man; employed him afterwards as Ambassador to France and in places of trust. Friedrich's ambassadors are oftenest soldiers as well: bred soldiers, he finds, if they chance to have natural intelligence, are fittest for all kinds of work.—Some eighteen Austrian cannon were got; no standards, because, said the Prussians, they took the precaution of bringing none to the field, but had beforehand rolled them all up, out of harm's way.—Let us close with this Fraction of Topography old and new:

'King Friedrich purchased Nine Acres of ground, near Chotusitz, to bury the slain; rented it from the proprietor for twenty-five years.[2] I asked, Where are those nine acres; what crop is now upon them? but could learn nothing. A dim people, those poor Czech natives; stupid, dirty-skinned, ill-given; not one in twenty of them speaking any German;—and our dragoman a fortuitous Jew Pedlar; with the mournfulest of human faces, though a head worth twenty of those Czech ones, poor oppressed soul! The Battle-plain bears rye, barley, miscellaneous pulse, potatoes, mostly insignificant crops;—the nine hero-acres in question, perhaps still of slightly richer quality, lie indiscriminate among the others; their very fence, if they ever had one, now torn away.

'The Country, as you descend by dusty intricate lanes from Kuttenberg, with your left hand to the Elbe, and at length with your back to it, would be rather pretty, were it well cultivated, the scraggy litter swept off, and replaced by verdure and reasonable umbrage here and there. The Field of Chotusitz, where you emerge on it, is a wide wavy plain; the steeple of Chotusitz, and, three or four miles farther, that of

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ii. 121. [2] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 634.

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Czaslau (pronounced "*Kot*usitz," "*Chas*lau"), are the conspicuous objects in it. The Lakes Friedrich speaks of, which covered his right, and should cover ours, are not now there,—"all, or mostly all, drained away, eighty years ago," answered the Czechs; answered one wiser Czech, when pressed upon, and guessed upon; thereby solving the enigma which was distressful to us. Between those Lakes and the Brtlinka Brook may be some two miles; Chotusitz is on the crown of the space, if it have a crown. But there is no "height" on it, worth calling a height except by the military man; no tree or bush; no fence among the scrubby ryes and pulses: no obstacle but that Brook, which, or the hollow of which, you see sauntering steadily northward or Elbeward, a good distance on your left, as you drive for Chotusitz and steeple. Schuschitz, a peaked brown edifice, is visible everywhere, well ahead and leftwards, well beyond said hollow; something of wood and "deer-park" still noticeable or imaginable yonder.

'Chotusitz itself is a poor littery place; standing whitewashed, but much unswept: in two straggling rows, now wide enough apart (no Königseck need now get burnt there): utterly silent under the hot sun; not a child looked out on us, and I think the very dogs lay wisely asleep. Church and steeple are at the farther or south end of the Village, and have an older date than 1742. High up on the steeple, mending the clock-hands or I know not what, hung in mid air one Czech; the only living thing we saw. Population may be three or four hundred,—all busy with their teams or otherwise, we will hope. Czaslau, which you approach by something of avenues, of human roads (dust and litter still abounding), is a much grander place; say of 2,000 or more: shiny, white, but also somnolent; vast market-place, or central square, sloping against you: two shiny Hotels on it, with Austrian uniforms loitering about;—and otherwise great emptiness and silence. The shiny Hotels (shine due to paint mainly) offer little of humanly edible; and, in the interior, smells strike you as—as the *oldest* you have ever met before. A people not given to washing, to ventilating! Many gospels have been preached in those parts, and abstruse Orthodoxies, sometimes with fire and sword, and no end of emphasis; but that of Soap-and-Water (which surely is as Catholic as any, and the plainest of all) has not yet got introduced there!'[1]—

Czaslau hangs upon the English mind (were not the ignorance so total) by another tie: it is the resting-place of Zisca, whose drum, or the fable of whose drum, we saw in the citadel of Glatz. Zisca was buried *in* his skin, at Czaslau finally: in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul there; with due epitaph; and his big mace or battle-club, mostly iron, hung honourable on the wall close by. Kaiser Ferdinand, Karl v.'s brother,

[1] Tourist's Note (13th September 1858).

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on a Progress to Prag, came to lodge at Czaslau, one afternoon: 'What is that?' said the Kaiser, strolling over this Peter-and-Paul's Church, and noticing the mace. 'Ugh! Faugh!' growled he angrily, on hearing what; and would not lodge in the Town, but harnessed again, and drove farther that same night. The club is now gone; but Zisca's dust lies there irremovable till Doomsday, in the land where his limbs were made. A great behemoth of a war-captain; one of the fiercest, inflexiblest, ruggedest creatures ever made in the form of man. Devoured Priests, with appetite, wherever discoverable: Dishonourers of his Sister; murderers of the God's-witness John Huss; them may all the Devils help! Beat Kaiser Sigismund *Supra Grammaticam* again and ever again, scattering the Ritter hosts in an extraordinary manner;—a Zisca conquerable only by Death, and the Pest-Fever passing that way.

His birthplace, Trosnow, is a village in the Budweis neighbourhood, 100 miles to south. There, for three centuries after him, stood 'Zisca's Oak' (under shade of which, his mother, taken suddenly on the harvest-field, had born Zisca): a weird object, gate of Heaven and of Orcus to the superstitious populations about. At midnight on the Hallow-Eve, dark smiths would repair thither, to cut a twig of the Zisca Oak: twig of it put, at the right moment, under your stithy, insures good luck, lends pith to arm and heart, which is already good luck. So that a Bishop of those parts, being of some culture, had to cut it down, above a hundred years ago,—and build some Chapel in its stead; no Oak there now, but an orthodox Inscription, not dated that I could see.[1]

Friedrich did not much pursue the Austrians after this Victory; having cleared the Czaslau region of them, he continued there (at Kuttenberg mainly); and directed all his industry to getting Peace made. His experiences of Broglio, and of what help was likely to be had from Broglio,—whom his Court, as Friedrich chanced to know, had ordered 'to keep well clear of the King of Prussia,'—had not been flattering. Beaten in this Battle, Broglio's charity would have been a weak reed to lean upon: he is happy to inform Broglio, that though kept well clear of, he is not beaten.

Blustering Broglio might have guessed that *he* now would have to look to himself. But he did not; his eyes naturally dim and bad, being dazzled at this time, by 'an ever-glorious

[1] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iii. (3tes), 110-145.

17th May 1742]
victory' (so Broglio thinks it) of his own achieving. Broglio, some couple of days after Czaslau, had marched hastily out of Prag for Budweis quarter, where Lobkowitz and the Austrians were unexpectedly bestirring themselves, and threatening to capture that 'Castle of Frauenberg' (mythic old Hill-castle among woods), Broglio's chief post in those regions. Broglio, May 24th, has fought a handsome skirmish (thanks partly to Belleisle, who chanced to arrive from Frankfurt just in the nick of time, and joined Broglio): Skirmish of Sahay; magnified in all the French gazettes into a Victory of Sahay, victory little short of Pharsalia, says Friedrich;—the complete account of which, forgotten now by all creatures, is to be read in him they call Mauvillon;[1] and makes a pretty-enough piece of fence, on the small scale. Lobkowitz had to give-up the Frauenberg enterprise; and cross to Budweis again, till new force should come.

'Why not drive him out of Budweis,' think the Two French Marshals, 'him and whatever force can come? If those lucky Prussians would coöperate, and those unlucky Saxons, how easy were it!'—Belleisle sets-off to persuade Friedrich, to persuade Saxony (and we shall see him on the route); Broglio waiting sublime, on the hither side of the Moldau, well within wind of Budweis, till Belleisle prevail, and return with said coöperation. What became of Broglio, waiting in this sublime manner, we shall also have to see; but perhaps not for a great while yet (cannot pause on such absurd phenomena yet),—though Broglio's catastrophe is itself a thing imminent; and, within some ten days of that astonishing Victory of Sahay, astonishes poor Broglio the reverse way. A man born for surprises!

[1] *Guerre de Bohême*, ii. 204.

CHAPTER XIV

PEACE OF BRESLAU

In actual loss of men or of ground, the results of that Chotusitz Affair were not of decisive nature. But it had been fought with obstinacy; with great fury on the Austrian side (who, as it were, had a bet upon it ever since February 25th), Britannic George, and all the world, looking on: and, in dispiritment and discredit to the beaten party, its results were considerable. The voice of all the world, declaring through its Gazetteer Editors, 'You cannot beat those Prussians!' voice confirmed by one's own sad thoughts:—in such sounding of the rams' horns round one's Jericho, there is always a strange influence (what is called panic, as if Pan or some god were in it), and one's Jericho is the apter to fall!

Among the Austrian Prisoners, there was a General Pallandt, mortally wounded too; whom Friedrich, according to custom, treated with his best humanity, though all help was hopeless to poor Pallandt. Calling one day at Pallandt's sick-couch, Friedrich was so sympathetic, humane and noble, that Pallandt was touched by it; and said, What a pity your noble Majesty and my noble Queen should ruin one another, for a set of French intruders, who play false even to your Majesty! 'False?' Friedrich inquires farther: Pallandt, a man familiar at Court, has seen a Letter from Fleury to the Queen of Hungary, conclusive as to Fleury's good faith; will undertake, if permitted, to get his Majesty a sight of it. Friedrich permits; the Fleury letter comes; to the effect: 'Make peace with us, O Queen; with your Prussian neighbour you shall make—what suits you!' Friedrich read; learned conclusively, what perhaps he had already as good as known otherwise; and drew the inference.[1] Actual copy of

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 633; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 186; Adelung, iii. *a*, 149 *n*.

this letter the most ardent Gazetteer curiosity could not attain to, at that epoch; but the Pallandt story seems to have been true;—and as to the Fleury letter in such circumstances, copies of various Fleury letters to the like purport are still public enough; and Fleury's private intentions, already guessed at by Friedrich, are in our time a secret to nobody that inquires about them.

Certain enough, Peace with Friedrich is now on the way; and cannot well linger:—what prospect has Austria otherwise? Its very supplies from England will be stopped. Hyndford redoubles his diligence; Britannic Majesty reiterates at Vienna: 'Did not I tell you, Madam; there is no hope or possibility till these Prussians are off our hands!' To which her Hungarian Majesty, as the bargain was, now sorrowfully assents; sorrowfully, unwillingly,—and always lays the blame on his Britannic Majesty afterwards, and brings it up again as a great favour she had done *him*. 'Did not I give-up my invaluable Silesia, the jewel of my crown, for you, cruel Britannic Majesty with the big purse, and no heart to speak of?' This she urges always, on subsequent occasions; the high-souled Lady; reproachful of the patient, big-pursed little Gentleman, who never answers as he might, 'For *me*, Madam? Well—!'— In short, Hyndford, Podewils and the Vienna Excellencies are busy.

Of these negotiations which go on at Breslau, and of the acres of despatches, English, Austrian, and other, let us not say one word. Enough that the Treaty is getting made, and rapidly,—though military offences do not quite cease; clouds of Austrian Pandours hovering about everywhere in Prince Karl's rear; pouncing-down upon Prussian outposts, convoys, mostly to little purpose; hoping (what proves quite futile) they may even burn a Prussian magazine here or there. Contemptible to the Prussian soldier, though very troublesome to him. Friedrich regards the Pandour sort, with their jingling savagery, as a kind of military vermin; not conceivable a

Prussian formed corps should yield to any odds of Pandour Tolpatch tagraggery. Nor does the Prussian soldier yield; though sometimes, like the mastiff galled by inroad of distracted weasels in too great quantity, he may have his own difficulties. Witness Colonel Retzow and the Magazine at Pardubitz ('daybreak May 24th') *versus* the infinitude of sudden Tolpatchery, bursting from the woods; rabid enough for many hours, but ineffectual, upon Pardubitz and Retzow. A distinguished Colonel this; of whom we shall hear again. Whose style of Narrative (modest, clear, grave, brief), much more, whose vigilant inexpugnable procedure on the occasion, is much to be commended to the military man.[1] Friedrich, the better to cover his Magazines, and be out of such annoyances, fell back a little; gradually to Kuttenberg again (Tolpatchery vanishing, of its own accord); and lay encamped there, headquarters in the Schloss of Maleschau near by,—till the Breslau Negotiations completed themselves.

Prince Karl, fringed with Tolpatchery in this manner, but with much desertion, much dispiritment, in his main body,—the *hoops* upon him all loose, so to speak,—staggers zigzag back towards Budweis, and the Lobkowitz Party there; intending nothing more upon the Prussians;—capable now, think some *Non*-Prussians, of being well swept out of Budweis, and over the horizon altogether. If only his Prussian Majesty will coöperate! thinks Belleisle. 'Your King of Prussia will not, M. le Maréchal!' answers Broglio:—No, indeed; he has tried that trade already, M. le Maréchal! think Broglio and we. The suspicions that Friedrich, so quiescent after his Chotusitz, is making Peace, are rife everywhere; especially in Broglio's head and old Fleury's; though Belleisle persists with emphasis, officially and privately, in the opposite opinion, 'Husht, Messieurs!' Better go and see, however.

Belleisle does go; starts for Kuttenberg, for Dresden; his beautiful Budweis project now ready, French reinforcements streaming towards us, heart high again,—if only Friedrich

[1] Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 548 et sqq.

5th June 1742]
and the Saxons will coöperate. Belleisle, the two Belleisles, with Valori and Company, arrived June 2d, at Kuttenberg, at the Schloss of Maleschau;—'spoke little of Chotusitz,' says Stille; 'and were none of them at the pains to ride to the ground.' Maréchal Belleisle, for the next three days, had otherwise speech of Friedrich; especially, on June 5th, a remarkable Dialogue. 'Won't your Majesty coöperate?' 'Alas, Monseigneur de Belleisle—' How gladly would we give this last Dialogue of Friedrich's and Belleisle's, one of the most ticklish conceivable: but there is not anywhere the least record of it that can be called authentic;—and we learn only that Friedrich, with considerable distinctness, gave him to know, 'clearly' (say all the Books, except Friedrich's own), that coöperation was henceforth a thing of the preterpluperfect tense. 'All that I ever wanted, more than I ever demanded, Austria now offers; can any one blame me that I close such a business as ours has all along been, on such terms as these now offered me are?'

It is said, and is likely enough, the Pallandt-Fleury Letter came up; as probably the *Moravian Foray*, and various Broglio passages, would, in the train of said Letter. To all which, and to the inexorable painful corollary, Belleisle, in his high lean way, would listen with a stern grandiose composure. But the rumours add, On coming out into the Anteroom, dialogue and sentence now done, Monseigneur de Belleisle tore the peruke from his head; and stamping on it, was heard to say volcanically, 'That cursed parson,—*ce maudit calotte*' (old Fleury),—'has ruined everything!' Perhaps it is not true? If true,—the prompt valets would quickly replace Monseigneur's wig; chasing his long strides; and silence, in so dignified a man, would cloak whatever emotions there were.[1] He rolled off, he and his, straightway to Dresden, there to

[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 154; etc., etc. *Guerre de Bohême* (silent about the wig) admits, as all Books do, the perfect clearness;—compare, however, *Œuvres de Frédéric*; and also Broglio's strange darkness, twelve days later, and Belleisle now beside him again (*Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, v. 190, 191, of date 17th June);—darkness due perhaps to the strange humour Broglio was then in?

invite coöperation in the Budweis Project; there also in vain. ——'*Co*-operation,' M. le Maréchal? Alas, it has already come to *oper*ation, if you knew it! And your Broglio is—Better hurry back to Prag, where you will find phenomena!

June 15th, Friedrich has a grand dinner of Generals at Maleschau; and says, in proposing the first bumper, 'Gentlemen, I announce to you, that, as I never wished to oppress the Queen of Hungary, I have formed the resolution of agreeing with that Princess, and accepting the Proposals she has made me in satisfaction of my rights,'—telling them withal what the chief terms were, and praising my Lord Hyndford for his great services. Upon which was congratulation, cordial, universal; and, with full rummers, 'Health to the Queen of Hungary!' followed by others of the like type, 'Grand-Duke of Lorraine!' and 'The brave Prince Karl!' especially.

Brevity being incumbent on us, we shall say only that the Hyndford-Podewils operations had been speeded, day and night; brought to finis, in the form of Signed Preliminaries, as 'Treaty of Breslau, 11th June 1742'; and had gone to Friedrich's satisfaction in every particular. Thanks to the useful Hyndford,—to the willing mind of his Britannic Majesty, once so indignant, but made willing, nay, passionately eager, by his love of Human Liberty and the pressure of events! To Hyndford, some weeks hence,[1]—I conclude, on Friedrich's request,—there was Order of the Thistle sent; and grandest investiture ever seen almost, done by Friedrich upon Hyndford (Jordan, Keyserling, Schwerin, and the Sword of State busy in it; Two Queens and all the Berlin firmament looking on); and, perhaps better still, on Friedrich's part there was gift of a Silver Dinner-Service; gift of the Royal Prussian Arms (which do enrich ever since the Shield of those Scottish Carmichaels, as doubtless the Dinner-Service does their Plate-chest);—and abundant praise and honour to the

[1] 2d August (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 729).

useful Hyndford, heavy of foot, but sure, who had reached the goal.

This welcome Treaty, signed at Breslau, June 11th, and confirmed by 'Treaty of Berlin, July 28th,' in more explicit solemn manner, to the self-same effect, can be read by him that runs (if compelled to read Treaties);[1] the terms, in compressed form, are:

1°. 'Silesia, Lower and Upper, to beyond the watershed and the Oppa-stream,—reserving only the Principality of Teschen, with pertinents, which used to be reckoned Silesian, and the ulterior Mountain-tops' (Mountain-tops good for what? thought Friedrich, a year or two after-afterwards!)—'Silesia wholly, within those limits, and furthermore the County Glatz and its dependencies, are and remain the property of Friedrich and of his Heirs male or female; given up, and made his, to all intents and purposes, for evermore. With which Friedrich, to the like long date, engages to rest satisfied, and claim nothing farther anywhere.

2°. 'Silesian Dutch-English Debt' (Loan of about Two Millions, better half of it English, contracted by the late Kaiser, on Silesian security, in that dreadful Polish-Election crisis, when the Sea-Powers would not help, but left it to their Stock-brokers) 'is undertaken by Friedrich, who will pay interest on the same till liquidated.

3°. 'Religion to stand where it is. Prussian Majesty not to meddle in this present or in other Wars of her Hungarian Majesty, except with his ardent wishes that General Peace would ensue, and that all his friends, Hungarian Majesty among others, were living in good agreement around him.'

This is the Treaty of Breslau (June 11th, 1742), or, in second more solemn edition, Treaty of Berlin (July 28th following); signed, ratified, guaranteed by his Britannic Majesty for one,[2] and firmly planted on the Diplomatic adamant (at least on the Diplomatic parchment) of this world. And now: Homewards, then; march!—

Huge huzzahing, herald-trumpeting, bob-major-ing, bursts forth from all Prussian Towns, especially from all Silesian

[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1061-4 (Treaty of Breslau), *ib.* 1065-70 (that of Berlin); to be found also in Wenck, Rousset, Schöll, Adelung, etc.

[2] Treaty of Westminster, between Friedrich and George, 29th (18th) November 1742 (Schöll, ii. 313).

ones, in those June days, as the drums beat homewards; elaborate Illuminations, in the short nights; with bonfires, with transparencies, — Transparency inscribed '*Frederico Magno* (To Friedrich *the Great*),' in one small instance, still of premature nature.[1]

Omitting very many things, about Silesian Fortresses, Army-Cantons, Silesian settlements, military and civil, which would but weary the reader, we add only this from Bielfeld: dusty Transit of a victorious Majesty, now on the threshold of home. Precise date (which Bielfeld prudently avoids guessing at) is July 11th, 1742; 'M. de Pöllnitz and I are in the suite of the King:

'We never stopped on the road, except some hours at Frankfurt-on-Oder, where the Fair was just going on. On approaching the Town, we found the highway lined on both sides with crowds of traders, and other strangers of all nations; who had come out, attracted by curiosity to see the conqueror of Silesia, and had ranged themselves in two rows there. His Majesty's entry into Frankfurt, although a very triumphant one, was far from being ostentatious. We passed like lightning before the eyes of the spectators, and we were so covered with dust, that it was difficult to distinguish the colour of our coats and the features of our faces. We made some purchases at Frankfurt; and arrived safely in the Capital' (next day), 'where the King was received amidst the acclamations of his People.'[2]

Here is a successful young King; is not he? Has plunged into the Mahlstrom for his jewelled gold Cup, and comes up with it, alive, unlamed. Will he, like that *Diver* of Schiller's, have to try the feat a second time? Perhaps a second time, and even a third!—

[1] *Helden-Geschichte* (ii. 702-729) is endless on these Illuminations; the Jauer case, of *Frederico Magno* (Jauer in Silesia), is of June 15th (*ib.* 712).

[2] Bielfeld, ii. 51.

BOOK XIV

THE SURROUNDING EUROPEAN WAR DOES NOT END

AUGUST 1742—JULY 1744

CHAPTER I

FRIEDRICH RESUMES HIS PEACEABLE PURSUITS

FRIEDRICH'S own Peace being made on such terms, his wish and hope was, that it might soon be followed by a general European one; that, the live-coal, which had kindled this War, being quenched, the War itself might go out. Silesia is his; farther interest in the Controversy, except that it would end itself in some fair manner, he has none. 'Silesia being settled,' think many, thinks Friedrich for one, 'what else of real and solid is there to settle?'

The European Public, or benevolent individuals of it everywhere, indulged also in this hope. 'How glorious is my King, the youngest of the Kings and the grandest!' exclaims Voltaire (in his Letters to Friedrich, at this time), and re-exclaims, till Friedrich has to interfere, and politely stop it: 'A King who carries in the one hand an all-conquering sword, but in the other a blessed olive-branch, and is the Arbiter of Europe for Peace or War!' 'Friedrich the *Third*' (so Voltaire calls him, counting ill, or misled by ignorance of German nomenclature), 'Friedrich the Third, I mean Friedrich the Great (*Frédéric le Grand*),' will do this, and do that;—probably the first emergence of that epithet

in human speech, as yet in a quite private hypothetic way.[1] Opinions about Friedrich's conduct, about his talents, his moralities, there were many (all wide of the mark): but this seemed clear, That the weight of such a sword as his, thrown into either scale, would be decisive; and that he evidently now wished peace. An unquestionable fact, that latter! Wished it, yes, right heartily; and also strove to hope,—though with less confidence than the benevolent outside Public, as knowing the interior of the elements better.

These hopes, how fond they were, we now all know. True, my friends, the live-coal which kindled this incendiary whirlpool (*one* of the live-coals, first of them that spread actual flame in these European parts, and first of them all except Jenkins's Ear) is out, fairly withdrawn; but the fire, you perceive, rages not the less. The fire will not quench itself, I doubt, till the bitumen, sulphur and other angry fuel have run much lower! Austria has fighting men in abundance, England behind it has guineas; Austria has got injuries, then successes:—there is in Austria withal a dumb pride, quite equal in pretensions to the vocal vanity of France, and far more stubborn of humour. The First Nation of the Universe, rashly hurling its fine-throated hunting-pack, or Army of the Oriflamme, into Austria,—see what a sort of badgers, and gloomily indignant bears, it has awakened there! Friedrich had to take arms again; and an unwelcome task it was to him, and a sore and costly. We shall be obliged (what is our grand difficulty in this History) to note, in their order, the series of European occurrences; and, tedious as the matter now is, keep readers acquainted with the current of that big War; in which, except Friedrich broad awake, and the Ear of Jenkins in somnambulancy, there is now next to nothing to interest a human creature.

[1] Letters of Voltaire, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 100, etc.: this last Letter is of date 'July 1742,'—almost contemporary with the 'Jauer Transparency' noticed above.

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It is an error still prevalent in England, though long since exploded everywhere else, that Friedrich wanted new wars, 'new successful robberies,' as our Gazetteers called them; and did wilfully plunge into this War again, in the hope of again doing a stroke in that kind. English readers, on consulting the facts a little, will not hesitate to sweep that notion altogether away. Shadow of basis, except in their own angry uninformed imaginations, they will find it never had; and that precisely the reverse is manifest in Friedrich's History. A perfectly clear-sighted Friedrich; able to discriminate shine from substance; and gravitating always towards the solid, the actual. That of '*gloire*,' which he owns to at starting, we saw how soon it died out, choked in the dire realities. That of Conquering Hero, in the Macedonia's-madman style, was at all times far from him, if the reader knew it,—perhaps never farther from any King who had such allurements to it, such opportunities for it. This his First Expedition to Silesia,—a rushing-out to seize your own stolen horse, while the occasion answered,—was a voluntary one; produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest were all purely compulsory,—to defend the horse he had seized. Clear necessities, and Powers very Visible, were the origin of all his other Expeditions and Warlike Struggles, which lasted to the end of his life.

That recent 'Moravian Foray'; the joint-stock principle in War-matters; and the terrible pass a man might reduce himself to, at that enormous gaming-table of the gods, if he lingered there: think what considerations these had been for him! So that 'his look became *farouche*,' in the sight of Valori; and the spectre of Ruin kept him company, and such hell-dogs were in chase of him;—till Czaslau, when the dice fell kind again! All this had been didactic on a young docile man. He was but thirty gone. And if readers mark such docility at those years, they will find considerable meaning in it. Here are prudence, moderation, clear discernment; very

unusual *veracity* of intellect, as we define it,—which quality, indeed, is the summary and victorious outcome of all manner of good qualities, and faithful performances, in a man. 'Given-up to strong delusions,' in the tragical way many are, Friedrich was not; and, in practical matters, very seldom indeed 'believed a lie.'

Certain it is, he now resumes his old Reinsberg Program of Life; probably with double relish, after such experiences the other way; and prosecutes it with the old ardour; hoping much that his History will be of halcyon pacific nature, after all. Would the mad War-whirlpool but quench itself; dangerous for singeing a near neighbour, who is only just got out of it! Fain would he be arbiter, and help to quench it; but it will not quench. For a space of Two Years or more (till August 1744, Twenty-six Months in all), Friedrich, busy on his own affairs, with carefully neutral aspect towards this War, yet with sword ready for drawing in case of need, looks on with intense vigilance; using his wisest interference, not too often either, in that sense and in that only, 'Be at Peace; oh, come to Peace!'—and finds that the benevolent Public and he have been mistaken in their hopes. For the next Two Years, we say:—for the first Year (or till about August 1743), with hope not much abated, and little actual interference needed; for the latter Twelve-month, with hope ever more abating; interference, warning, almost threatening ever more needed, and yet of no avail, as if they had been idle talking and gesticulation on his part:—till, in August 1744, he had to—But the reader shall gradually see it, if by any method we can show it him, in something of its real sequence; and shall judge of it by his own light.

Friedrich's Domestic History was not of noisy nature, during this interval:—and indeed in the bewildered Records given of it, there is nothing visible, at first, but one wide vortex of simmering inanities; leading to the desperate conclusion that Friedrich had no domestic history at all. Which latter is by no means the fact! Your poor Prussian Dryas-

dust (without even an Index to help you) being at least authentic, if you look a long time intensely and on many sides, features do at last dawn out of those said vortexes; and you find the old Reinsberg Program risen to activity again; and all manner of peaceable projects going on. Friedrich visits the Baths of Aachen (what we call Aix-la-Chapelle); has the usual Inspections, business activities, recreations, visits of friends. He opens his Opera-House, this first winter. He enters on Law-reform, strikes decisively into that grand problem; hoping to perfect it. What is still more significant, he in private begins writing his *Memoirs*. And furthermore, gradually determines on having a little Country House, place of escape from his big Potsdam Palace; and gets plans drawn for it,—place which became very famous, by the name of *Sans-Souci*, in times coming. His thoughts are wholly pacific; of Life to Minerva and the Arts, not to Bellona and the Battles;—and yet he knows well, this latter too is an inexorable element. About his Army, he is quietly busy; augmenting, improving it; the staff of life to Prussia and him.

Silesian Fortress-building, under ugly Walrave, goes on at a steadily swift rate. Much Silesian settlement goes on; fixing of the Prussian-Austrian Boundaries without; of the Catholic-Protestant limits within: rapid, not too rough, remodelling of the Province from Austrian into Prussian, in the Financial, Administrative and every other respect:—in all which important operations the success was noiseless, but is considered to have been perfect, or nearly so. Cannot we, from these enormous Paper-masses, carefully riddled, afford the reader a glimpse or two, to quicken his imagination of these things?

Settles the Silesian Boundaries, the Silesian Arrangements; with manifest profit to Silesia and himself

In regard to the Marches, Herr Nüssler, as natural, was again the person employed. Nüssler, shifty soul, wide-awake at all times, has

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already seen this Country; 'noticed the Pass into Glatz with its block-house, and perceived that his Majesty would want it.' From September 22d to December 12th, 1742, the actual Operation went on; ratified, completely set at rest, 16th January following.[1] Nüssler serves on three thalers (nine shillings) a day. The Austrian Head-Commissioner has 5*l.* (thirty thalers) a day; but he is an elderly fat gentleman, pursy, scant of breath; cannot stand the rapid galloping about, and thousandfold inspecting and detailing; leaves it all to Nüssler; who goes like the wind. Thus, for example, Nüssler dictates, at evening from his saddle, the mutual Protocol of the day's doings; Old Pursy sitting by, impatient for supper, and making no criticisms. Then at night, Nüssler privately mounts again; privately, by moonlight, gallops over the ground they are to deal with next day, and takes notice of everything. No wonder the boundary-pillars, set-up in such manner, which stand to this day, bear marks that Prussia here and there has had fair play!—Poor Nüssler has no fixed appointment yet, except one of about 100*l.* a year: in all my travels I have seen no man of equal faculty at lower wages. Nor did he ever get any signal promotion, or the least exuberance of wages, this poor Nüssler;—unless it be that he got trained to perfect veracity of workmanship, and to be a man without dry-rot in the soul of him; which indeed is incalculable wages. Income of 100*l.* a year, and no dry-rot in the soul of you anywhere; income of 100,000*l.* a year, and nothing but dry- and wet-rot in the soul of you (ugly appetites, unveracities, blusterous conceits,—and probably, as symbol of all things, a potbelly to your poor body itself): Oh, my friends!

In settling the Spiritual or internal Catholic-Protestant limits of Silesia, Friedrich did also a workmanlike thing. Perfect fairness between Protestant and Catholic; to that he is bound, and never needed binding. But it is withal his intention to be King in Catholic Silesia; and that no Holy Father, or other extraneous individual, shall intrude with inconvenient pretensions there. He accordingly nominates the now Bishop of Neisse and natural Primate of Silesia,—Cardinal von Sinzendorf, who has made submission for any late Austrian peccadilloes, and thoroughly reconciled himself,—nominates Sinzendorf 'Vicar General' of the Country; who is to relieve the Pope of Silesian trouble, and be himself Quasi Supreme of the Catholic Church there. 'No offence, Holy Papa of Christian Mankind! Your holy religion is, and shall be, intact in these parts; but the palliums, bulls and other holy

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[1] Büsching, *Beyträge*, § Nüssler: and Büsching's *Magasin*, b. x. (Halle, 1776); where, pp. 475-538, is a '*Geschichte der etc. Schlesischen Gränzscheidung im Jahr* 1742' in great amplitude and authenticity.

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wares and interferences are not needed here. On that footing, be pleased to rest content.'

The Holy Father shrieked his loudest (which is now a quite calculable loudness, nothing like so loud as it once was); declared he would 'himself join the Army of Martyrs sooner'; and summoned Sinzendorf to Rome: 'What kind of *Hinge* are you, *Cardinalis* of the Gates of'—Husht! Shrieked his loudest, we say; but, as nobody minded it, and as Sinzendorf would not come, had to let the matter take its course.[1] And, gradually noticing what correct observance of essentials there was, he even came quite round, into a high state of satisfaction with this Heretic King, in the course of a few years. Friedrich and the Pope were very polite to each other thenceforth; always ready to do little mutual favours. And it is to be remarked, Friedrich's management of his Clergy, Protestant and Catholic, was always excellent; true, in a considerable degree, to the real law of things; gentle, but strict, and without shadow of hypocrisy,—in which last fine particular he is singularly unique among Modern Sovereigns.

He recognises honestly the uses of Religion, though he himself has little; takes a good deal of pains with his Preaching Clergy, from the Army-Chaplain upwards,—will suggest texts to them, with scheme of sermon, on occasion;—is always anxious to have, as Clerical Functionary, the right man in the important place; and for the rest, expects to be obeyed by them, as by his Sergeants and Corporals. Indeed, the reverend men feel themselves to be a body of Spiritual Sergeants, Corporals and Captains; to whom obedience is the rule, and discontent a thing not to be indulged in by any means. And it is worth noticing, how well they seem to thrive in this completely submissive posture; how much real Christian worth is traceable in their labours and them; and what a fund of piety and religious faith, in rugged effectual form, exists in the Armies and Populations of such a King.[2] * *

By degrees the Münchows and Official Persons intrusted with Silesia got it wrought in all respects, financial, administrative, judicial, secular and spiritual, into the Prussian model: a long tough job; but one that proved well worth doing.[3] In this state, counts one authority, it was worth to Prussia 'about six times what it had been to Austria';—from some other forgotten source, I have seen the computation 'eight times.' In money revenue, at the end of Friedrich's reign, it is a little more

[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 197-200.

[2] 'In 1780, at Berlin, the population being 140,000, there are of *ecclesiastic* kind only 140; that is 1 to the 1,000;—at München there are thirty times as many in proportion' (Mirabeau, *Monarchie Prussienne*, viii. 342; quoting *Nicolai*).

[3] In Preuss (i. 197-200), the various steps (from 1740 to 1806).

than twice; the 'eight times' and the 'six times,' which are but loose multiples, refer, I suppose, to population, trade, increase of national wealth, of new regiments yielded by new cantons, and the like.[1]

Six or eight times as useful to Prussia: and to the Inhabitants what multiple of usefulness shall we give? To be governed on principles fair and rational, that is to say, conformable to Nature's appointment in that respect; and to be governed on principles which contradict the very rules of Cocker, and with impious disbelief of the very Multiplication Table: the one is a perpetual Gospel of Cosmos and Heaven to every unit of the Population; the other a Gospel of Chaos and Beelzebub to every unit of them: there is no multiple to be found in Arithmetic which will express that!—Certain of these advantages, in the new Government, are seen at once; others, the still more valuable, do not appear, except gradually and after many days and years. With the one and the other, Schlesien appears to have been tolerably content. From that Year 1742 to this, Schlesien has expressed by word and symptom nothing but thankfulness for the Transfer it underwent; and there is, for the last Hundred Years, no part of the Prussian Dominion more loyal to the Hohenzollerns (who are the Authors of Prussia, without whom Prussia had never been), than this their latest acquisition, when once it too got moulded into their own image.[2]

Opening of the Opera-House at Berlin

* * December 7th, this Winter, Carnival being come or just coming, Friedrich opens his New Opera-House, for behoof of the cultivated Berlin classes; a fine Edifice, which had been diligently built by Knobelsdorf, while those Silesian battlings went on. 'One of the largest and finest Opera-houses in the whole world; like a sumptuous Palace rather. Stands free on all sides, space for 1,000 Coaches round it; Five great Entrances, five persons can walk abreast through each; and inside—you should see, you should hear! Boxes more like rooms or boudoirs, free view and perfect hearing of the stage from every point: air pure and free everywhere; water aloft, not only for theatrical cascades, but to

[1] Westphalen, in *Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (printed, Berlin, 1859, written 100 years before by that well-informed person), i. 65, says in the rough 'six times': Preuss, iv. 292, gives, very indistinctly, the ciphers of Revenue, in 1740 and *some* later Year: according to Friedrich himself (*Œuvres*, ii. 102), the Silesian Revenue at first was '3,600,000 thalers' (540,000*l.*, little more than Half a Million); Population, a Million-and-Half.

[2] Preuss, i. 193, and *ib.* 200 (Note from Klein, a Silesian Jurist): 'Favour not merit formerly;' 'Magistracies a regular branch of *trade*;'—'highway robbers on a strangely familiar footing with the old Breslau magistrates;' etc., etc.

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drown-out any fire or risk of fire.'[1] This is Seyfarth's account, still capable of confirmation by travelling readers of a musical turn. I have seen Operas with much more brilliancy of gas and gilding; but none nearly so convenient to the human mind and sense; or where the audience (not now a gratis one) attended to the music in so meritorious a way.

'Perhaps it will attract moneyed strangers to frequent our Capital?'—some guess, that was Friedrich's thought. 'At all events, it is a handsome piece of equipage, for a musical King and People; not to be neglected in the circumstances. Thalia, in general,—let us not neglect Thalia, in such a dearth of worshipable objects.' Nor did he neglect Thalia. The trouble Friedrich took with his Opera, with his Dancing-Apparatus, French Comedy, and the rest of that affair, was very great. Much greater, surely, than this Editor would have thought of taking; though, on reflection, he does not presume to blame. The world is dreadfully scant of worshipable objects: and if your Theatre is your own, to sweep away intrusive nonsense continually from the gates of it? Friedrich's Opera costs him heavy sums (surely I once knew approximately what, but the sibylline leaf is gone again upon the winds!)—and he admits gratis a select public, and that only.[2] 'This Winter, 1742-3, was unusually magnificent at Court: balls, *wirthschaften*' (kind of *mimic fairs*), 'sledge-parties, masquerades, and theatricals of all sorts;—and once even, December 2d, the new Golden Table-Service' (cost of it 200,000*l.*) 'was in action, when the Two Queens' (Queen Regnant and Queen Mother) 'dined with his Majesty.'

Friedrich takes the Waters at Aachen, where Voltaire comes to see him

Months before that of the Opera-House or those Silesian settlements, Friedrich, in the end of August, what is the first thing visible in his Domestic History, makes a visit, for health's sake, to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle so-called), with a view to the waters there. Intends to try for a little improvement in health, as the basis of ulterior things. Health has naturally suffered a little in these War-hardships; and the Doctors recommend Aix. After Wesel, and the Westphalian Inspections, Friedrich, accordingly, proceeds to Aix; and for

[1] Seyfarth, i. 234; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin*, i. 169.
[2] Preuss, i. 277; and Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 100.

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about a fortnight (25th August—9th September) drinks the waters in that old resting-place of Charlemagne;—particulars not given in the Books; except that 'he lodged with Bacge' (if any mortal now knew Bacge), and did an Audience or so to select persons now unknown. He is not entirely incognito, but is without royal state; the 'guard of twenty men, the escort of 150 men,' being no men of his, but presumably mere Townguard of Aix coming in an honorary way. Aix is proud to see him; he himself is intent on the waters here at old Aix.

Aquisgranum, urbs regalis,
Sedes Regni principalis:—

My friend, this was Charlemagne's high place; and his dust lies here, these thousand years last past. And there used to soar 'a very large Gilt Eagle,' ten feet wide or so, aloft on the Cathedral-steeple there; Eagle turned southward when the Kaiser was in Frankenland, eastward when he was in Teutsch or Teuton-land; in fact, pointing-out the Kaiser's whereabouts to loyal mankind.[1] Eagle which shines on me as a human fact; luminously gilt, through the dark Dryasdustic Ages, gone all spectral under Dryasdust's sad handling. Friedrich knows farther, that for many centuries after, the 'Reich's *Insignia* (*Reichs-Kleinodien*)' used to be here,—though Maria Theresa has them now, and will not give them up. The whole of which points are indifferent to him. The practical, not the sentimental, is Friedrich's interest;—not to say that *Werter* and the Sentimental were not yet born into our afflicted Earth. A King thoroughly practical;—yet an exquisite player on the flute withal, as we often notice; whose adagio could draw tears from you. For in himself, too, there were floods of tears (as when his Mother died); and he has been heard saying, not bragging but lamenting, what was truly the fact, that 'he had more feeling than other men.' But it was honest human feeling always; and was repressed, where not irrepressible;—as it behoved to be.

[1] Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*.

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Friedrich's suite was not considerable, says the French spy at Aix on this occasion; pomp of Entrance,—a thing to be mute upon! 'Came driving-in with the common post-horses of the country; and such a set of carriages as your Lordship, intent on the sublime, has no idea of.'[1] Rumour was, His Britannic Majesty was coming (also on pretext of the waters) to confer with him; other rumour is, If King George came in at one gate, King Friedrich would go out at the other. A dubious Friedrich, to the French spy, at this moment; nothing like so admirable as he once was!—

The French emotions (of which we say little), on Friedrich's making Peace for himself, had naturally been great. To the French Public it was unexpected, somewhat *sudden* even to the Court; and, sure enough, it was of perilous importance in the circumstances. Few days ago, Broglio (by order given him) 'could not spare a man,' for the Common Cause;—and now the Common Cause has become entirely the Broglio one, and Broglio will have the full use of all his men! 'Defection' (plainly treasonous to your Liege Lord and Nation)! 'horrible to think of!' cried the French Public; the Court outwardly taking a lofty tragic-elegiac tone, with some air of hope that his Prussian Majesty would perhaps come round again, to the side of his afflicted France! Of which, except in the way of helping France and the other afflicted parties to a just Peace if he could, his Prussian Majesty had small thought at this time.

More affecting to Friedrich were the natural terrors of the poor Kaiser on this event. The Kaiser has already had his Messenger at Berlin, in consequence of it; with urgent inquiries, entreaties;—an expert Messenger, who knows Berlin well. No other than our old friend, the Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, now titular Feldmarschall,—whom one is more surprised than delighted to meet again! Being out with Austria (clamouring for great sums of 'arrears,' which they will not pay), he has been hanging about this new

[1] Spy-Letter, in *Campagnes des Trois Maréchaux*, i. 222.

Kaiser, ever since Election-time; and is again getting into employment, Diplomatic, Strategic, for some years,—though we hope mostly to ignore him and it. Friedrich's own feeling at sight of him,—ask not about it, more than if there had been none! Friedrich gave him 'a distinguished reception'; Friedrich's answer sent by him to the Kaiser was all kindness; emphatic assurance, 'That, not "hostility" by any means, that loyalty, friendship, and aid wherever possible within the limits, should always be his rule towards the now Kaiser, lawful Head of the Reich, in difficult circumstances.'[1] Which was some consolation to the poor man,—stript of his old revenues, old Bavarian Dominions, and unprovided with new; this sublime Headship of the Reich being moneyless; and one's new 'Kingdom of Bohemia' hanging in so uncertain a state, with nothing but a Pharsalia-Sahay to show for itself!—

Among Friedrich's 'inconsiderable suite,' at Aachen, was Prince Henri (his youngest Brother, age now sixteen, a small, sensitive, shivering creature, but of uncommon parts); and another young man, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, his Wife's youngest Brother; a soldier, as all the Brothers are; soldier in Friedrich's Army, this one; in whose fine inarticulate eupeptic character are excellent dispositions and capacities discernible. Ferdinand goes generally with the King; much about him in these years. All the Brothers follow soldiering; it is the one trade of German Princes. When at home, Friedrich is still occasionally with his Queen; who lives at Schönhausen, in the environs of Berlin, but goes with him to Charlottenburg, to old Reinsberg; and has her share of galas in his company, with the Queen Mother and cognate Highnesses.

Another small fact, still more memorable at present, is, That Voltaire now made him a Third Visit,—privately on Fleury's instance, as is evident this time. Of which Voltaire

[1] 'Audience, 30th July' (Adelung, iii. *a*, 217).

Visit readers shall know duly, by and by, what little is knowable. But, alas, there is first an immense arrear of War-matters to bring up; to which, still more than to Voltaire, the afflicted reader must address himself, if he would understand at all what Friedrich's Environment, or circumambient Life-element now was, and how Friedrich, well or ill, comported himself in the same. Brevity, this Editor knows, is extremely desirable, and that the scissors should be merciless on those sad Paper-Heaps, intolerable to the modern mind; but, unless the modern mind chanced to prefer ease and darkness, what can an Editor do!

CHAPTER II

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS ARE ON THE MOUNTING HAND

AUSTRIAN affairs are not now in their nadir-point; a long while now since they passed that. Austria, to all appearance dead, started up, and began to strike for herself, with some success, the instant Walpole's *soup-royal* (that first 200,000*l.*, followed since by abundance more) got to her lips. Touched her poor pale lips; and went tingling through her, like life and fiery elasticity, out of death by inanition! Cardinal moment, which History knows, but can never date, except vaguely, some time in 1741; among the last acts of judicious Walpole.

Austria, thanks to its own Khevenhüllers and its English guineas, was already rising in various quarters: and now when the Prussian Affair is settled, Austria springs up everywhere like an elastic body with the pressure taken from it; mounts steadily, month after month, in practical success, and in height of humour in a still higher ratio. And in the course of the next Two Years rises to a great height indeed. Here,—snatched, who knows with what difficulty, from that shoreless bottomless slough of an Austrian-Succession War,

deservedly forgotten, and avoided by extant mankind,—are some of the more essential phenomena, which Friedrich had to witness in those months. To witness, to scan with such intense interest,—rightly, at his peril;—and to interpret as actual 'Omens' for him, as monitions of a most indisputable nature! No Haruspex, I suppose, with or without 'white beard, and long staff for cutting the Heavenly Vault into compartments from the zenith downwards,' could, in Etruria or elsewhere, 'watch the flight of birds, now into this compartment, now into that,' with stricter scrutiny than, on the new terms, did this young King from his Potsdam Observatory.

War-Phenomena in the Western Parts: King George tries, a Second Time, to draw his Sword; tugs at it violently, for Seven Months (February—October 1742)

'The first phenomenon, cheering to Austria, is that of the Britannic Majesty again clutching sword, with evident intent to draw it on her behalf.[1] Besides this potent soup-royal of Half-Millions annually, the Britannic Majesty has a considerable sword, say 40,000, of British and of subsidised;—sword which costs him a great deal of money to keep by his side; and a great deal of clamour and insolent gibing from the Gazetteer species, because he is forced to keep it strictly in the scabbard hitherto. This Year, we observe, he has determined again to draw it, in the Cause of Human Liberty, whatever follow. From early Spring there were symptoms: Camps on Lexden and other Heaths, much reviewing in Hyde-Park and elsewhere; from all corners a universal marching towards the Kent Coast; the aspects being favourable. "We can besiege Dunkirk at any rate, cannot we, your High Mightinesses? Dunkirk, which, by all the Treaties in existence, ought to need no besieging; but which, in spite of treatyings innumerable, always does?' The High Mightinesses answer nothing articulate, languidly grumble something in *optative* tone;—"meaning assent," thinks the sanguine mind. "Dutch hoistable, after all!" thinks he; "Dutch will coöperate, if they saw example set!" And, in England, the work of embarking actually begins.

'Britannic Majesty's purpose, and even fixed resolve to this effect, had

[1] Tindal, xx. 552; Old Newspapers; etc., etc.

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preceded the Prussian-Austrian Settlement. May 20th,[1] "Two regiments of Foot," first poor instalment of British Troops, had actually landed at Ostend;—news of the Battle of Chotusitz, much more, of the Austrian-Prussian Settlement, or Peace of Breslau, would meet them *there*. But after that latter auspicious event, things start into quick and double-quick time; and the Gazetteers get vocal, almost lyrical: About Howard's regiment, Ponsonby's regiment, all manner of regiments, off to Flanders, for a stroke of work; how "Ligonier's Dragoons"' (a set of wild swearing fellows, whom Guildford is happy to be quit of) '"rode through Bromley with their kettle-drums going, and are this day at Gravesend to take ship;"'—or to give one other, more specific example:

'Yesterday' (3d July 1742), 'General Campbell's Regiment of Scotch Greys arrived in the Borough of Southwark, on their march to Dover, where they are to embark for Flanders. They are fine hardy fellows, that want no seasoning; and make an appearance agreeable to all but the innkeepers,'—who have such billeting to do, of late.[2] 'Grey Dragoons,' or Royal Scots-Greys, is the title of this fine Regiment; and their Colonel is Lieutenant-General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle (fourth Duke), Cousin of the great second Duke of Argyle that now is.[3] Visibly billeting there, in Southwark, with such intentions:—and, by accident, this Editor knows Twenty of these fine fellows! Twenty or so, who had gone in one batch as Greys; sons of good Annandale yeomen, otherwise without a career open: some Two of whom did get back, and lived to be old men; the rumour of whom, and of their unheard-of adventures, was still lingering in the air, when this Editor began existence. Pardon, O reader!—

'But, all through those hot days, it is a universal drumming, kettle-drumming, coast-ward; preparation of transports at Gravesend, at the top of one's velocity. "All the coopers in London are in requisition for water-casks, so that our very brewers have to pause astonished for want of tubs." There is pumping-in of water day and night, Sunday not excepted, then throwing of it out again' (owing to new circumstances): '250 saddle-horses, and 100 sumpter ditto, for his Majesty's own use,—these need a deal of water, never to speak of Ligonier and the Greys. "For the honour of our Country, his Majesty will make a grander appearance this Campaign than any of his Predecessors ever did; and as to the magnificence of his equipage,"—besides the 350 quadrupeds, "there are above 100 rich portmanteaus getting ready with all expedition.'[4] The Fat Boy too' (Royal Highness Duke of Cumberland, one

[1] 9th' by the Old Newspapers; but we always *translate* their o. s.

[2] *Daily Post*, June 23d (o. s.), 1742.

[3] Douglas, *Scotch Peerage* (Edinburgh, 1764), p. 44.

[4] *Daily Post*, September 13th (*i.e.* 26th).

should say) 'is to go; a most brave-hearted, flaxen-florid, plump young creature; hopeful Son of Mars, could he once get experience,—which, alas, he never could, though trying it for five-and-twenty-years to come, under huge expense to this Nation! There are to be 16,000 troops, perhaps more; "1,000 sand-bags" (empty as yet); demolition of Dunkirk the thing aimed at.' If only the Dutch prove hoistable!—

'And so, from May on to September, it noisily proceeds, at multiplex rates, and often with more haste than speed: and in such five months (seven, strictly counted) of clangorous movement and dead-lift exertion, there were veritably got across, of Horse and Foot with their equipments, the surprising number of "16,334 men."[1] May 20th it began,—that is, the embarking began; the noise and babble about it, which have been incessant ever since, had begun in February before;—and on September 26th, Ostend, now almost weary of huzzahing over British glory by instalment, had the joy of seeing our final portions of Artillery arrive: Such a Park of Siege-and-Field Artillery,' exults the Gazetteer, 'as'—as these poor creatures never dreamt of before.

'Magnanimous Lord Stair, already Plenipotentiary to the Dutch, is to be King's General-in-Chief of this fine Enterprise; Carteret, another Lord of some real brilliancy, and perhaps of still weightier metal, is head of the Cabinet; hearty, both of them, for these Anti-French intentions: and the Public cannot but think, Surely something will come of it this time? More especially now that Maillebois, about the middle of August, by a strange turn of fortune, is swept out of the way. Maillebois, lying over in Westphalia with his 30 or 40,000, on "Check to your King" this year past, had, on sight of these Anti-Dunkirk movements, been ordered to look Dunkirk way, and at length to move thitherward, for protection of Dunkirk. So that Stair, before his Dunkirk business, will have to fight Maillebois; which Stair doubts not may be satisfactorily done. But behold, in August and earlier, come marvellous news from the Prag quarter, tragical to France; and Maillebois is off, at his best speed, in the reverse direction; on a far other errand!'—Of which readers shall soon hear enough.

'Dunkirk, therefore, is now open. With 16,000 British troops, Hanoverians to the like number, and Hessians 6,000, together near 40,000, not to speak of Dutch at all, surely one might manage Dunkirk, if not something still better? It is *after* Maillebois's departure that these dreadful exertions, coopering of water-casks, pumping all Sunday, go on at Gravesend: "Swift, O be swift, while time is!" And Generalissimo-Plenipotentiary Stair, who has run over beforehand, is ardent enough upon the Dutch; his eloquence fiery and incessant: "Magnanimous High Mightinesses, was there, will there again be, such a chance?

[1] Adelung, iii. *a*, 201.

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The Cause of Human Liberty may be secured forever! Dunkirk—or what is Dunkirk even? Between us and Paris, there is nothing, now that Maillebois is off on such an errand! Why should not we play Marlborough again, and teach them a little what invasion means? It is ourselves alone that can hinder it! Now, I say, or never! —

'Stair was a pupil of Marlborough's; is otherwise a shining kind of man; and has immense things in his eye, at this time. They say, what is not unlikely, he proposed an Interview with Friedrich now at Aachen; would come privately, to "take the waters" for a day or two,—while Maillebois was on his new errand, and such a crisis had risen. But Friedrich, anxious to be neutral and give no offence, politely waived such honour. Lord Stair was thought to be something of a General, in fact as well as in costume;—and perhaps he was so. And had there been a proper *Countess* of Stair, or new Sarah Jennings,—to cover gently, by art-magic, the Britannic Majesty and Fat Boy under a tub; and to put Britain, and British Parliament and resources, into Stair's hand for a few years,—who knows what Stair too might have done! A Marlborough in the War Arts,—perhaps still less in the Peace ones, if we knew the great Marlborough,—he could not have been. But there is in him a recognisable flash of magnanimity, of heroic enterprise and purpose; which is highly peculiar in that sordid element. And it can be said of him, as of lightning striking ineffectual on the Bog of Allen or the Stygian Fens, that his strength was never tried.'—For the upshot of him we will wait; not very long.

These are fine prospects if only the Dutch prove hoistable. But these are as nothing to what is passing, and has passed, in the Eastern Parts, in the Bohemian-Bavarian quarter, since we were there. Poor Kaiser Karl, what an outlook for him! His own real Bavaria, much more his imaginary 'Upper Austria' and 'Conquests on the Donau,' after that Ségur Adventure, are plunging headlong. As to his once Kingdom of Bohemia,' it has already plunged; nay, the Army of the Oriflamme is itself near plunging, in spite of that Pharsalia of a Sahay! Bavaria itself, we say, is mostly gone to Khevenhüller; Ségur with his French on march homeward, and nothing but Bavarians left. The Belleisle-Broglio grand Budweis Expedition is gone totally heels over head; Belleisle and Broglio are getting, step by step, shut-up in Prag and besieged there: while Maillebois—Let us try whether, by snatching out here a

fragment and there a fragment, with chronological and other appliances, it be not possible to give readers some conceivable notion of what Friedrich was now looking at with such interest!—

How Duc d'Harcourt, advancing to reinforce the Oriflamme, had to split himself in two; and become an 'Army of Bavaria,' to little effect

The poor Kaiser, who at one time counted '30,000 Bavarians of his own,' has all along been ill served by them and the bad Generals they had: two Generals; both of whom, Minuzzi, and old Feldmarschall Thörring (Prime Minister withal), came to a bad reputation in this War. Beaten nearly always; Thörring quite always,—'like a *Drum*, that Thörring; never heard of except when beaten,' said the wits! Of such let us not speak. Understand only, *first*, that the French, reasonably soon after that Linz explosion, did, in such crisis, get reinforcements on the road; a Duc d'Harcourt with some 25,000 faring forward, in an intermittent manner, ever since 'March 4th.' And *secondly*, that Khevenhüller has fast hold of Passau, the Austrian-Bavarian Key-City; is master of nearly all Bavaria (of München, and all that lies south of the Donau); and is now across on the north shore, wrenching and tugging upon Kelheim and the Ingolstadt-Donauwörth regions, with nothing but Thöring people and small French Garrisons to hinder him; —where it will be fatal if he quite prosper; Ingolstadt being our Place-of-Arms, and House on the Highway, both for Bavaria and Bohemia!

'For months past, there had been a gleam of hope for Kaiser Karl, and his new "Kingdom of Bohemia," and old Electorate of Bavaria, from the rumour of "D'Harcourt's reinforcement,"—a 20 or 30,000 new Frenchmen marching into those parts, in a very detached intermittent manner; great in the Gazettes. But it proved a gleam only, and came to nothing effectual. Poor D'Harcourt, owing to cross orders' (Broglio clamorously demanding that the new force should come to Prag; Karl Albert the Kaiser, nominally General-in-Chief, demanding that it should go down the Donau and sweep his Bavaria clear), 'was in difficulty. To do either of these cross orders might have brought some result; but to half-do both of them, as he was enjoined to attempt, was not wise! Some half of his force he did detach towards Broglio; which got to actual junction, partly before, partly after, that Pharsalia-Sahay Affair, and raised Broglio to a strength of 24,000,—still inadequate against Prince Karl. Which done, D'Harcourt himself went down the Donau, on his original scheme, with the remainder of his forces,—now likewise

become inadequate. He is to join with Feldmarschall Thörring in the'—And does it, as we shall see presently! * *

München, 5th May. 'Rumour of D'Harcourt had somewhat cleared Bavaria of Austrians; but the reality of him, in a divided state, by no means corresponds. Thus München City, in the last days of April,—D'Harcourt advancing, terrible as a rumour,—rejoiced exceedingly to see the Austrians march out, at their best pace. And the exultant populace even massacred a loitering Tolpatch or two; who well-deserve it, think the populace, judging by their experience for the last three months, since Bärenklau and Mentzel became King here.—"Rumour of D'Harcourt?" answers Khevenhüller from the Kelheim-Passau side of things: "Let us wait for sight of him, at least!" And orders München to be reoccupied. So that, alas, "within a week," on the 5th of May, Bärenklau is back upon the poor City; exacts severe vengeance for the Tolpatch business; and will give them seven months more of his company, in spite of D'Harcourt, and "the Army of Bavaria" as he now called himself:'—new 'Army of Bavaria' when once arrived in those Countries, and joined with poor Thörring and the Kaiser's people there. Such an 'Army of Bavaria,' first and last, as—as Khevenhüller could have wished it! Under D'Harcourt, joined with old Feldmarschall Thörring (him whom men liken to a *Drum*, 'never heard of except when beaten'), this is literally the sum of what fighting it did:

'*Hilgartsberg* (Deggendorf Donau-Country), *May 28th.* D'Harcourt and Thörring, after junction at Donauwörth several weeks ago, and a good deal of futile marching up and down in those Donau Countries,—on the left bank, for most part; Khevenhüller holding stiffly, as usual, by the Inn, the Iser, and the rivers and countries on the right,—did at last, being now almost within sight of Passau and that important valley of the Inn across yonder, seriously decide to have a stroke at Passau, and to dislodge Khevenhüller, who is weak in force, though obstinate.* They perceive that there is, on this left bank, a post in the woods, Castle of Hilgartsberg, none of the strongest Castles, rather a big Country Mansion than a Castle, which it will be necessary first to take. They go accordingly to take it (May 28th, having well laid their heads together the day before); march through intricate wet forest country, peat above all abundant; see the Castle of Hilgartsberg towering aloft, picturesque object in the Donau Valley, left bank;—are met by cannon-shot, case shot, shot of every kind; likewise by Croats apparently innumerable, by cavalry sabrings and levelled bayonets; do not behave too well, being excessively astonished; and are glad to get off again, leaving one of their guns lodged in the mud, and about a hundred unfortunate men.[1] This

* See map at end of this Volume.

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 146-8, 136, etc.

quite disgusted D'Harcourt with the Passau speculation and these grim Khevenhüller outposts. He straightway took to collecting Magazines; lodging himself in the attainable Towns thereabouts, Deggendorf the chief strength for him; and gave-up fighting till perhaps better times might arrive.' We will wish him good success in the victualling department, hope to hear no more of him in this History;—and shall say only that Comte de Saxe, before long, relieves him of this Bavarian Army;—and will be seen at the head of it, on a most important business that rises.

Kaiser Karl begins to have real thoughts of recalling this Thörring, who is grown so very *audible*, altogether home; and of appointing Seckendorf instead. A course which Belleisle has been strongly recommending for some time. Seckendorf is at present 'gathering meal in the Ober-Pfalz' (Upper Palatinate, road from Ingolstadt to Eger, to Böhmen generally), that is, forming Magazines, on the Kaiser's behalf there: 'Surely a likelier man than your Thörring!' urges Belleisle always. With whom the Kaiser does finally comply; nominates Seckendorf commander,—recalls the invaluable Thörring 'to his services in our Cabinet Council, which more befit his great age.' In which safe post poor Thörring, like a Drum *not* beaten upon, has thenceforth a silent life of it; Seckendorf fighting in his stead,—as we shall have to witness, more or less.

Khevenhüller's is a changed posture, since he stood in Vienna, eight or nine months ago; grimly resolute, drilling his '6,000 of garrison,' with the wheelbarrows all busy!—But her Hungarian Majesty's chief success, which is now opening into outlooks of a quite triumphant nature, has been that over the New Oriflamme itself, the Belleisle-Broglio Army,—most sweet to her Majesty to triumph over! Shortly after Chotusitz, shortly after that Pharsalia of a Sahay, readers remember Belleisle's fine Project, 'Conjoined attack on Budweis, and sweeping of Bohemia clear';—readers saw Belleisle, in the Schloss of Maleschau, 5th June last, rushing out (with violence to his own wig, says rumour); hurrying off to Dresden for coöperation; equally in vain. 'Coöperation, M. le Maréchal; attack *on* Budweis?'—Here is another Fragment:

How Belleisle, returning from Dresden without Coöperation, found the Attack had been done,—in a fatally reverse way. Prag expecting Siege. Colloquy with Broglio on that interesting point. Prag besieged

Budweis, June 4th—Prag, June 13th. 'Broglio, ever since that Sahay' (which had been fought so gloriously on Frauenberg's account), lay in the Castle of Frauenberg, in and around,—hither side of the Moldau river, with his Pisek thirty miles to rear, and judicious outposts all about. There lay Broglio, meditating the attack on Budweis' (were coöperation once here),—'when, contrariwise, altogether on the sudden, Budweis made attack on Broglio; tumbled him quite topsyturvy, and sent him home to Prag, uncertain which end uppermost; rolling like a heap of mown stubble in the wind, rather than marching like an Army!' * * Take one glance at him:

'*June 4th*, 1742' (day *before* that of Belleisle's 'Wig' at Maleschau, had Belleisle known it!)—'Prince Karl, being now free of the Prussians, and ready for new work, issued suddenly from Budweis; suddenly stept across the Moldau,—by the Bridge of Moldau-Tein, sweeping away the French that lay there. Prince Karl swept away this first French Post, by the mere sight and sound of him; swept away, in like fashion, the second and all following posts; swept Broglio himself, almost without shot fired, and in huge flurry, home to Prag, double-quick, night and day,—with much loss of baggage, artillery, prisoners, and total loss of one's presence of mind. "Poor man, he was born for surprises" (said Friedrich's Doggerel long ago)! Manœuvred consummately' (he asserts) 'at different points, behind rivers and the like; but nowhere could he call halt, and resolutely stand still. Which undoubtedly he could and should have done, say Valori and all judges;—nothing quite immediate being upon him, except the waste-howling tagraggery of Croats, whom it had been good to quench a little, before going farther. On the third night, June 7th, he arrived at Pisek; marched again before daybreak, leaving a garrison of 1,200,—who surrendered to Prince Karl next day, without shot fired. Broglio tumbling on ahead, double-quick, with the tagraggery of Croats continually worrying at his heels, baggage-wagons sticking fast, country people massacring all stragglers, panted home to Prag on the 13th; with "the Gross of the Army saved, don't you observe!" And thinks it an excellent retreat, he if no one else.[1]

'At Pisek, Prince Karl has ceased chasing with his regulars, the pace

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 122, etc.; *Campagnes*, v. 167 (his own Despatch).

being so uncommonly swift. From Pisek, Prince Karl struck off towards Pilsen, there to intercept a residue of Harcourt reinforcements who were coming that way: from Broglio, who knew of it, but in such flurry could not mind it, he had no hindrance; and it was by good luck, not management of Broglio's, that these poor reinforcements did in part get through to him, and in part seek refuge in Eger again. Broglio has encamped under the walls of Prag; in a ruinous though still blusterous condition; his positions all gone; except Prag and Eger, nothing in Bohemia now his.

Prag, 17th June—17th August. 'It is in this condition that Belleisle, returning from the Kuttenberg-Dresden mission (June 15th), finds his Broglio. Most disastrous, Belleisle thinks it; and nothing but a Siege in Prag lying ahead; though Broglio is of different opinion, or, blustering about his late miraculous retreat, and other high merits too little recognised, forms no opinion at all on such extraneous points.' * * * 'From Versailles, they had answered Belleisle: "Nothing to be made of Dresden either, say you? Then go you and take the command at Prag; send Broglio to command the Bavarian Army. See, you, what can be done by fighting." On this errand Belleisle is come, the heavy-laden man, and Valori with him,—if, in this black crisis, Valori could do anything. Valori at least reports the colloquy the Two Marshals had' (one bit of colloquy, for they had more than one, though as few as possible; Broglio being altogether blusterous, sulphurous, difficult to speak with on polite terms).[1] '"Army of Bavaria?" answers Broglio; "I will have those Ten Battalions of the D'Harcourt reinforcement, then. I tell you, Yes! Prag? Prag may go to the— What have I to do with Prag? The oldest Maréchal of France, superseded, after such merits, and on the very heel of such a retreat! Nay, but where is *your* commission to command in Prag, M. le Maréchal?" Belleisle, in the haste there was, has no Commission rightly drawn-out by the War-Office; only an Order from Court. "*I* have a regular Commission, Monseigneur: I want a Sign-manual before laying it down!" The unreasonable Broglio.

'Belleisle, tormented with rheumatic nerves, and of violent temper at any rate, compresses the immense waste rage that is in him. His answers to Broglio are calm and low-voiced;—admirable to Valori. One thing he wished to ascertain definitely: What M. de Broglio's intentions were; and whether he would, or would not, go to Bavaria and take charge there? If so, he shall have all the Cavalry for escort; Cavalry, unless it be dragoons, will only eat victual in case of siege.—No, Broglio will not go with Cavalry; must have those Ten Battalions, must have Sign-manual; won't, in short!'—Will stay, then, thinks Belleisle; and one

[1] Valori, i. 162-166; *Campagnes*, v. 170, 124, etc. etc.

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must try to drive him, as men do pigs, covertly and by the rule of contraries, while Prag falls under Siege.

What an outlook for his Most Christian Majesty's service,—fatal altogether, had not Belleisle been a high man, and willing to undertake pig-driving! * * 'Discouragement in the Army is total, were it not for Belleisle; anger against Broglio very great. The Officers declare openly, "We will quit, if Broglie continue General! Our commissions were made-out in the name of Maréchal de Belleisle"' (in the spring of last Year, when he had such levees, more crowded than the King's!)—'"we are not bound to serve another General!"—"You recognise *me* for your General?" asks Belleisle. "Yes!"—"Then, I bid you obey M. de Broglio, so long as he is here."'[1] * *

'*June 27th.* The Grand-Duke, Maria Theresa's Husband, come from Vienna to take command-in-chief, joins the Austrian main Army and his Brother Karl, this day: at Königsaal, one march to the south of Prag. Friedrich being now off their hands, why should not they besiege Prag, capture Prag! Under Khevenhüller, with Bärenklau, and the Mentzels, Trencks,—poor D'Harcourt merely storing victual,—Bavaria lies safe enough. And the Oriflamme caged in Prag:—Have at the Oriflamme!

'Prag is begirdled, straitened more and more, from this day. Formal Siege to begin, so soon "as the artillery can come up"' (which is not for seven weeks yet). 'And so, in fine, "*August 17th*, all at once," furious bombardment bursts-out, from 36 mortars and above 100 big guns, disposed in batteries around.[2] To which the French, Belleisle's high soul animating everything, as furiously responded; making continual sallies of a hot desperate nature; especially, on the fifth day of the siege, one sally' (to be mentioned by and by) 'which was very famous at Prag and at Paris.' * *

Concerning the Italian War which simultaneously went on, all along

War in Italy,—the Spanish Termagant very high in her Anti-Pragmatic notions,—there had been, for eight months past; and it went on, fiercely enough, doggedly enough, on both sides for Six Years more, till 1748, when the general Finis came. War of which we propose to say almost nothing; but must request the reader to imagine it, all along, as influential on our specific affairs.

The Spanish Termagant wished ardently to have the

[1] Valori, i. 166.

[2] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 149, 170.

Milanese and pertinents, as an Apanage for her second Infant, Don Philip; a young gentleman who now needs to be provided for, as Don Carlos had once done. 'Cannot get to be Pope this one, it appears,' said the fond Mother (who at one time looked that way for her Infant): 'Well, here is the Milanese fallen loose!' Readers know her for a lady of many claims, of illimitable aspirations; and she went very high on the Pragmatic Question. 'Headship of the Golden Fleece, Madam; *you* head of it? I say all Austria, German and Italian, is mine!'—though she has now magnanimously given up the German part to Kaiser Karl VII.; and will be content with the Italian, as an Apanage for Don Philip. And so there is War in Italy, and will be. To be imagined by us henceforth.

A War in which these Three Elements are noticeable as the chief. *First*, the Sardinian Majesty,[1] who is very anxious himself for Milanese parings and additaments; but, except by skilfully playing off-and-on between the French side and the Austrian, has no chance of getting any. For Spain he is able to fight; and also (on good British Subsidies) against Spain. Element *second* is the British Navy, cruising always between Spain and the Seat of War; rendering supplies by sea impossible,—almost impossible. *Third*, the Passes of Savoy; wild Alpine chasms, stone-labyrinths; inexpugnable, with a Sardinian Majesty defending; which are the one remaining road, for Armies and Supplies, out of Spain or France.

The Savoy Passes are, in fact, the gist of the War; the insoluble problem for Don Philip and the French. By detours, by circuitous effort and happy accident, your troops may occasionally squeeze through: but without one secure road open behind them for supplies and recruitments, what good is it? Battles there are, behind the Alps, on what we may call the *stage* itself of this Italian War-theatre; but the

[1] Charles Emanuel, Victor Amadeus's Son (Hübner, t. 293): born 27th April 1701; lived and reigned till 19th February 1773 (Œrtel, t. 77).

grand steady battle is that of France and Don Philip, struggling spasmodically, year after year, to get a road through the *coulisses* or side-scenes,—namely, those Savoy Passes. They try it by this Pass and by that; Pass of Demont, Pass of Villa-Franca or Montalban (glorious for France, but futile), Pass of Exilles or Col d'Assiette (again glorious, again futile and fatal); sometimes by the way of Nice itself, and rocky mule-tracks overhanging the sea-edge (British Naval-cannon playing on them);—and can by no way do it.

There were fine fightings, in the interior too, under Generals of mark; General Browne doing feats, excellent old General Feldmarschall Traun, of whom we shall hear; Maillebois, Belleisle the Younger, of whom we have heard. There was Battle of Campo-Santo, new battle there (Traun's); there was Battle of Rottofreddo; of Piacenza (doleful to Maillebois), —followed by Invasion of Provence, by Revolt of Genoa and other things: which all readers have now forgotten.[1] Readers are to imagine this Italian War, all along, as a fact very loud and real at that time, and continually pulsing over into our German Events (like half-audible thunder below the horizon, into raging thunder above), little as we can afford to say of it here. One small Scene from this Italian War;—one, or with difficulty two;—and if possible be silent about all the rest:

Scene, Roads of Cadiz, October 1741: *By what astonishing Artifice this Italian War did, at length, get begun*

* * 'The Spanish Court, that is, Termagant Elizabeth, who rules everybody there, being in this humour, was passionate to begin; and stood ready a good while, indignantly champing the bit, before the sad preliminary obstacles could be got over. At Barcelona she had, in the course of last summer, doubly busy ever since Mollwitz time, got into

[1] Two elaborate works on the subject are said to be instructive to military readers: Buonamici (who was in it, for a while), *De Bello Italico Commentarii* (in Works of Buonamici, Lyon, 1750); and Pezay, *Campagnes de Maillebois* (our Westphalian friend again) *en Italie*, 1745-46 (Paris, 1775).

equipment some 15,000 men; but could not by any method get them across,—owing to the British Fleets, which hung blockading this place and that; blockading Cadiz especially, where lay her Transport-ships and War-ships, at this interesting juncture. Fleury's cunctations were disgusting to the ardent mind; and here now, still more insuperable, are the British Fleets; here—and a pest to him!—is your Admiral Haddock, blockading Cadiz, with his Seventy-fours!

'But again, on the other or Pragmatic side, there were cunctations. The Sardinian Majesty, Charles Emanuel of Savoy, holding the door of the Alps, was difficult to bargain with, in spite of British Subsidies;—stood-out for higher door-fees, a larger slice of the Milanese than could be granted him; had always one ear open for France, too; in short, was tedious and capricious, and there seemed no bringing him to the point of drawing sword for her Hungarian Majesty. In the end, he was brought to it, by a stroke of British Art,—such to the admiring Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind it seemed;—equal to anything we have since heard of, on the part of perfidious Albion.

'One day, "middle of October last," the Seventy-fours of Haddock and perfidious Albion.—Spanish official persons, looking out from Cadiz Lighthouse, ask themselves, "Where are they? Vanished from these waters; not a Seventy-four of them to be seen!"—Have got foul in the underworks, or otherwise some blunder has happened; and the blockading Fleet of perfidious Albion has had to quit its post, and run to Gibraltar to refit. That, I guess, was the Macchiavellian stroke of Art they had done; without investigating Haddock and Company' (as indignant Honourable Members did), 'I will wager, That and nothing more!

'In any case, the Termagant, finding no Seventy-fours there, and the wind good, despatches swiftly her Transports and War-ships to Barcelona; swiftly embarks there her 15,000, France cautiously assisting; and lands them complete, "by the middle of December," Haddock feebly opposing, on the Genoa coast: "Have at the Milanese, my men!" Which obliges Charles Emanuel to end his cunctations, and rank at once in defence of that Country,[1] lest he get no share of it whatever. And so the game began. Europe admired, with a shudder, the refined stroke of art; for in cunning they equal Beelzebub, those perfidious Islanders;—and are always at it; hence their greatness in the world. Imitate them, ye Peoples, if you also would grow great. That is our Gazetteer Evangel, in this late epoch of Man's History.' * *

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[1] Adelung, ii. 535, 538 (who believes in the 'stroke of art'): what kind of 'art' it was, learn sufficiently in *Gentleman's Magazine*, etc. of those months!

Other Scene, Bay of Naples, 19th-20th August 1742: *King of Two Sicilies (Baby Carlos that was), having been assisting Mamma, is obliged to become Neutral in the Italian War*

Readers will transport themselves to the Bay of Naples, and beautiful Vesuvian scenery seen from sea. The English-Spanish War, it would appear, is not quite dead, nor carried-on by Jenkins and the Wapping people alone. Here in this Bay it blazes-out into something of memorability; and gives lively sign of its existence, among the other troubles of the world.

'*Sunday August 19th*, Commodore Martin, who had arrived overnight, appears in the Bay, with due modicum of seventy-fours, "dursley galleys," bomb-vessels, on an errand from his Admiral' (one Matthews) 'and the Britannic Majesty, much to the astonishment of Naples. Commodore Martin hovers about, all morning, and at 4 P.M. drops anchor,—within shot of the place, fearfully near;—and therefrom sends ashore a Message: "That his Sicilian Majesty" (Baby Carlos, our notable old friend, who is said to be a sovereign of merit otherwise) "has not been neutral, in this Italian War, as his engagements bore; but has joined his force to that of the Spaniards, declared enemies of his Britannic Majesty; which rash step his Britannic Majesty hereby requires him to retract, if painful consequences are not at once to ensue!" That is Martin's message; to which he stands doggedly, without variation, in the extreme flutter and multifarious reasoning of the poor Court of Naples: "Recall your 20,000 men, and keep them recalled," persists Martin; and furthermore at last, as the reasoning threatens to get lengthy: "Your answer is required within one hour," —and lays his watch on the Cabin-table.

'The Court, thrown into transcendent tremor, with no resource but either to be burnt or comply, answers within the hour: "Yes, in all points." Some eight hours or so of reasoning: deep in the night of Sunday, it is all over; everything preparing to get signed and sealed; ships making ready to sail again;—and on Tuesday at sunrise, there is no Martin there. Martin, to the last top-gallant, has vanished clean over the horizon; never to be seen again, though long remembered.[1]

[1] Tindal's *Rapin*, xx. 572 (*mis*dates, and is altogether indistinct); *Gentleman's Magazine*, xii. 494:—*came* 'Sunday morning, 19th August, N.S.'; 'anchored about 4 P.M.'; '2 A.M. of 20th' all agreed; King Carlos's *Letter* is *got*, ships prepared for sailing;—sail that night, and tomorrow, 21st, are out of sight.

One wonders, Were Pipes and Hatchway perhaps there, in Martin's squadron? In what station Commodore Trunnion did then serve in the British Navy? Vanished ghosts of grim mute sea-kings, there is no record of them but what is itself a kind of ghost! Ghost, or symbolical phantasm, from the brain of that Tobias Smollett; an assistant Surgeon, who served in the body along with them, his singular value altogether unknown.'—King Carlos's Neutrality, obtained in this manner, lasted for a year-and-half; a sensible alleviation to her Hungarian Majesty for the time. We here quit the Italian War; leaving it to the reader's fancy, on the above terms.

* * * * * *

The Siege of Prag continues. A grand Sally there

'*Prag, 22d August.* In the same hours, while Martin lay coercing Naples, the Army of the Oriflamme in Prag City was engaged in "furious sallies";'—readers may divine what that means for Prag and the Oriflamme!

'Prag is begirdled, bombarded from all the Wischerads, Ziscabergs and Hill environments; every avenue blocked, "above 60,000 Austrians round it, near 40,000 of them regulars": a place difficult to defend; but with excellent arrangments for defence on Belleisle's part, and the garrison with its blood up. Garrison makes continual furious sallies,—which are eminently successful, say the French Newspapers; but which end, as all sallies do, in returning home again, without conquest, except of honour;—and on this Wednesday, 22d August, comes out with the greatest sally of all.[1] While Commodore Martin, many a Pipes and Hatchway standing grimly on the watch unknown to us, is steering towards Matthews and the Toulon waters again. The equal sun looking down on all.

'It was about twelve o'clock, when this Prag sally, now all in order, broke out, several thousand strong, and all at the white heat, now a constant temperature. Sally almost equal to that Pharsalia of a Sahay, it would seem;—concerning which we can spend no word in this brief summary. Fierce fighting, fiery irresistible onslaught; but it went too far, lost all its captured cannon again; and returned only with laurels and a heavy account of killed and wounded,—the leader of it being himself carried home in a very bleeding state. "Oh, the incomparable troops!" cried Paris;—cried Voltaire withal (as I gather), and in very high company, in that Visit at Aachen. A sally glorious, but useless.

'The Imperial Generals were just sitting down to dinner, when it

[1] *Campagnes*, vi. 5; *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 173.

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broke out; had intended a Council of War, over their wine, in the Grand-Duke's tent: "What, won't they let us have our dinner!" cried Prince Karl, in petulant humour, struggling to be mirthful. He rather likes his dinner, this Prince Karl, I am told, and does not object to his wine: otherwise a hearty, talky, free-and-easy Prince,—"black shallow-set eyes, face red, and much marked with small-pox." Clapping-on his hat, faculties sharpened by hunger and impatience, let him do his best, for several hours to come, till the sally abate and go its ways again. Leaving its cannon, and trophies. No sally could hope to rout 60,000 men; this furious sally, almost equal to Sahay, had to return home again, on the above terms. Upon which Prince Karl and the others got some snatch of dinner; and the inexorable pressure of Siege, tightening itself closer and closer, went on as before.

'The eyes of all Europe are turned towards Prag; a big crisis clearly preparing itself there.' * * * 'France, or aid in France, is some 500 miles away. In D'Harcourt, merely gathering magazines, with his Khevenhüller near, is no help; help, not the question there! The garrison of Eger, 100 miles to west of us, across the Mountains, barely mans its own works. Other strong post, or support of any kind in these countries, we have now none. We are 24,000; and of available resource have the Magazines in Prag, and our own right hands.

'The flower of the young Nobility had marched in that Oriflamme;—now standing at bay, they and it, in Prag yonder: French honour itself seems shut-up there! The thought of it agitates bitterly the days and nights of old Fleury, who is towards ninety now, and always disliked war. The French public too,—we can fancy what a public! The young Nobility in Prag has its spokes-men, and spokes-women, at Versailles, whose complaint waxes louder, shriller; the whole world, excited by rumour of those furious sallies, is getting shrill and loud. What can old Fleury do but order Maillebois: "Leave Dunkirk to its own luck; march immediately for relief of Prag!" And Maillebois is already on march; his various divisions (August 9th-20th) crossing the Rhine, in Düsseldorf Country;'—of whom we shall hear.

* * 'Some time before the actual Bombardment, Fleury, seeing it inevitable, had ordered Belleisle to treat. Belleisle accordingly had an interview, almost two interviews, with Königseck.[1] "Liberty to march home, and equitable Peace-Negotiations in the rear?" proposed Belleisle. "Absolute surrender; Prisoners of War!" answered Königseck; "such is her Hungarian Majesty's positive order and ultimatum." The high Belleisle responded nothing unpolite; merely some, "*Alors Monsieur*—!"

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 156 ('2d July' the actual interview); *ibid.* 161 (the corollary to it, confirmatory of it, which passed by letters.)

And rode back to Prag, with a spirit all in white heat;—gradually heating all the 24,000 white, and keeping them so.

'In fact, Belleisle, a high-flown lion reduced to silence and now standing at bay, much distinguishes himself in this Siege; which, for his sake, is still worth a moment's memory from mankind. He gathers himself into iron stoicism, into concentration of endeavour; suffers all things, Broglio's domineering in the first place; as if his own thin skin were that of a rhinoceros; and is prepared to dare all things. Like an excellent soldier, like an excellent citizen. He contrives, arranges; leads, covertly drives the domineering Broglio, by rule of contraries or otherwise, according to the nature of the beast; animates all men by his laconic words; by his silences, which are still more emphatic.' * * 'Séchelles, provident of the future, has laid-in immense supplies of indifferent biscuit; beef was not attainable: Belleisle dismounts his 4,000 cavalry, all but 400 dragoons; slaughters 150 horses per day, and boils the same by way of butcher's-meat, to keep the soldier in heart. It is his own fare, and Broglio's, to serve as example. At Broglio's quarter, there is a kind of ordinary of horse-flesh: Officers come in, silent speed looking through their eyes; cut a morsel of the boiled provender, break a bad biscuit, pour one glass of indifferent wine; and eat, hardly sitting the while, in such haste to be at the ramparts again. The 80,000 Townsfolk, except some Jews, are against them to a man. Belleisle cares for everything: there is strict charge on his soldiers to observe discipline, observe civility to the Townsfolk; there is occasional "hanging of a Prag Butcher" or so, convicted of spyship, but the minimum of that, we will hope.'

Maillebois marches, with an 'Army of Redemption' or 'of Mathurins' (wittily so called), to relieve Prag; reaches the Bohemian Frontier, joined by the Comte de Saxe; above 50,000 strong (August 9th—September 19th)

Maillebois has some 40,000 men: ahead of him 500 miles of difficult way; rainy season come, days shortening; uncertain staff of bread ('Seckendorf's meal,' and what other commissariat there may be): a difficult march, to Amberg Country and the top of the Ober-Pfalz. After which are Mountain-passes; Bohemian Forest: and the Event—? 'Cannot be dubious!' thinks France, whatever Maillebois think. Witty Paris, loving its timely joke, calls him Army of Redemption, '*l'Armée des Mathurins*,'—a kind of Priests, whose business is commonly in Barbary, about Christian bondage:—how sprightly! And yet the enthusiasm was great: young Princes of the Blood longing to be off as

volunteers, needing strict prohibition by the King;—upon which, Prince de Conti, gallant young fellow, leaving his wife, his mistress, and miraculously borrowing 2,500*l.* for equipments, rushed-off furtively by post; and did join, and do his best. Was reprimanded, clapt in arrest for three days; but afterwards promoted; and came to some distinction in these Wars.[1]

The March goes continually south-east; by Frankfurt, thence towards Nürnberg Country ('be at Fürth, September 6th'), and the skirts of the Pine-Mountains (*Fichtel-Gebirge*),—Anspach and Baireuth well to your left;—end, lastly, in the *Ober-Pfalz* (Upper Palatinate), Town of Amberg there. Before trying the Bohemian Passes, you shall have reinforcement. Best part of the 'Bavarian Army,' now under Comte de Saxe, not under D'Harcourt farther, is to cease collecting victual in the Donau-Iser Countries (Deggendorf, north bank of Donau, its headquarter); and to get on march,—circling very wide, not northward, but by the Donau, and even by the *south* bank of it mainly (to avoid the hungry Mountains and their Tolpatcheries),—and, at Amberg, is to join Maillebois. This is a wide-lying game. The great Marlborough used to play such, and win; making the wide elements, the times and the spaces, hit with exactitude: but a Maillebois? 'He is called by the Parisians, "*Vieux Petit-maître* (dandy of sixty," so to speak); has a poor upturned nose, with baboon-face to match, which he even helps by paint.' * * Here is one Scene; at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; fact certain, day not given.

Frankfurt, 'latter end of August' 1742. 'At Frankfurt, his Army having got into the neighbourhood,'—not into Frankfurt itself, which, as a *Reichs-Stadt*, is sacred from Armies and their marchings,—'Maréchal de Maillebois, as in duty bound, waited on the Kaiser to pay his compliments there: on which occasion, we regret to say, Maréchal de Maillebois was not so reverent to the Imperial Majesty as he should have been. Angry belike at the Adventure now forced on him, and harassed with many things; seeing in the Imperial Majesty little but an unfortunate Playactor Majesty, who lives in furnished lodgings paid for by France, and gives France and Maillebois an infinite deal of trouble to little purpose. Certain it is, he addressed the Imperial Majesty in the most free-and-easy manner; very much the reverse of being dashed by the sacred Presence: and his Officers in the ante-chamber, crowding about, all day, for presentation to the Imperial Majesty, made a noise, and kept-up a babble of talk and laughter, as if it had been a mess-room, instead of the Forecourt of Imperial Majesty. So that Imperial Majesty, barely master of its temper and able to finish without explosion, signified to Maillebois on the morrow, That henceforth it would dispense with such visits. Poor Imperial Majesty; a human creature doing Play-

[1] Barbier, ii. 326 (that of Conti, *ib.* 331); Adelung, etc.

actorisms of too high a flight. He had the finest Palace in Germany; a wonder to the Great Gustavus long ago: and now he has it not; mere Mentzels and horrent shaggy creatures rule in München and it: and the Imperial quasi-furnished lodgings are respected in this manner!'[1]—The wits say of him, 'He would be Kaiser or Nothing: see you, he is Kaiser *and* Nothing!'[2] * *

August 19th—September 14th. 'Comte de Saxe is on march, from Deggendorf; north bank of the Donau, by narrow mountain roads; then crosses the Donau to south bank, and a plain country;—making large circuit, keeping the River on his right,—to meet Maillebois at Amberg; his force, some 10 or 12,000 men. Seckendorf, now Bavarian Commander-in-chief, accompanies Saxe; with considerable Bavarian force, guess 20,000, "marching always on the left." Accompanies; but only to Regensburg, to Stadt-am-Hof, a Suburb of Regensburg, where they cross the Donau again.'—*Suburb* of Regensburg, mark that; Regensburg itself being a Reichs-Stadt, very particularly sacred from War;—the very Reichs-*Diet* commonly sitting here; though it has gone to Frankfurt lately, to be with its Kaiser, and out of these continual trumpetings and tumults close by.[3]—'At Regensburg, once across, Seckendorf with his Bavarians calls halt; plants himself down in Kelheim, Ingolstadt, and the safe Garrisons thereabouts,—calculates that, if Khevenhüller should be called away Pragward, there may be a stroke doable in these parts. Saxe marches on; straight northward now, up the Valley of the Naab; obliged to be a good deal on his guard. Mischievous Tolpatcheries and Trencks, ever since he crossed the Donau again, have escorted him, to right, as close as they durst; dashing-out sometimes, on the magazines.' One of the exploits they had done, take only one,—in their road *towards* Saxe, a few days ago:

* * '*September 7th*, Trenck with his Tolpatcheries had appeared at Cham,—a fine trading Town on the hither or neutral side of the mountains' (not in Böhmen, but in Ober-Pfalz, old Kur-Pfalz's country, whom the Austrians hate);—'and summoning and assaulting Cham, over the throat of all law, had by fire and by massacre annihilated the same.[4] Fact horrible, nearly incredible; but true. The noise of which is now loud everywhere. Less lovely individual than this Trenck' (Pandour Trenck, Cousin of the Prussian one), 'there was not, since the

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[1] Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften*, ii. 271 (cited in Buchholz, ii. 71). *Campagnes* is silent; usually suppressing scenes of that kind.

[2] '*Aut nihil aut Cæsar, Bavarus Dux esse volebat;*
Et nihil et Cæsar factus utrumque simul.' (Barbier, ii. 322.)

[3] Went 10th May 1742,—after three-months arguing and protesting on the Austrian part (Adelung, iii. *a*, 102, 138).

[4] Adelung, iii. *a*, 258; *Guerre de Bohème*: etc.

days of Attila and Genghis, in any War. Blusters abominably, too; has written' (save the mark!) 'an "*Autobiography*,"—having happily afterwards, in Prison and even in Bedlam, time for such a Work;—which is stuffed with sanguinary lies and exaggerations: unbeautifulest of human souls. Has a face the colour of Indigo, too;—got it, plundering in an Apothecary's' (in this same country, if I recollect): '"*Ach Gott*, your Grace, nothing of money here!" said the poor Apothecary, accompanying Colonel Trenck with a lighted candle over house and shop. Trenck, noticing one likely thing, snatched the candle, held it nearer:—likely thing proved gunpowder; and Trenck, till Doomsday, continues deep blue.[1] Soul more worthy of damnation I have seldom known.'

'*September* 19*th* (five days after dropping Seckendorf), Saxe actually gets joined with Maillebois;—not quite at Amberg, but at Vohenstrauss, in that same Sulzbach Country, a forty miles to eastward, or Prag-ward, of Amberg. Maillebois and he conjoined are between 50 and 60,000. They are got now to the Bohemian Boundary, edge of the Bohemian Forest (big *Böhmischer Wald*, Mountainous woody Country, 70 miles long); they are within 50 miles of Pilsen, within 100 of Prag itself,—if they can cross the Forest. Which may be difficult.'

Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke, hearing of Maillebois, go to meet him (September 14th); *and the Siege of Prag is raised*

'*September* 11*th*, the Besieged at Prag notice that the Austrian fire slackens; that the Enemy seems to be taking away his guns. Villages and Farmsteads, far and wide all round, are going up in fire. A joyful symptom:—since August 13th, Belleisle has known of Maillebois's advent; guesses that the Austrians now know it.—*September* 14*th*, their Firing has quite ceased. Grand-Duke and Prince Karl are off to meet this Maillebois, amid the intricate defiles, "Better meet him there than here":—and on this fourth morning, Belleisle, looking out, perceives that the Siege is raised.[2]

'A blessed change indeed. No enemy here,—perhaps some Festitits, with his canaille of Tolpatches, still lingering about,—no enemy worth mention. Parties go out freely to investigate:—but as to forage? Alas, a Country burnt, Villages black and silent for ten miles round;—you pick-up here and there a lean steer, welcome amid boiled horse-flesh; you bundle a load or two of neglected grass together, for what cavalry remains. The genius of Séchelles, and help from the Saxon side, will be much useful!

[1] *Guerre de Bohème.* [2] Espagnac, i. 145; *Campagnes*, v. 348.

'Perhaps the undeniablest advantage of any is this, That Broglio, not now so proud of the situation Prag is in, or led by the rule of contraries, willingly quits Prag: Belleisle will not have to do his function by the medium of pig-driving, but in the direct manner henceforth. "Give me 6 or 8,000 foot, and what of the cavalry have horses still uneaten," proposes Broglio; "I will push obliquely towards Eger,—which is towards Saxony withal, and opens our food communications there:—I will stretch out a hand to Maillebois, across the Mountain Passes; and thus bring a victorious issue!"[1] Belleisle consents: "Well, since my Broglio will have it so!"—glad to part with my Broglio at any rate,—"Adieu, then, M. le Maréchal (and" *sotto voce*, "may it be long before we meet again in partnership)!" Broglio marches accordingly ("hand" beautifully held-out to Maillebois, but *not* within grasping distance); gets north-westward some 60 miles, as far as Töplitz' (sadly oblique for Eger),—never farther on that errand.'

The Maillebois Army of Redemption cannot redeem at all;—has to stagger Southward again; and becomes an 'Army of Bavaria,' under Broglio

'*September 19th—October 10th*,'—Scene is, the Eger-Vohenstrauss Country, in and about that Bohemian Forest of seventy miles.—'For three weeks, Maillebois and the Comte de Saxe, trying their utmost, cannot, or cannot to purpose, get through that Bohemian Wood. Only Three practicable Passes in it; difficult each, and each conducting you towards mere new difficulties, on the farther side;—not surmountable except by the determined mind. A gloomy business: a gloomy difficult region, solitary, hungry; nothing in it but shaggy chasms (and perhaps Tolpatchery lurking), wastes, mountain woodlands, dumb trees, damp brown leaves. Maillebois and Saxe, after survey, shoot leftwards to Eger; draw food and reinforcement from the Garrison there. They do get through the Forest, at one Pass, the Pass nearest Eger;—but find Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke ranked to receive them on the other side. "Plunge home upon Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke; beat them, with your Broglio to help in the rear?" That possibly was Friedrich's thought, as he watched' (now home at Berlin again) 'the contemporaneous Theatre of War.

'But that was not the Maillebois-Broglio method;—nay, it is said Maillebois was privately forbidden "to run risks." Broglio, with his stretched-out hand (12,000 some count him, and indeed it is no matter),

[1] Espagnac, i. 170.

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sits quiet at Töplitz, far too oblique: "Come then, come, O Maillebois!" Maillebois,—manœuvring Prince Karl aside, or Hunger doing it for him,—did once push forward Prag-ward, by the Pass of Caaden; which is very oblique to Töplitz. By the Pass of Caaden,—down the Eger River, through those Mountains of the Circle of Saatz, past a Castle of Ellenbogen, key of the same;—and "Could have done it" (he said always after), "had it not been for Comte de Saxe!" Undeniable, it is, Saxe, as vanguard, took that Castle of Ellenbogen; and, time being so precious, gave the Tolpatchery dismissal on parole. Undeniable, too, the Tolpatchery, careless of parole, beset Caaden Village thereupon, 4,000 strong; cut-off our foreposts, at Caaden Village; and—In short, we had to retire from those parts; and prove an Army of Redemption that could not redeem at all!

'Maillebois and Saxe wend sulkily down the Naab Valley (having lost, say 15,000, not by fighting, but by mud and hardship); and the rapt European Public (shilling gallery especially) says, with a sneer on its face, "Pooh; ended, then!" Sulkily wending, Maillebois and Saxe (October 30th — November 7th) get across the Donau, safe on the southern bank again; march for the Iser Country and the D'Harcourt Magazines,—and become "Grand Bavarian Army," usual refuge of the unlucky.' * * *

Of Seckendorf in the Interim. 'For Belleisle and relief of Prag, Maillebois in person had proved futile; but to Seckendorf, waiting with his Bavarians, the shadow and rumour of Maillebois had brought famous results,—famous for a few weeks. Khevenhüller being called north to help in those Anti-Maillebois operations, and only Bärenklau with about 10,000 Austrians now remaining in Baiern, Seckendorf, clearly superior (not to speak of that remnant of D'Harcourt people, with their magazines), promptly bestirred himself, in the Kelheim-Ingolstadt Country; got on march; and drove the Austrians mostly out of Baiern. Out mostly, and without stroke of sword, merely by marching; out, for the time. München was evacuated, on rumour of Seckendorf (October 4th): a glad City to see Bärenklau march off. Much was evacuated,—the Iser Valley, down partly to the Inn Valley—much was cleared, by Seckendorf in these happy circumstances. Who sees himself victorious, for once; and has his fame in the Gazettes, if it would last. Pretty much without stroke of sword, we say, and merely by marching: in one place, having marched too close, the retreating Bärenklau people turned on him, "took 100 prisoners" before going;[1] — other fighting, in this fine "Reconquest of Bavaria," I do not recollect. Winter come, he makes for Maillebois and the Iser Countries; cantons himself on the Upper Inn itself, well in advance of the French' (Braunau his chief strong-place, if

[1] Espagnac, i. 166.

readers care to look on the Map); 'and strives to expect a combined seizure of Passau, and considerable things, were Spring come.' * *

And of Broglio in the Interim. 'As for Broglio, left alone at Töplitz, gazing after a futile Maillebois, he sends the better half of his Force back to Prag; other half he establishes at Leitmeritz: good half-way-house to Dresden. "Will forward Saxon provender to you, M. de Belleisle!" (never did, and were all taken prisoners some weeks hence). Which settled, Broglio proceeded to the Saxon Court; who answered him: "Provender? Alas, Monseigneur! We are (to confess it to you!) at Peace with Austria:[1] not an ounce of provender possible; how dare we?"—but were otherwise politeness itself to the great Broglio. Great Broglio, after sumptuous entertainments there, takes the road for Baiern; circling grandly ("through Nurnberg with escort of 500 Horse") to Maillebois's new quarters;—takes command of the "Bavarian Army" (may it be lucky for him!); and sends Maillebois home, in deep dudgeon, to the merciless criticisms of men. "Could have done it," persists the *Vieux Petit-maître* always, "had not"—one knows what, but cares not, at this date!—

'Broglio's quarters in the Iser Country, I am told, are fatally too crowded, men perishing at a frightful rate per day.[2] "Things all awry here,—thanks to that Maillebois and others!" And Broglio's troubles and procedures, as is everywhere usual to Broglio, run to a great height in this Bavarian Command. And poor Seckendorf, in neighbourhood of such a Broglio, has his adoes; eyes sparkling; face blushing slate-colour; at times nearly driven out of his wits;—but strives to consume his own smoke, and to have hopes on Passau notwithstanding.'—And of Belleisle in Prag, and his meditations on the Oriflamme?—Patience, reader.

Meantime, what a relief to Kaiser Karl, in such wreck of Bohemian Kingdoms and Castles in Spain, to have got his own München and Country in hand again; with the prospect of quitting furnished-lodgings, and seeing the colour of real money! April next, he actually goes to München, where we catch a glimpse of him.[3] This same October, the Reich, after endless debatings on the question, 'Help our Kaiser, or not help?'[4] has voted him fifty *Römermonate* ('Romish-months,'

[1] Treatying ever since 'July 17th'; Treaty actually done, '11th September' (Adelung, iii, *a*, 201, 268).

[2] Espagnac, i. 182.

[3] '17th April 1743,' Montijos, etc., accompanying (Adelung, iii. *b*, 119, 120).

[4] *Ibid.* iii. *a*, 289.

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still so termed, though there is *not* now any marching of the Kaiser to Rome on business); meaning fifty of the known *quotas*, due from all and sundry in such case,—which would amount to about 300,000*l.* (could it, or the half of it, be collected from so wide a Parish), and would prove a sensible relief to the poor man.

Voltaire has been on Visit at Aachen, in the Interim,—his Third Visit to King Friedrich

King Friedrich had come to the Baths of Aachen, August 25th; the Maillebois Army of Redemption being then, to the last man of it, five days across the Rhine on its high errand, which has since proved futile. Friedrich left Aachen, taking leave of his Voltaire, who had been lodging with him for a week by special invitation, September 9th; and witnessed the later struggles and final inability of Maillebois to redeem, not at Aix, but at Berlin, amid the ordinary course of his employments there. We promised something of Voltaire's new visit, his Third to Friedrich. Here is what little we have,—if the lively reader will exert his fancy on it.

Voltaire and his Du Châtelet had been to Cirey, and thence been at Paris through this Spring and Summer, 1742;—engaged in what to Voltaire and Paris was a great thing, though a pacific one: The getting of *Mahomet* brought upon the boards. August 9th, precisely while the first vanguard of the Army of Redemption got across the Rhine at Düsseldorf, Voltaire's Tragedy of *Mahomet* came on the stage.

August 9th, 11th, 13th, Paris City was in transports of various kinds; never were such crowds of Audience, lifting a man to the immortal gods,—though a part too, majority by count of heads, were dragging him to Tartarus again. 'Exquisite, unparalleled!' exclaimed good judges (as Fleury himself had anticipated, on examining the Piece):—'Infamous, irreligious, accursed!' vociferously exclaimed the bad judges:

Reverend Desfontaines (of Sodom, so Voltaire persists to define him), Reverend Desfontaines and others giving cue; hugely vociferous, these latter, hugely in majority by count of heads. And there was such a bellowing and such a shrieking, judicious Fleury, or Maurepas under him, had to suggest, 'Let an actor fall sick; let M. de Voltaire volunteer to withdraw his Piece; otherwise—!'—And so it had to be: Actor fell sick on the 14th (Playbills sorry to retract their *Mahomet* on the 14th); and—in fact, it was not for nine years coming, and after Dedication to the Pope, and other exquisite manœuvres and unexpected turns of fate, that *Mahomet* could be acted a fourth time in Paris, and thereafter *ad libitum* down to this day.[1]

Such tempest in a teapot is not unexampled, nay, rather is very frequent, in that Anarchic Republic called of Letters. Confess, reader, that you too would have needed some patience in M. de Voltaire's place; with such a Heaven's own Inspiration of a *Mahomet* in your hands, and such a terrestrial Doggery at your heels. Suppose the bitterest of your barking curs were a Reverend Desfontaines of Sodom, whom you yourself had saved from the gibbet once, and again and again from starving? It is positively a great Anarchy, and Fountain of Anarchies, all that, if you will consider; and it will have results under the sun. You cannot help it, say you; there is no shutting-up of a Reverend Desfontaines, which would be so salutary to himself and to us all? No:—and when human reverence (daily going, in such ways) is quite gone from the world; and your lowest blockhead and scoundrel (usually one entity) shall have perfect freedom to spit in the face of your highest sage and hero,—what a remarkably Free World shall we be!

Voltaire, keeping good silence as to all this, and minded for Brussels again, receives the King of Prussia's invitation; lays it at his Eminency Fleury's feet; will not accept, unless his Eminency and my own King of France (possibly to their

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, ii. 137 *n.*; etc., etc.

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advantage, if one might hint such a thing!) will permit it.[1] 'By all means; go, and'—The rest is in dumb-show; meaning, 'Try to pump him for us!' Under such omens, Voltaire and his divine Emilie return to their Honsbruck Lawsuit: 'Silent Brussels, how preferable to Paris and its mad cries!' Voltaire, leaving the divine Emilie at Brussels, September 2d, sets out for Aix,—Aix attainable within the day. He is back at Brussels late in the evening, September 9th:—how he had fared, and what extent of pumping there was, learn from the following Excerpts, which are all dated the morrow after his return:

Three Letters of Voltaire, dated Brussels, 10th Sept. 1742

1°. *To Cideville* (the Rouen Advocate, who has sometimes troubled us). * * 'I have been to see the King of Prussia since I began this Letter' (beginning of it dates September 1st). 'I have courageously resisted his fine proposals. He offers me a beautiful House in Berlin, a pretty Estate; but I prefer my second-floor in Madame du Châtelet's here. He assures me of his favour, of the perfect freedom I should have;—and I am running to Paris' (did not just yet run) 'to my slavery and persecution. I could fancy myself a small Athenian, refusing the bounties of the King of Persia. With this difference, however, one had liberty' (not slavery) 'at Athens; and I am sure there were many Cidevilles there, instead of one,'—*Hélas*, my Cideville!

2°. *To Marquis d'Argenson* (worthy official Gentleman, *not* War-Minister now or afterwards; War-Minister's senior brother,—Voltaire's old schoolfellows, both these brothers, in the College of Louis le Grand). * * 'I have just been to see the King of Prussia in these late days' (in fact, quitted him only yesterday; both of us, after a week together, leaving Aix yesterday): 'I have seen him as one seldom sees Kings,—much at my ease, in my own room, in the chimney-nook, whither the same man who has gained two Battles would come and talk familiarly, as Scipio did with Terence. You will tell me, I am not Terence; true, but neither is he altogether Scipio.

'I learned some extraordinary things,'—things not from Friedrich at all: mere dinner-table rumours; about the 16,000 English landing here ('18,000' he calls them, and farther on, '20,000') with the other 16,000 *plus* 6,000 of Hanoverian-Hessian sort, expecting 20,000 Dutch to join

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxii, 555 (Letter to Fleury, 'Paris, Aug. 22d').

them,—who perhaps will not? 'M. de Neipperg' (Governor of Luxemburg now) 'is come hither to Brussels; but brings no Dutch troops with him, as he had hoped,'—Dutch perhaps won't rise, after all this flogging and hoisting? 'Perhaps we may soon get a useful and glorious Peace, in spite of my Lord Stair, and of M. van Haren, the Tyrtæus of the States-General' (famed Van Haren, eyes in a fine Dutch frenzy rolling, whose Cause-of-Liberty verses let no man inquire after): 'Stair prints Memoirs, Van Haren makes Odes; and with so much prose and so much verse, perhaps their High and Slow Mightinesses' (Excellency Fénelon sleeplessly busy persuading them, and native Gravitation *sleepily* ditto) 'will sit quiet. God grant it!

'The English want to attack us on our own soil' (actually Stair's plan); 'and we cannot pay them in that kind. The match is too unfair! If we kill the whole 20,000 of them, we merely send 20,000 Heretics to —What shall I say?—*à l'Enfer*, and gain nothing; if they kill us, they even feed at our expense in doing it. Better have no quarrels except on Locke and Newton! The quarrel I have on *Mahomet* is happily only ridiculous.' * * Adieu, M. le Marquis.

3°. *To the Cardinal de Fleury.* 'Monseigneur,' * * 'to give your Eminency, as I am bound, some account of my journey to Aix-la-Chapelle.' Friedrich's guest there; let us hear, let us look.

'I could not get away from Brussels till the 2d of this month. On the road, I met a courier, from the King of Prussia, coming to reiterate his Master's orders on me. The King had me lodged near his own Apartment; and he passed, for two consecutive days, four hours at a time in my room, with all that goodness and familiarity which forms, as you know, part of his character, and which does not lower the King's dignity, because one is duly careful not to abuse it' (be careful!). 'I had abundant time to speak, with a great deal of freedom, on what your Eminency had prescribed to me; and the King spoke to me with an equal frankness.

'First, he asked me, If it was true that the French Nation was so angered against him; if the King was, and if you were? I answered,'—mildly reprobatory, yet conciliative, 'Hm, no, nothing permanent, nothing to speak of.' 'He then deigned to speak to me, at large, of the reasons which had induced him to be so hasty with the Peace.' 'Extremely remarkable reasons;' 'dare not trust them to this Paper' (Broglio-Belleisle discrepancies, we guess, distracted Broglio procedures); —they have no concern with that Pallandt-Letter Story,—'they do not turn on the pretended Secret Negotiations at the Court of Vienna' (which are not pretended at all, as I among others well know), 'in regard to which your Eminency has condescended to clear yourself' (by denying the truth, poor Eminency; there was no help otherwise). 'All I dare

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state is, that it seems to me easy to lead back the mind of this Sovereign, whom the situation of his Territories, his interest, and his taste would appear to mark as the natural ally of France.'

'He said farther' (what may be relied on as true by his Eminency Fleury, and my readers here), 'That he passionately wished to see Bohemia in the Emperor's hands' (small chance for it, as things now go!); 'that he renounced, with the best faith in the world, all claim whatever on Berg and Jülich; and that, in spite of the advantageous proposals which Lord Stair was making him, he thought only of keeping Silesia. That he knew well enough the House of Austria would, one day, wish to recover that fine Province, but that he trusted he could keep his conquest; that he had at this time 130,000 soldiers always ready; that he would make of Neisse, Glogau, Brieg, fortresses as strong as Wesel' (which he is now diligently doing, and will soon have done); 'that besides he was well informed the Queen of Hungary already owed 80,000,000 German crowns, which is about 300 millions of our money' (about 12 millions sterling); 'that her Provinces, exhausted, and lying wide apart, would not be able to make long efforts; and that the Austrians, for a good while to come, could not of themselves be formidable.' Of themselves, no: but with Britannic soup-royal in quantity?—

'My Lord Hyndford had spoken to him' as if France were entirely discouraged and done for: How false, Monseigneur! 'And Lord Stair in his Letters represented France, a month ago, as ready to give-in. Lord Stair has not ceased to press his Majesty during this Aix Excursion even:' and, in spite of what your Eminency hears from the Hague, 'there was, on the 30th of August, an Englishman at Aix on the part of Milord Stair; and he had speech with the King of Prussia' (*croyez-moi!*) 'in a little Village called Boschet' (Burtscheid, where are hot wells), 'a quarter of a league from Aix. I have been assured, moreover, that the Englishman returned in much discontent. On the other hand, General Schmettau, who was with the King' (elder Schmettau, Graf *Samuel*, who does a great deal of envoying for his Majesty), 'sent, at that very time, to Brussels, for Maps of the Moselle and of the Three Bishoprics, and purchased five copies,'—means to examine Milord Stair's proposed Seat of War, at any rate. (Here is a pleasant friend to have on visit to you, in the next apartment, with such an eye and such a nose!) * *

'Monseigneur,' finely insinuates Voltaire in conclusion, 'is not there' a certain Frenchman, true to his Country, to his King, and to your Eminency, with perhaps peculiar facilities for being of use, in such delicate case?—'*Je suis*' much your Eminency's.[1]

Friedrich on the day while Voltaire at Brussels sat so busy

[1] *Œuvres*, lxxii. p. 568 (Cideville), p. 579 (D'Argenson), p. 574 (Fleury).

writing of him, was at Salzdahl, visiting his Brunswick kindred there, on the road home to his usual affairs. Old Fleury, age ninety gone, died 29th January 1743,—five months and nineteen days after this Letter. War-Minister Breteuil had died January 1st. Here is room for new Ministers and Ministries; for the two D'Argensons,—if it could avail their old school-fellow, or France, or us; which it cannot much.

CHAPTER III

CARNIVAL PHENOMENA IN WAR-TIME

READERS were anticipating it, readers have no sympathy; but the sad fact is, Britannic Majesty has *not* got out his sword; this second paroxysm of his proves vain as the first did! Those laggard Dutch, dead to the Cause of Liberty, it is they again. Just as the hour was striking, they—plump down, in spite of magnanimous Stair, into their mud again; cannot be hoisted by engineering. And, after all that filling and emptying of water-casks, and pumping and puffing, and straining of every fibre for a twelvemonth past, Britannic Majesty had to sit down again, panting in an Olympian manner, with that expensive long sword of his still sticking in the scabbard.

Tongue cannot tell what his poor little Majesty has suffered from those Dutch,—checking one's noble rage, into mere zero, always; making of one's own glorious Army a mere expensive Phantasm! Hanoverian, Hessian, British: 40,000 fighters standing in harness, year after year, at such cost; and not the killing of a French turkey to be had of them in return. Patience, Olympian patience, withal! He cantons his troops in the Netherlands Towns; many of the British about Ghent (who consider the provisions, and customs, none of the best);[1] his Hanoverians, Hessians, farther northward, Hanover way;

[1] Letters of Officers, from Ghent (*Westminster Journal*, Oct. 23d, etc.).

—and, greatly daring, determines to try again, next Spring. Carteret himself shall go and flagitate the Dutch. Patience; whip and hoist!—What a conclusion, snorts the indignant British Public through its Gazetteers.

'Next year, yes, exclaims one indignant Editor: "if talking will do business, we shall no doubt perform wonders; for we have had as much talking and puffing since February last, as during any ten years of the late Administration"[1] (under poor Walpole, whom you could not enough condemn)! 'The Dutch? exclaims another: "If *we* were a Free People" (F— P— he puts it, joining caution with his rage), *quære*, Whether Holland would not, at this juncture, come cap in hand, to sue for our protection and alliance; instead of making us dance attendance at the Hague?" Yes, indeed;—and then the *Case of the Hanover Forces* (fear not, reader; I understand your terror of locked-jaw, and will never mention said *Case* again); but it is singular to the Gazetteer mind, That these Hanover Forces are to be paid by England, as appears; Hanover, as if without interest in the matter, paying nothing! Upon which, in covert form of symbolic adumbration, of witty parable, what stinging commentaries, not the first, nor by many thousands the last (very sad reading in our day) on this paltry Hanover Connection altogether: What immensities it has cost poor England, and is like to cost, "the Lord of the Manor" (great George our King) being the gentleman he is; and how England, or, as it is adumbratively called, "the Manor of St. James's," is become a mere "fee-farm to Mumland." Unendurable to think of. "Bob Monopoly, the late Tallyman" (adumbrative for Walpole, late Prime Minister), "was much blamed on this account; and John the Carter" (John Lord Carteret), "Clerk of the Vestry and present favourite of his Lordship, is not behind Robin in his care for the Manor of *Mumland*"[2] (that contemptible Country, where their very beer is called *mum*),—and no remedy within view!'

Retreat from Prag; Army of the Oriflamme, Bohemian Section of it, makes Exit

'And Belleisle in Prag, left solitary there, with his heroic remnant,—gone now to 17,000, the fourth man of them in hospital, with Festitits Tolpatchery hovering round, and Winter and Hunger drawing nigh,—

[1] *The Daily Post*, December 31st (O.S.), 1742.

[2] In *Westminster Journal* (Feb. 12th, N.S., 1743), a long Apologue in this strain.

what is to become of Belleisle? Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke had attended Maillebois to Bavaria; steadily to left of Maillebois, between Austria and him; and are now busy in the Passau Country, bent on exploding those Seckendorf-Broglio operations and intentions, as the chief thing now. Meanwhile they have detached Prince Lobkowitz to girdle-in Belleisle again; for which Lobkowitz (say, 20,000, with the Festititz Tolpatchery included) will be easily able. On the march thither he easily picked up (18th-25th November) that new French Post of Leitmeritz (Broglio's fine "Half-way House to Saxony and Provender"), with its garrison of 2,000: the other posts and outposts, one and all, had to hurry home, in fear of a like fate. Beyond the circuit of Prag, isolated in ten miles of burnt country, Belleisle has no resource except what his own head may furnish. The black landscape is getting powdered with snow; one of the grimmest Winters, almost like that of 1740; Belleisle must see what he will do.

'Belleisle knows secretly what he will do. Belleisle has orders to come away from Prag; bring his Army off, and the chivalry of France home to their afflicted friends.[1] A thing that would have been so feasible two months ago, while Maillebois was still wriggling in the Pass of Caaden; but which now borders on impossibility, if not reaches into it. As a primary measure, Belleisle keeps those orders of his rigorously secret. Within the Garrison, or on the part of Lobkowitz, there is a far other theory of Belleisle's intentions. Lobkowitz, unable to exist in the black circuit, has retired beyond it, and taken the eastern side of the Moldau, as the least ruined; leaving the Tolpatchery, under one Festititz, to caracole round the black horizon on the west. Farther, as the Moldau is rolling ice, and Lobkowitz is afraid of his pontoons, he drags them out high and dry: "Can be replaced in a day, when wanted." In a day; yes, thinks Belleisle, but not in less than a day;—and proceeds now to the consummation. Detailed accounts exist, Belleisle's own Account (rapid, exact, loftily modest); here, compressing to the utmost, let us snatch hastily the main features.

'On the 15th December 1742, Prag Gates are all shut: Enter if you like; but no outgate. Monseigneur le Maréchal intends to have a grand foraging tomorrow, on the south-western side of Prag. Lobkowitz heard of it, in spite of the shut gates; for all Prag is against Belleisle, and does spy-work for Lobkowitz. "Let him forage," thought Lobkowitz; "he will not grow rich by what he gathers;" and sat still, leaving his pontoons high and dry. So that Belleisle, on the afternoon of December 16th,—between 12 and 14,000 men, near 4,000 of them cavalry, with cannon, with provision-wagons, baggage-wagons, goods and chattels in mass,—has issued through the two South-western Gates;

[1] *Campagnes*, vi. 244-251; Espagnac, i. 168.

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and finds himself fairly out of Prag. On the Pilsen road; about nightfall of the short winter day: earth all snow and "*verglas*,' iron glazed; huge olive-coloured curtains of the Dusk going down upon the Mountains ahead of him; shutting-in a scene wholly grim for Belleisle. Brigadier Chevert, a distinguished and determined man, with some 4,000 sick, convalescent and half able, is left in Prag to man the works; the Maréchal has taken hostages, twenty Notabilities of Prag; and neglected no precaution. He means towards Eger; has, at least, got one march ahead; and will do what is in him, he and every soul of those 14,000. The officers have given their horses for the baggage-wagons, made every sacrifice; the word Homewards kindles a strange fire in all hearts; and the troops, say my French authorities, are unsurpassable. The Maréchal himself, victim of rheumatisms, cannot ride at all; but has his light sledge always harnessed; and, at a moment's notice, is present everywhere. Sleep, during these ten days and nights, he has little.

'Eger is 100 miles off, by the shortest Highway: there are two bad Highways, one by Pilsen southerly, one by Karlsbad northerly,—with their bridges all broken, infested by Hussars:—we strike into a middle combination of country roads, intricate parish lanes; and march zig-zag across these frozen wildernesses: we must dodge these Festititz Hussar swarms; and cross the rivers near their springs. Forward! Perhaps some readers, for the high Belleisle's sake, will look out these localities subjoined in the Note, and reduced to spelling.[1] Resting-places in this grim wilderness of his: poor snow-clad Hamlets,—with their little hood of human smoke rising through the snow; silent all of them, except for the sound of here and there a flail, or crowing cock;—but have been awakened from their torpor by this transit of Belleisle. Happily the bogs themselves are iron; deepest bog will bear.

'Festititz tries us twice,—very anxious to get Belleisle's Army-chest, or money; we give him torrents of sharp shot instead. Festititz, these two chief times, we pepper rapidly into the Hills again; he is reduced to hang prancing on our flanks and rear. Men bivouac over fires of turf, amid snow, amid frost; tear down, how greedily, any woodwork for fire. Leave a trumpet to beg quarter for the frozen and speechless;—which is little respected: they are lugged in carts, stript by the

[1] Tachlowitz, Lischon (near Rakonitz); Jechnitz (as if you were for the Pilsen road; then turn as if for the Karlsbad one): Steben (not discoverable, but a *Despatch* from it,—*Campagnes*, v. 280), Chisch, Luditz, Theysing (hereabouts you break-off into smaller columns, separate parties and patches, cavalry all ahead, among the Hills): Schönthal *and* Landeck (Belleisle passes Christmas-day at Landeck,—*Campagnes*, vii. 10); Einsiedel (*and* by Petschau), Lauterbach, Königswart, *and* likewise by Töpl, Sandau, Treunitz (that is, into Eger from two sides).

savageries, and cruelly used. There were first extensive plains, then boggy passes, intricate mountains; bog and rock; snow and *verglas*. —On the 26th, after indescribable endeavours, we got into Eger;—some 1,300 (about one in ten) left frozen in the wilderness; and half the army falling ill at Eger, of swollen limbs, sore-throats, and other fataler-diseases, fatal then, or soon after. Chevert, at Prag, refused summons from Prince Lobkowitz: "No, *mon Prince*; not by any means! We will die, every man of us, first; and we will burn Prag withal!"—So that Lobkowitz had to consent to everything; and escort Chevert to Eger, with bag and baggage, Lobkowitz furnishing the wagons.

'Comparable to the Retreat of Xenophon! cry many. Every Retreat is compared to that. A valiant feat, after all exaggerations. A thing well done, say military men;—"nothing to object, except that the troops were so ruined";—and the most unmilitary may see, it is the work of a high and gallant kind of man. One of the coldest expeditions ever known. There have been three expeditions or retreats of this kind which were very cold: that of those Swedes in the Great Elector's time (not to mention that of Karl XII.'s Army out of Norway, after poor Karl XII. got shot); that of Napoleon from Moscow; this of Belleisle, which is the only one brilliantly conducted, and not ending in rout and annihilation.

'The troops rest in Eger for a week or two; then homeward through the Ober-Pfalz:—"go all across the Rhine at Speyer" (5th February next); the Bohemian Section of the Oriflamme making exit in this manner. Not quite the eighth man of them left; five-eighths are dead: and there are about 12,000 prisoners, gone to Hungary,—who ran mostly to the Turks, such treatment had they, and were not heard of again.'[1]—Ah, Belleisle, Belleisle!

The Army of the Oriflamme gets home in this sad manner; Germany not cut in Four at all. 'Implacable Austrian badgers,' as we call them, 'gloomily indignant bears,' how have they served this fine French hunting-pack; and from hunted are become hunters, very dangerous to contemplate! At Frankfurt, Belleisle, for his own part, pauses; cannot, in this entirely down-broken state of body, serve his Majesty farther in the military business; will do some needful

[1] *Guerre de Bohème*, ii. 221 (for this last fact). *Ib.* 204, and Espagnac, i. 176 (for particulars of the Retreat); and still better, Belleisle's own Despatch and Private Letter (Eger, 2d January and 6th January 1743), in *Campagnes*, vii. 1-21.

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diplomatics with the Kaiser, and retire home to government of Metz, till his worn-out health recover itself a little.

A Glance at Vienna, and then at Berlin

Prince Karl had been busy upon Braunau (the *Bavarian* Braunau, not the *Bohemian* or another, Seckendorf's chief post on the Inn); had furiously bombarded Braunau, with red-hot balls, for some days;[1] intent to explode the Seckendorf-Broglio projects before winter quite came. Seckendorf, in a fine frenzy, calls to Broglio, 'Help!' and again calls; both Kaiser and he, *crescendo* to a high pitch, before Broglio will come. 'Relieve Braunau? Well;—but no fighting farther, mark you!' answers Broglio. To the disgust of Kaiser and Seckendorf; who were eager for a combined movement, and hearty attack on Prince Karl, with perhaps capture of Passau itself. At sight of Broglio and Seckendorf combined, Prince Karl did at once withdraw from Braunau; but as to attacking him,—'*Non; mille fois, non!*' answered Broglio, disdainfully bellowing. First grand quarrel of Broglio and Seckendorf; by no means their last. Prince Karl put his men in winter-quarters, in those Passau regions; postponing the explosion of the Broglio-Seckendorf projects, till Spring; and returned to Vienna for the Winter gaieties and businesses there. How the high Maria Theresa is contented, I do not hear;—readers may take this Note, which is authentic, though vague, and straggling over wide spaces of time still future.

'Does her Majesty still think of "taking the command of her Armies on herself," high Amazon that she is!' Has not yet thought of that, I should guess. 'At one time she did seriously think of it, says a good witness; which is noteworthy.[2] Her Husband has been with the Armies,

[1] 2d-10th December (Espagnac, i. 171).

[2] Podewils, *Der Wiener Hof* (Court of Vienna, in the years 1746, 1747, and 1748; a curious set of *Reports* for Friedrich's information, by Podewils, his Minister there); printed under that Title, 'by the Imperial Academy of Sciences' (Wien, 1850);—may be worth alluding to again, if chance offer.

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once, twice; but never to much purpose (Brother Karl doing the work, if work were done);—and this is about the last time, or the last but one, this in Winter 1742. She loves her Husband thoroughly, all along; but gives him no share in business, finding he understands nothing except Banking. It is certain she chiefly was the reformer of her Army,' in years coming; 'she, athwart many impediments. An ardent rider, often on horseback, at paces furiously swift; her beautiful face tanned by the weather. Very devout too; honest to the bone, athwart all her prejudices. Since our own Elizabeth, no Woman, and hardly above one Man, is worth being named beside her as a Sovereign Ruler;—she is "a living contradiction of the Salic Law," say her admirers. Depends on England for money. All hearts and right-hands in Austria are hers. The loss of Schlesien, pure highway robbery, thrice-doleful loss and disgrace, rankles incurable in the noble heart, pious to its Fathers withal, and to their Heritages in the world,—we shall see with what issues, for the next twenty years, to that "*böse Mann*," unpardonably "wicked man" of Brandenburg. And indeed, to the end of her life, she never could get over it. To the last, they say, if a Stranger, getting audience, were graciously asked, "From what Country, then?" and should answer, "Schlesien, your Majesty!" she would burst into tears. — "Patience, high Madam!" urges the Britannic Majesty: "Patience; may not there be compensation, if we hunt well?"' Austrian bears, implacable badgers, with Britannic mastiffs helping, now that the Belleisle Pack is down!—

At Berlin it was gay Carnival, while those tragedies went on: Friedrich was opening his Opera-House, enjoying the first ballets, while Belleisle filed out of Prag that gloomy evening. Our poor Kaiser will not 'retain Bohemia,' then; how far from it! The thing is not comfortable to Friedrich: but what help?

This is the gayest Carnival yet seen in Berlin, this immediately following the Peace; everybody saying to himself and others, '*Gaudeamus*, What a Season!' Not that, in the present hurry of affairs, I can dwell on operas, assemblies, balls, sledge-parties; or indeed have the least word to say on such matters, beyond suggesting them to the imagination of readers. The operas, the carnival gaieties, the intricate considerations and diplomacies of this Winter, at Berlin and elsewhere, may be figured: but here is one little speck, also

from the Archives, which is worth saving. Princess Ulrique is in her twenty-third year, Princess Amelia in her twentieth; beautiful clever creatures, both; Ulrique the more staid of the two. 'Never saw so gay a Carnival,' said everybody; and in the height of it, with all manner of gaieties going on, —think where the dainty little shoes have been pinching!

Princesses Ulrique and Amelia to the King

Berlin, '1st March 1743.

'My dearest Brother,—I know not if it is not too bold to trouble your Majesty on private affairs: but the great confidence which my Sister' (Amelia) 'and I have in your kindness encourages us to lay before you a sincere avowal as to the state of our bits of finances (*nos petites finances*), which are a good deal deranged just now; the revenues having, for two years and a half past, been rather small; amounting to only 400 crowns (60*l.*) a year; which could not be made to cover all the little expenses required in the adjustments of ladies. This circumstance, added to our card-playing, though small, which we could not dispense with, has led us into debts. Mine amount to 225*l.* (1,500 crowns); my Sister's to 270*l.* (1,800 crowns).

'We have not spoken of it to the Queen-Mother, though we are well sure she would have tried to assist us; but as that could not have been done without some inconvenience to her, and she would have retrenched in some of her own little entertainments, I thought we should do better to apply direct to Your Majesty; being persuaded you would have taken it amiss, had we deprived the Queen of her smallest pleasure;—and especially, as we consider you, my dear Brother, the Father of the Family, and hope you will be so gracious as help us. We shall never forget the kind acts of Your Majesty; and we beg you to be persuaded of the perfect and tender attachment with which we are proud to be all our lives,—Your Majesty's most humble and most obedient Sisters and Servants, Louise-Ulrique; Anne-Amélie'

(which latter adds anxiously as Postscript, Ulrique having written hitherto),

'P.S. I most humbly beg Your Majesty not to speak of this to the Queen-Mother, as perhaps she would not approve of the step we are now taking.'[1]

Poor little souls; bankruptcy just imminent! I have no

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* xxvii. i. 387.

doubt Friedrich came handsomely forward on this grave occasion, though Dryasdust has not the grace to give me the least information.—'Frederic Baron Trenck,' loud-sounding Phantasm once famous in the world, now gone to the Nurseries as mythical, was of this Carnival 1742-3; and of the next, and *not* of the next again! A tall actuality in that time; swaggering about in sumptuous Life-guard uniform, in his mess-rooms and assembly-rooms; much in love with himself, the fool. And I rather think, in spite of his dog insinuations, neither Princess had heard of him till twenty years hence, in a very different phasis of his life! The empty, noisy, quasi-tragic fellow;—sounds throughout quasi-tragically, like an empty barrel; well-built, longing to be *filled*. And it is scandalously false, what loud Trenck insinuates, what stupid Thiébault (always stupid, incorrect, and the prey of stupidities) confirms, as to this matter,—fit only for the Nurseries, till it cease altogether.

Voltaire, at Paris, is made immortal by a Kiss

Voltaire and the divine Emilie are home to Cirey again; that of Brussels, with the Royal Aachen Excursion, has been only an interlude. They returned, by slow stages, visit after visit, in October last,—some slake occurring, I suppose, in that interminable Honsbruck Lawsuit; and much business, not to speak of ennui, urging them back. They are now latterly in Paris itself, safe in their own 'little palace (*petit palais*) at the point of the Isle'; little jewel of a house on the Isle St Louis, which they are warming again, after long absence in Brussels and the barbarous countries. They have returned hither, on sufferance, on good behaviour; multitudes of small interests, small to us, great to them,—death of old Fleury, hopeful changes of Ministry, not to speak of theatricals and the like,—giving opportunity and invitation. Madame, we observe, is marrying her Daughter: the happy man a Duke of Montenero, ill-built Neapolitan, complexion

20th Feb. 1743]
rhubarb, and face consisting much of nose.[1] Madame never wants for business; business enough, were it only in the way of shopping, visiting, consulting lawyers, doing the Pure Sciences.

As to Voltaire, he has, as usual, Plays to get acted,—if he can. *Mahomet*, no; *Mort de César*, yes *or* no; for the Authorities are shy, in spite of the Public. One Play Voltaire did get acted, with a success,—think of it, reader! The exquisite Tragedy *Mérope*, perhaps now hardly known to you; of which you shall hear anon.

But Plays are not all. Old Fleury being dead, there is again a Vacancy in the Academy; place among the sacred Forty,—vacant for Voltaire, if he can get it. Voltaire attaches endless importance to this place; beautiful as a feather in one's cap; useful also to the solitary Ishmael of Literature, who will now in a certain sense have Thirty-nine Comrades, and at least one fixed House-of-Call in this world. In fine, nothing can be more ardent than the wish of M. de Voltaire for these supreme felicities. To be of the Forty, to get his plays acted,—Oh, then were the Saturnian Kingdoms come; and a man might sing *Io triumphe*, and take his ease in the Creation, more or less! Stealthily, as if on shoes of felt,—as if on paws of velvet, with eyes luminous, tail bushy, —he walks warily, all energies compressively summoned, towards that high goal. Hush, steady! May you soon catch that bit of savoury red-herring, then; worthiest of the human feline tribe!—As to the Play *Mérope*, here is the notable passage:

'*Paris, Wednesday 20th February* 1743. First night of *Mérope*; which raised the Paris Public into transports, so that they knew not what to do, to express their feelings. "Author! M. de Voltaire! Author!" shouted they; summoning the Author, what is now so common, but was then an unheard-of originality. "Author! Author!" Author, poor blushing creature, lay squatted somewhere, and durst not come; was ferreted out; produced in the Lady Villars's Box,—Dowager *Maréchale de*

[1] Letter of Voltaire, in *Œuvres*, lxxiii. 24.

Villars, and her Son's Wife *Duchesse de Villars*, being there; known friends of Voltaire's. Between these Two he stands ducking some kind of bow; uncertain, embarrassed what to do; with a Theatre all in rapturous delirium round him,—uncertain it too, but not embarrassed. 'Kiss him! *Madame la Duchesse de Villars, embrasses Voltaire!*' Yes, kiss him, fair Duchess, in the name of France! shout all mortals;—and the younger Lady has to do it; does it with a charming grace; urged by Madame la Maréchale her mother-in-law.[1] Ah, and Madame la Maréchale was herself an old love of Voltaire's; who had been entirely unkind to him!

'Thus are you made immortal by a Kiss;—and have not your choice of the Kiss, Fate having chosen for you. The younger Lady was a Daughter of Maréchal de Noailles' (our fine old Maréchal, gone to the Wars against his Britannic Majesty in those very weeks): 'infinitely clever (*infiniment d'esprit*); beautiful too, I understand, though towards forty;—hangs to the human memory, slightly but indissolubly, ever since that Wednesday Night of 1743.'

Old Maréchal de Noailles is to the Wars, we said;—it is in a world all twinkling with watchfires, and raked coals of War, that these fine Carnival things go on. Noailles is 70,000 strong; posted in the Rhine Countries, middle and upper Rhine; vigilantly patrolling about, to support those staggering Bavarian Affairs; especially to give account of his Britannic Majesty. Britannic Majesty is thought to have got the Dutch hoisted, after all; to have his sword *out*;—and ere long does actually get on march; up the Rhine hitherward, as is too evident, to Noailles, to the Kaiser and everybody!

CHAPTER IV

AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS MOUNT TO A DANGEROUS HEIGHT

LED by fond hopes,—and driven also by that sad fear, of a Visit from his Britannic Majesty,—the poor Kaiser, in the rear of those late Seckendorf successes, quitted Frankfurt,

[1] Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), *Vie de Voltaire*, p. 128; Voltaire himself, *Œuvres*, ii. 142; Barbier, ii. 358.

May 1743]
April 17th; and the second day after, got to München. Saw himself in München again, after a space of more than two years; 'all ranks of people crowding out to welcome him'; the joy of all people, for themselves and for him, being very great. Next day he drove out to Nymphenburg; saw the Pandour devastations there,—might have seen the window where the rugged old Unertl set-up his ladder, 'For God's sake, your Serenity, have nothing to do with those French!'—and did not want for sorrowful comparisons of past and present.

It was remarked, he quitted München in a day or two; preferring Country Palaces still unruined,—for example, Wolnzach, a Schloss he has, some fifty miles off, down the Iser Valley, not far from the little Town of Mosburg; which, at any rate, is among the Broglio-Seckendorf posts, and convenient for business. Broglio and Seckendorf lie dotted all about, from Braunau up to Ingolstadt and farther; chiefly in the Iser and Inn Valleys, but on the north side of the Donau too; over an area, say of 2,000 square miles; Seckendorf preaching incessantly to Broglio, what is sun-clear to all eyes but Broglio's, 'Let us concentrate, M. le Maréchal; let us march and attack! If Prince Karl come upon us in this scattered posture, what are we to do?' Broglio continuing deaf; Broglio answering—in a way to drive one frantic.

The Kaiser himself takes Broglio in hand; has a scene with Broglio; which, to readers that study it, may be symbolical of much that is gone and that is coming. It fell 'about the middle of May' (prior to May 17th, as readers will guess before long); and here, according to report, was the somewhat explosive finale it had. Prince Conti, the same who ran to join Maillebois, and has proved a gallant fellow and got command of a Division, attends Broglio in this important interview at Wolnzach:

Schloss of Wolnzach, May 1743. * * 'The Kaiser pressed, in the most emphatic manner, That the Two Armies' (French and Bavarian) 'should collect and unite for immediate action. To which Broglio

declared he could by no means assent, not having any order from Paris of that tenor. The Kaiser thereupon: "I give you my order for it; I, by the Most Christian King's appointment, am Commander-in-Chief of your Army, as of my own; and I now order you!"—taking out his Patent, and spreading it before Broglio with the sign-manual visible. Broglio knew the Patent very well; but answered, "That he could not, for all that, follow the wish of his Imperial Majesty; that he, Broglio, had later orders, and must obey them!" Upon which the Imperial Majesty, [nature irrepressibly asserting itself, towered into Olympian height; flung his Patent on the table, telling Conti and Broglio, "You can send that back, then; Patents like that are of no service to me!" and quitted them in a blaze.'[1]

The indisputable fact is, Prince Karl is at the door; nay, he has beaten-in the door in a frightful manner; and has Braunau, key of the Inn, again under siege. Not we getting Passau; it is he getting Braunau! A week ago (9th May) his vanguard, on the sudden, cut to pieces our poor Bavarian 8,000, and their poor Minuzzi, who were covering Braunau, and has ended him and them;—Minuzzi himself prisoner, not to be heard-of or beaten more;—and is battering Braunau ever since. That is the sad fact, whatever the theory may have been. Prince Karl is rolling-in from the east; Lobkowitz (Prag now ended) is advancing from the northward, Kevenhüller from the Salzburg southern quarter: Is it in a sprinkle of disconnected fractions that you will wait Prince Karl? The question of uniting, and advancing, ought to be a simple one for Broglio. Take this other symbolic passage, of nearly the same date;—posterior, as we guessed, to that Interview at Wolnzach.

'*Dingelfingen, 17th May* 1743. At Dingelfingen on the Iser, a strongish central post of the French, about fifty miles farther down than that Schloss of Wolnzach, there is a second argument,—much corroborative of the Kaiser's reasoning. About sunrise of the 17th, the Austrians, in sufficient force, chiefly of Pandours, appeared on the heights to the south: they had been foreseen the night before; but the French covering

[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 150; cites *Etat Politique* (Annual Register of those times), xiii. 16. Nothing of this scene in *Campagnes*, which is officially careful to suppress the like of this.

19th May 1743]
General, luckier than Minuzzi, did not wait for them; only warned Dingelfingen, and withdrew across the River, to wait there on the safe left bank. Leader of the Austrians was one Leopold Graf von Daun, active man of thirty-five, already of good rank, who will be much heard-of afterwards; Commandant in Dingelfingen is a Brigadier du Châtelet, Marquis du Châtelet-Lamont; whom,—after search (in the interest of some idle readers),—I discover to be no other than the Husband of a certain Algebraic Lady! Identity made-out, mark what a pass he is at. Count Daun comes on in a tempest of furious fire; "very heavy," they say, from great guns and small; till close upon the place, when he summons Du Châtelet: "No;" and thereupon attempts scalade. Cannot scalade, Du Châtelet and his people being mettlesome; takes then to flinging shells, to burning the suburbs; Town itself catches fire,—Town plainly indefensible. "Truce for one hour" proposes Du Châtelet (wishful to consult the covering General across the River): "No," answers Daun. So that Du Châtelet has to jumble and wriggle himself out of the place; courageous to the last; but not in a very Parthian fashion,—great difficulty to get his bridge ruined (very partially ruined), behind him;—and joins the covering General, in a flustery, singed condition! Were not pursued farther by Daun:—and Prince Conti, Head General in those parts, called it a fine defence, on examining.'[1] Espagnac continues:

'On the 19th,' after one rest-day, 'Graf von Daun set-out for Landau' (still on the Iser, farther down; Baiern has *its* "Landau" too, and its "Landshut," both on this River), 'to seize Landau; which is another French place of strength. The Garrison defended themselves for some time; after which they retired over the River' (left bank, or wrong side of the Iser, they too); 'and set fire to the Bridge behind them. The fire of the Bridge caught the Town; Pandours helping it, as our people said; and Landau also was reduced to ashes.'—Poor Landau, poor Dingelfingen, they cannot have the benefit of Louis XV.'s talent for governing Germany, quite gratis, it would appear!

But where are the divine Emilie and Voltaire that morning, while the Brigadier is in such taking? Sitting safe in 'that dainty little palace of Madame's (*petit palais*) at the point of the Isle de St. Louis,' intent on quite other adventures; disgusted with the slavish Forty and their methods of Election (of which by and by); and little thinking of M. le Brigadier and the dangers of war.—Prince de Conti praised the Brigadier's defence: but very soon, alas,—

[1] *Campagnes*, viii. 239; Espagnac, i. 187; Hormayr, iv. 82, 85.

[27th May 1743

Deggendorf, 27th May. 'Prince de Conti, at Deggendorf' (other or north bank of the Donau, Headquarters of Conti, which was thought to be well secured by batteries and defences on the steep heights to landward), 'was himself suddenly attacked, the tenth day hence, "May 27th, at daybreak," in a still more furious manner; and was tumbled-out of Deggendorf amid whirlwinds of fire, in very flamy condition indeed. The Austrians, playing on us from the uplands with their heavy artillery, made a breach in our outmost battery: "Not tenable!" exclaimed the Captain there: "This way, my men!"—and withdrew, like a shot, he and party; sliding down the steep face of the mountain' (feet foremost, I hope), 'home to Deggendorf in this peculiar manner; leaving the *Austrians* to manage his guns. Our two lower batteries, ruled by this upper one, had now to be abandoned; and Conti ran, Bridge of the Townditch breaking under him; baggages, even to his own portmanteaus, all lost; and had a neck-and-neck race of it in getting to his Donau-Bridge, and across to the safe side. With loss of everything, we say,—personal baggage all included; which latter item, Prince Karl politely returned him next day.'[1]

Broglio, with Prince Karl in his bowels going on at such a rate, may judge now whether it was wise to lie in that loose posture, scattered over two thousand square miles, and snort on his judicious Seckendorf's advices and urgencies as he did! Readers anticipate the issue; and shall not be wearied farther with detail. There are, as we said, Three Austrian Armies pressing on this luckless Bavaria and its French Protectors: Khevenhüller, from Salzburg and the southern quarter, pushing-in his Dauns; Lobkowitz, hanging over us from the Ober-Pfalz (Naab-River Country) on the north; and Prince Karl, on one or sometimes on both sides of the Donau, pricking sharply into the rear of us; saying, by bayonets, burnt bridges, bombshells, 'Off; swift; it will be better for you!' And Broglio has lost head, a mere whirlwind of flaming gases; and your ablest Comte de Saxe in such position, what can he do? Broglio writes to Versailles, That there will be no continuing in Bavaria; that he recommends an order to march homewards;—much to the surprise of Versailles.

'The Court of Versailles was much astonished at the message it got

[1] Espagnac, p. 188.

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from Broglio; Court of Versailles had always calculated that Broglio could keep Bavaria; and had gone into extensive measures for maintaining him there. Experienced old Maréchal de Noailles has a new French Army, 70,000 or more, assembled in the Upper Rhine for that and the cognate objects' (of whom, more specially, anon): 'Noailles, by order from Court, has detached 12,000, who are now marching their best, to reinforce Broglio;—and indeed the Court "had already appointed the Generals and Staff-Officers for Broglio's Bavarian Army," and gratified many men by promotions, which now went to smoke![1]

'Versailles, however, has to expedite the order: "Come home, then." Order or no order, Broglio's posts are all crackling-off again, bursting aloft like a chain of powder-mines; Broglio is plunging head foremost, towards Donauwörth, towards Ingolstadt, his place of arms; Seckendorf now welcome to join him, but unable to do anything when joined. Blustering Broglio has no steadfastness of mind; explodes like an inflammable body, in this crackling-off of the posts, and becomes a mere whirlwind of flaming gases. Old snuffling Seckendorf, born to ill success in his old days, strong only in caution, how is he to quench or stay this crackling of the posts? Broglio blusters, reproaches, bullies; Seckendorf quarrels with him outright, as he may well do: "*Jarni-bleu*, such a delirious whirlwind of a Maréchal; mere bickering flames and soot!"—and looks-out chiefly to keep his own skin and that of his poor Bavarians whole.

'The unhappy Kaiser has run from München again, to Augsburg for some brief shelter; cannot stay there either, in the circumstances. Will he have to hurry back to Frankfurt, to bankruptcy and furnished lodgings,—nay, to the Britannic Majesty's tender mercies, whose Army is now actually there? Those indignant prophesyings to Broglio, at the Schloss of Wolnzach, have so soon come true! And Broglio and the French are—what a staff to lean upon! Enough, the poor Kaiser, after doleful "Council of War held at Augsburg, June 25th," does on the morrow make-off for Frankfurt again:—whither else? Britannic Majesty's intentions, friends tell him, friend Wilhelm of Hessen tells him, are magnanimous; eager for Peace to Teutschland; hostile only to the French. Poor Karl took the road, June 26th;—and will find news on his arrival, or before it.

'On which same day, 26th of June, as it chances, Broglio too has made his packages; left a garrison in Ingolstadt, garrison in Eger; and is ferrying across at Donauwörth,—will see the Marlborough Schellenberg as he passes,—in full speed for the Rhine Countries, and the finis of this bad Business.[2] On the road, I believe at Donauwörth itself, Noailles's 12,000, little foreseeing these retrograde events, met Broglio:

[1] Espagnac, i. 190.

[2] Adelung, iii. *b*, 152.

'Right about, you too!' orders Broglio; and speeds Rhine-ward not the less. And the same day of that ferrying at Donauwörth, and of the Kaiser's setting-out for Frankfurt, Seckendorf,—at Nieder-Schönfeld' (an old Monastery near the Town of Rain, in those parts), the Kaiser being now safe away,—is making terms for himself with Khevenhüller and Prince Karl: 'Will lie quiet as mere *Reichs*-Army, almost as Troops of the Swabian Circle, over at Wembdingen there, in said Circle, and be strictly neutral, if we can but get lived at all!'[1] Seckendorf concludes on the morrow, 27th June;—which is elsewhere a memorable Day of Battle, as will be seen.

'Broglio marched in Five Divisions' (Du Châtelet in the Second Division, poor soul, which was led by Comte de Saxe):[2] 'always in Five Divisions, swiftly, half a march apart; through the Würtemberg Country; —lost much baggage, many stragglers; Tolpatcheries in multitude continually pricking at the skirts of him; Prince Karl following steadily, Rhine-wards also, a few marches behind. Here are omens to return with! "But have you seen a retreat better managed?" thinks Broglio to himself:' that is one consoling circumstance.

In this manner, then, has the Problem of Bavaria solved itself. Hungarian Majesty, in these weeks, was getting crowned in Prag; 'Queen of Bohemia, I, not you; in the sight of Heaven and of Earth!'[3]—and was purifying her Bohemia, with some rigour (it is said), from foreign defacements, treasonous compliances and the like, which there had been. To see your Bavarian Kaiser, false King of Bohemia, your Broglio with his French, and the Bohemian-Bavarian Question in whole, all rolling Rhine-wards at their swiftest, with Prince Karl sticking in the skirts of them:—what a satisfaction to that high Lady!

Britannic Majesty, with Sword actually drawn, has marched meanwhile to the Frankfurt Countries, as 'Pragmatic Army'; ready for Battle and Treaty alike

Add to which fine set of results, simultaneously with them: His Britannic Majesty, third effort successful, has got his

[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 153.

[2] Espagnac, i. 198.

[3] Crowned 12th May 1743 (Adelung, iii. *b*, 128); 'news of Prince Karl's having taken Braunau' (incipiency of all these successes) 'had reached her that very morning.'

sword drawn, fairly out at last; and in the air is making horrid circles with it, ever since March last; nay, does, he flatters himself, a very considerable slash with it, in this current month of June. Of which, though loath, we must now take some notice.

The fact is, though Stair could not hoist the Dutch, and our double-quick Britannic heroism had to drop dead in consequence, Carteret has done it: Carteret himself rushed over in that crisis, a fiery emphatic man and chief minister,[1]—'eager to please his Master's humour!' said enemies. Yes, doubtless; but acting on his own turbid belief withal (says fact); and revolving big thoughts in his head, about bringing Friedrich over to the Cause of Liberty, giving French Ambition a lesson for once, and the like. Carteret strongly pulleying, 'All hands, heave-oh!'—and, no doubt, those Maillebois-Broglio events from Prag assisting him,—did bring the High Mightinesses to their legs; still in a staggering splay-footed posture, but trying to steady themselves. That is to say, the High Mightinesses did agree to go with us in the Cause of Liberty; will now pay actual Subsidies to her Hungarian Majesty (at the rate of two for our three); and will add, so soon as humanly possible, 20,000 men to those windbound 40,000 of ours;—which latter shall now therefore, at once, as 'Pragmatic Army' (that is the term fixed on), get on march, Frankfurt way; and strike home upon the French and other enemies of Pragmatic Sanction. This is what Noailles has been looking for, this good while, and diligently adjusting himself, in those Middle-Rhine Countries, to give account of.

Pragmatic Army lifted itself accordingly,—Stair, and the most of his English, from Ghent, where the wearisome Headquarters had been; Hanoverians, Hessians, from we will forget where;—and in various streaks and streams, certain Austrians from Luxemburg (with our old friend Neipperg in company) having joined them, are flowing Rhine-ward ever

[1] Arrived at the Hague '5th October 1742' (Adelung, iii. *a*, 294).

since March 1st.[1] They cross the Rhine at three suitable points; whence, by the north bank, home upon Frankfurt Country, and the Noailles-Broglio operations in those parts. The English crossed 'at Neuwied, in the end of April' (if anybody is curious); 'Lord Stair in person superintending them.' Lord Stair has been much about, and a most busy person; General-in-Chief of the Pragmatic Army till his Britannic Majesty arrive. Generalissimo Lord Stair; and there is General Clayton, General Ligonier, 'General Heywood left with the Reserve at Brussels':—and, from the ashes of the Old Newspapers, the main stages and particulars of this surprising Expedition (England marching as Pragmatic Army into distant parts) can be riddled out; though they require mostly to be flung-in again. Shocking weather on the march, mere Boreas and icy tempests; snow in some places two feet deep; Rhine much swollen, when we come to it.

The Austrian Chief General,—who lies about Wiesbaden, and consults with Stair, while the English are crossing,—is Duke d'Ahremberg (Father of the Prince de Ligne, or 'Prince of Coxcombs' as some call him): little or nothing of military skill in D'Ahremberg; but Neipperg is thought to have given much counsel, such as it was. With the Hessians there was some difficulty; hesitation on Landgraf Wilhelm's part; who pities the poor Kaiser, and would fain see him back at Frankfurt, and awaken the Britannic magnanimities for him. 'To Frankfurt, say you? We cannot fight against the Kaiser!'—and they had to be left behind, for some time; but at length did come on, though late for business, as it chanced. General of these Hessians is Prince George of Hessen, worthy stout gentleman, whom Wilhelmina met at the Frankfurt Gaieties lately. George's elder Brother Wilhelm is Manager or Vice-Landgraf, this long while back; and in seven or eight years hence became, as had been expected, actual Landgraf (old King of Sweden dying childless);—of which Wilhelm we shall have to hear, at Hanau (a Town of his in those parts),

[1] 'February 18th,' O.S. (Old Newspapers).

and perhaps slightly elsewhere in the course of this business. A fat, just man, he too; probably somewhat iracund; not without troubles in his House. His eldest Son, Heir-Apparent of Hessen, let me remind readers, has an English Princess to Wife; Princess Mary, King George's Daughter, wedded two years ago. That, added to the Subsidies, is surely a point of union;—though again there may such discrepancies rise! A good while after this, the eldest Son becoming Catholic (foolish wretch), to the horror of Papa,—there rose still other noises in the world, about Hessen and its Landgraves. Of good Prince George, who doubtless attended in War Councils, but probably said little, we hope to hear nothing more whatever.

From Neuwied to Frankfurt is but a few-days march for the Pragmatic Army; in a direct line, not sixty miles. Frankfurt itself, which is a *Reichs-stadt* (Imperial City), they must not enter: 'Fear not, City or Country!' writes Stair to it: 'We come as saviours, pacificators, hostile to your enemies and disturbers only; we understand discipline and the Laws of the Reich, and will pay for everything.'[1] For the rest, they are in no hurry. They linger in that Frankfurt-Mainz region, all through the month of May; not unobservant of Noailles and his movements, if he made any; but occupied chiefly with gathering provisions; forming, with difficulty, a Magazine in Hanau. 'What they intended, or intend, by coming hither?' asks the Public everywhere: 'To go into the Donau Countries, and enclose Broglio between two fires?' That had been, and was still, Stair's fine idea; but D'Ahremberg had disapproved the methods. D'Ahremberg, it seems, is rather given to opposing Stair;—and there rise uncertainties, in this Pragmatic Army: certain only hitherto the Magazine in Hanau. And in secret, it afterwards appeared, the immediate real errand of this Pragmatic Army had lain—in the Chapter of Mainz Cathedral, and an Election that was going on there.

[1] Letter itself, of brief magnanimous strain, in *Campagnes de Noailles*, i. 127: date 'Neuwied, 26th April 1743' (Adelung, iii. *b*, 114).

The old Kur-Mainz, namely, had just died; and there was a new 'Chief Spiritual Kurfürst' to be elected by the Canons there. Kur-Mainz is Chairman of the Reich, an important personage, analogous to Speaker of the House of Commons; and ought to be,—by no means the Kaiser's young Brother, as the French and Kaiser are proposing; but a man with Austrian leanings;—say, Graf von Ostein, titular *Dom-Custos* (Cathedral Keeper) here; lately Ambassador in London, and known in select society for what he is. Not much of an Archbishop, of a Spiritual or Chief Spiritual Herr hitherto; but capable of being made one,—were the Pragmatic Army at his elbow! It was on this errand that the Pragmatic Army had come hither, or come so early, and with their plans still unripe. And truly they succeeded; got their Ostein chosen to their mind:[1] a new Kur-Mainz,—whose leanings and procedures were very manifest in the sequel, and some of them important before long. This was always reckoned one result of his Britannic Majesty's Pragmatic Campaign;—and truly some think it was, in strict arithmetic, the only one, though that is far from his Majesty's own opinion.

Friedrich has Objections to the Pragmatic Army; but in vain. Of Friedrich's many Endeavours to quench this War, by 'Union of Independent German Princes,' by 'Mediation of the Reich,' and otherwise; all in vain

Friedrich, at an early stage, had inquired of his Britannic Majesty, politely but with emphasis, 'What in the world he meant, then, by invading the German Reich; leading foreign Armies into the Reich, in this unauthorised manner?' To which the Britannic Majesty had answered, with what vague argument of words we will not ask, but with a look that we can fancy,—look that would split a pitcher, as the Irish say!

[1] '21st March 1743,' Mainz vacant; '22d April,' Ostein elected (Adelung, iii. *b*, 113, 121).

Friedrich persisted to call it an Invasion of the German Reich; and spoke, at first, of flatly opposing it by a Reichs Army (30,000, or even 50,000, for Brandenburg's contingent, in such case); but as the poor Reich took no notice, and the Britannic Majesty was positive, Friedrich had to content himself with protest for the present.[1]

The exertions of Friedrich to bring-about a Peace, or at least to diminish, not increase, the disturbance, are forgotten now; wearisome to think of, as they did not produce the smallest result; but they have been incessant and zealous, as those of a man to quench the fire which is still raging in his street, and from which he himself is just saved. 'Cannot the Reich be roused for settlement of this Bavarian-Austrian quarrel?' thought Friedrich always. And spent a great deal of earnest endeavour in that direction; wished a Reich's *Army of Mediation;* 'to which I will myself furnish 30,000; 50,000, if needed.' Reich, alas! The Reich is a horse fallen down to die,—no use spurring at the Reich; it cannot, for many months, on Friedrich's Proposal (though the question was far from new, and 'had been two years on hand'), come to the decision, 'Well then, yes; the Reich *will* try to moderate and mediate:' and as for a Reich's Mediation-*Army*, or any practical step at all[2]—!—

'Is not Germany, are not all the German Princes, interested to have Peace?' thinks Friedrich. 'A union of the independent German Princes, to recommend Peace, and even with hand on sword-hilt to command it; that would be the method of producing Treaty of Peace!' thinks he always. And is greatly set on that method; which, we find, has been, and continues to be, the soul of his many efforts in this matter. A fact to be noted. Long poring in those mournful

[1] Friedrich's Remonstrance and George's Response are in *Adelung*, iii. *b*, 132, (date, 'March 1743'): date of Friedrich's first stirring in the matter is 'January 1743,' and earlier (*ib.* p. 37, p. 8, etc.).

[2] The question had been started, 'in August 1741,' by the Kaiser himself; '11th March 1743,' again urged by him, after Friedrich's offer; '10th May 1743,' 'Yes, then, we will try; but—' and the result continued zero.

imbroglios of Dryasdust, where the fraction of living and important welters overwhelmed by wildernesses of the dead and nugatory, one at length disengages this fact; and readers may take it along with them, for it proves illuminative of Friedrich's procedures now and afterwards. A fixed notion of Friedrich's, this of German Princes 'uniting,' when the common dangers become flagrant; a very lively notion with him at present. He will himself cheerfully take the lead in such Union, but he must not venture alone.[1]

The Reich, when appealed to, with such degree of emphasis, in this matter,—we see how the Reich has responded! Later on, Friedrich tried 'the Swabian Circle' (chief scene of these Austrian-Bavarian tusselings); which has, like the other Circles, a kind of parliament, and pretends to be a political unity of some sort. 'Cannot the Swabian Circle, or Swabian and Frankish joined (to which one might declare oneself *Protector*, in such case), order their own Captains, with military force of their own, say 20,000 men, to rank on the Frontier; and to inform peremptorily all belligerents and tumultuous persons, French, Bavarian, English, Austrian: "No thoroughfare; we tell you, No admittance here!"' Friedrich, disappointed of the Reich, had taken-up that smaller notion: and he spent a good deal of endeavour on that too,—of which we may see some glimpse, as we proceed. But it proves all futile. The Swabian Circle too is a moribund horse; all these horses dead or moribund.

Friedrich, of course, has thought much what kind of Peace could be offered by a mediating party. The Kaiser has lost his Bavaria: yet he is the Kaiser, and must have a living granted him as such. Compensations, aspirations, claims of territory; these will be manifold! These are a world of floating vapour, of greed, of anger, idle pretension: but within all these there are the real necessities; what the case does require, if it is ever to be settled! Friedrich discerns this Austrian-

[1] See Adelung, iii. *a* and *b*, passim; Valori, i. 178; etc. etc.

Bavarian necessity of compensation; of new land to cut upon. And where is that to come from!

In January last, Friedrich, intensely meditating this business, had in private a bright-enough idea: That of secularising those so-called Sovereign Bishoprics, Austrian Bavarian by locality and nature, Passau, Salzburg, Regensburg, idle opulent territories, with functions absurd not useful; —and of therefrom cutting compensation to right and to left. This notion he, by obscure channels, put into the head of Baron von Haslang, Bavarian Ambassador at London; where it germinated rapidly, and came to fruit;—was officially submitted to Lord Carteret in his own house, in two highly artistic forms, one evening;—and sets the Diplomatic Heads all wagging upon it.[1] With great hope, at one time; till rumour of it got abroad into the Orthodox imagination, into the Gazetteer world; and raised such a clamour, in those months, as seldom was. 'Secularise, Hah! One sees the devilish heathen spirit of you; and what kind of Kaiser, on the religious side, we now have the happiness of having!' So that Kaiser Karl had to deny utterly, 'Never heard of such a thing!' Carteret himself had, in politeness, to deny; much more, and for dire cause, had Haslang himself, over the belly of facts, 'Never in my dreams, I tell you!'—and to get ambiguous certificate from Carteret, which the simple could interpret to that effect.[2]

It was only in whispers that the name of Friedrich was connected with this fine scheme; and all parties were glad to get it soon buried again. A bright idea; but had come a century too soon. Of another Carteret Negotiation with Kaiser Karl, famed as 'Conferences of Hanau,' which had almost come to be a Treaty, but did not; and then, failing that, of a famous Carteret 'Treaty of Worms,' which did come to perfection, in these same localities shortly afterwards; and which were infinitely interesting to our Friedrich, both

[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 84, 90, 'January-March 1743.'
[2] Carteret's Letter (*ibid.* iii. *b*, 190).

the Treaty and the Failure of the Treaty,—we propose to speak elsewhere, in due time.

As to Friedrich's own endeavours and industries, at Regensburg and elsewhere, for effective mediation of Peace; for the Reich to mediate, and have 'Army of Mediation'; for a 'Union of Swabian Circles' to do it; for this and then for that to do it;—as to Friedrich's own efforts and strugglings that way, in all likely and in some unlikely quarters,—they were, and continued to be, earnest, incessant; but without result. Like the spurring of horses really *dead* some time ago! Of which no reader wishes the details, though the fact has to be remembered. And so, with slight indications for Friedrich's sake,—being intent on the stage of events,—we must leave that shadowy hypothetic region, as a wood in the background; the much foliage and many twigs and boughs of which do authentically *take* the trouble to be there, though we have to paint it in this summary manner.

CHAPTER V

BRITANNIC MAJESTY FIGHTS HIS BATTLE OF DETTINGEN; AND BECOMES SUPREME JOVE OF GERMANY, IN A MANNER

BRITANNIC Majesty with his Yarmouth, and martial Prince of Cumberland, arrived at Hanover May 15th; soon followed by Carteret from the Hague:[1] a Majesty prepared now for battle and for treaty alike; kind of earthly Jove, Arbiter of Nations, or victorious Hercules of the Pragmatic, the sublime little man. At Herrenhausen he has a fine time; grandly fugling about; negotiating with Wilhelm of Hessen and others; commanding his Pragmatic Army from the distance: and then at last, dashing-off rather in haste, he—It is well known what enigmatic Exploit he did, at least the Name of it is well

[1] *Biographia Britannica* (Kippis's, § Carteret), iii. 277.

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known! Here, from the Imbroglios, is a rough Account; parts of which are introducible for the sake of English readers.

Battle of Dettingen

'After some five leisurely weeks in Herrenhausen, George II. (now an old gentleman of sixty), with his martial Fat Boy the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Carteret his Diplomatist-in-Chief, quitted that pleasant sojourn, rather on a sudden, for the actual Seat of War. By speedy journeys they got to Frankfurt Country; to Hanau, June 19th; whence, still up the Mayn, twenty or thirty miles farther up, to Aschaffenburg, —where the Pragmatic Army, after some dangerous manœuvring on the opposite or south bank of the River, has lain encamped some days, and is in questionable posture. Whither his Majesty in person has hastened up. And truly, if his Majesty's head contain any good counsel, there is great need of it here just now.

'Captains and men were impatient of that long loitering, hanging idle about Frankfurt all through May; and they have at length started real business,—with more valour than discretion, it is feared. They are some 40 or 44,000 strong: English 16,000; Hanoverians the like number; and of Austrians' (by theory 20,000), 'say, in effect, 12,000 or even 8,000: all paid by England. They have Hanau for Magazine; they have rearguard of 12,000' (the 6,000 Hessians, and 6,000 New Hanoverians), 'who at last are actually on march thither, near arriving there: "Forward!" said the Captaincy' (said Stair, chiefly, it was thought): '"Shall the whole summer waste itself to no purpose?"—and are up the River thus far, not on the most considerate terms.

'What this Pragmatic Army means to do? That is, and has been, a great question for all the world; especially the Noailles and the French, —not to say, for the Pragmatic itself! "Get into Lorraine?" think the French: "Get into Alsace, and wrest it from us, for behoof of her Hungarian Majesty,"—plundered goods, which indeed belong to the Reich and her, in a sense! *Els-sass* (Alsace, *Outer*-seat), with its *Road*-Fortress (*Stras*burg), plundered from the Holy Romish Reich by Louis XIV., in a way no one can forget; actually plundered, as if by highway robbery, or by highway robbery and attorneyism combined, on the part of that great Sovereign. "To Strasburg? To Lorraine, perhaps? Or to the Three Bishoprics"' (Metz, Toul, Verdun:—readers recollect that Siege of Metz, which broke the great heart of Karl v.? Who raged and fired as man seldom did, with 50,000 men, against Guise and the intrusive French, for six weeks; sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg on winter nights, 300 years ago:—to no purpose; for his

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Captains of the Siege, after trial and second trial, solemnly shook their heads; and the great Kaiser, breaking into tears, had to raise the Siege of Metz; and went his way, never to smile more in this world: and Metz, and Toul, and Verdun, remain with the French ever since):—'To the Three Bishoprics, possibly enough!'

'"Or they may purpose for the Donau Countries, where Broglio is crackling-off like trains of gunpowder; and lend hand to Prince Karl, thereby enclosing Broglio between two fires?" This, according to present aspects, is the likeliest. And perhaps, had provenders and arrangements been made beforehand for such a march, this had been the feasiblest: and, to my own notion, it was some wild hope of doing this without provenders or prearrangements that had brought the Pragmatic into its present quarters at Aschaffenburg, which are for the military mind a mystery to this day.

'Early in the Spring, the French Government had equipped Noailles with 70,000 men, to keep watch, and patrol about, in the Rhine-Mayn Countries, and look into those points. Which he has been vigilantly doing,—posted of late on the south or left bank of the Mayn;—and is especially vigilant, since June 14th, when the Pragmatic Army got on march, across the Mayn at Höchst; and took to offering him battle, on his own south side of the River. Noailles,—though his force' (still 58,000, after that Broglio Detachment of 12,000) 'was greatly the stronger,—would not fight; preferred cutting-off the Enemy's supplies, capturing his river-boats, provision-convoys from Hanau, and settling him by hunger, as the cheaper method. Impetuous Stair was thwarted, by flat protest of his German colleagues, especially by D'Ahremberg, in *forcing* battle on those rash terms: "We Austrians absolutely will not!" said D'Ahremberg at last; and withdrew, or was withdrawing, he for his part, across the River again. So that Stair also was obliged to recross the River, in indignant humour; and now lies at Aschaffenburg, suffering the sad alternative, short diet namely, which will end in famine soon, if these counsels prevail.

'Stair and D'Ahremberg do not well accord in their opinions; nor, it seems, is anybody in particular absolute Chief; there are likewise heats and jealousies between the Hanoverian and the English troops ("Are not we come for all your goods?" "Yes, damn you, and for all our chattels too!")—and withal it is frightfully uncertain whether a high degree of intellect presides over these 44,000 fighting men, which may lead them to something, or a low degree, which can only lead them to nothing!—The blame is all laid on Stair; "too rash," they say. Possibly enough, too rash. And possibly enough withal, even to a sound military judgment, in such unutterable puddle of jarring imbecilities, "rashness," headlong courage, offered the one chance there was of success? Who

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knows, had all the 44,000 been as rash as Stair and his English, but luck, and sheer hard fighting, might have favoured him, as skill could not, in those sad circumstances! Stair's plan was, "Beat Noailles, and you have done everything: provisions, opulent new regions, and all else shall be added to you!" Stair's plan might have answered,—had Stair been the master to execute it; which he was not. D'Ahremberg's also, who protested, "Wait till your 12,000 join, and you have your provisions," was the orthodox plan, and might have much to say for itself. But the two plans collapsing into one,—that was the clearly fatal method! Magnanimous Stair never made the least explanation, to an undiscerning Public or Parliament; wrapt himself in strict silence, and accepted in a grand way what had come to him.[1] Clear it is, the Pragmatic Army had come across again, at Aschaffenburg, Sunday June 16th; and was found there by his Majesty on the Wednesday following, with its two internecine plans fallen into mutual death; a Pragmatic Army in truly dangerous circumstances.

'The English who were in and round Aschaffenburg itself, Hanoverians and Austrians encamping farther down, had put a battery on the Bridge of Aschaffenburg; hoping to be able to forage thereby on the other side of the Mayn. Whereupon Noailles had instantly clapt a redoubt, under due cover of a wood, at his end of the Bridge. "No passage this way, gentlemen, except into the cannon's throat!"—so that Marshal Stair, reconnoitring that way, "had his hat shot off," and rapidly drew back again. Nay, before long, Noailles, at the Village of Seligenstadt, some eight miles farther down, throws two wooden or pontoon bridges over;[2] can bring his whole Army across at Seligenstadt; prohibits all manner of supply to us from Hanau or our Magazines by his arrangement there.' —(Notable little Seligenstadt, 'City of the Blessed'; where Eginhart and Emma, ever since Charlemagne's time, lie waiting the Resurrection; that is the place of these Noailles contrivances!)—'Furthermore, we learn, Noailles has seized a post twenty miles farther up the river (Miltenberg the name of it); and will prevent supplies from coming down to us out of Franken or the Neckar Country. We had forgotten, or our *collapse* of plans had done it, that "an army moves on its stomach" (as the King of Prussia says), and that we have nothing to live upon in these parts!

'Such has the unfortunate fact turned out to be, when Britannic Majesty arrives; and it can now be discovered clearly, by any eyes, however flat to the head. And a terrible fact it is. Discordant Generals

[1] His Papers, to voluminous extent, are still in the Family Archives;—not inaccessible, I think, were the right student of them (who would be a rare article among us!) to turn up.

[2] Sketch of Plan at p. 432.

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accuse one another; hungry soldiers cannot be kept from plundering: for the horses there is unripe rye in quantity; but what is there for the men? My poor traditionary friends, of the Grey Dragoons, were wont (I have heard) to be heart-rending on this point, in after years! Famine being urgent, discipline is not possible, nor existence itself. For a week longer, George, rather in obstinate hope than with any reasonable plan or exertion, still tries it; finds, after repeated Councils of War, that he will have to give it up, and go back to Hanau where his living is. Wednesday night 26th June 1743, that is the final resolution, inevitably come upon, without argument: and about one on Thursday morning, the Army (in two columns, Austrians to vanward well away from the River, English as rearguard close on it) gets in motion to execute said resolution,—if the Army can.

'If the Army can: but that is like to be a formidably difficult business; with a Noailles watching every step of you, to-day and for ten days back, in these sad circumstances. Eyes in him like a lynx, they say; and great skill in war, only too cautious. Hardly is the Army gone from Aschaffenburg, when Noailles, pushing across by the Bridge, seizes that post,—no retreat now for us thitherward. His Majesty, who marches in the rear division, has happily some artillery with him, repels the assaults from behind, which might have been more serious otherwise. As it is, there play cannon across the River upon him:—Why not bend to right, and get out of range, asks the reader? The Spessart *Hills* rise, high and woody, on the right; and there is in many places no marching except within range. Noailles has Five effective Batteries, at the various good points, on his side of the River:—and that is nothing to what he has got ready for us, were we once at Dettingen, within wind of his Two Bridges a little beyond! Noailles has us in a perfect mousetrap, *souricière* as he felinely calls it; and calculates on having annihilation ready for us at Dettingen.

'Dettingen, short way above those Pontoons at Seligenstadt, is near eight miles westward' (*north*-westward, but let us use the briefer term) from Aschaffenburg: Dettingen is a poor peasant Village, of some size, close on the Mayn, and on our side of it. A Brook, coming down from the Spessart mountains, falls into the Mayn there; having formed for itself, there and upwards, a considerable dell or hollow way; chiefly on the western or right bank of which stands the Village with its barn*yards* and piggeries: on both sides of the great High-road, which here crosses the Brook, and will lead you to Hanau twenty miles off,—or back to Aschaffenburg, and even to Nürnberg and the Donau Countries, if you persevere. Except that of the highroad, Dettingen Brook has no bridge. Above the Village, after coming from the Mountains, the banks of it are boggy; especially the western bank, which spreads out into a scrubby

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waste of moor, for some good space. In which scrubby moor, as elsewhere in this dell or hollow way itself, where the Village hangs, with its hedges, piggeries, colegarths,—there is like to be bad enough marching for a column of men! Noailles, as we said, has Two Bridges thrown across the Mayn, just below; and the last of his Five Batteries, from the other side, will command Dettingen. His plan of operation is this:

'By these Bridges he has passed 24,000 horse and foot across the River, under his Nephew the chivalrous Duke of Grammont: these, with due artillery and equipment, are to occupy the Village; and to rank themselves in battle-order to leftward of it, on the moor just mentioned, —well behind that hollow way, with its brook and bogs;—and, one thing they must note well, Not to stir from that position, till the English columns have got fairly into said hollow way and brook of Dettingen, and are plunging more or less distractedly across the entanglements there. With cannon on their left flank, and such a gullet to pass through, one may hope they will be in rather an attackable condition. Across that gullet it is our intention they shall never get. How can they, if Grammont do his duty?

'This is Noailles's plan; one of the prettiest imaginable, say military men,—had the execution but corresponded. Noailles had seized Aschaffenburg, so soon as the English were out of it; Noailles, from his batteries beyond the River, salutes the English march with continuous shot and thunder, which is very discomposing: he sees confidently a really fair likelihood of capturing the Britannic Majesty and his Pragmatic Army, unless they prefer to die on the ground. Seldom, since that of the Caudine Forks, did any Army, by ill-luck and ill-guidance, get into such a pinfold,—death or flat surrender seemingly their one alternative.

'Thus march these English, that dewy morning, Thursday June 27th, 1743, with cannon playing on their left flank; and such a fate ahead of them, had they known it;—very short of breakfast, too, for most part. But they have one fine quality, and Britannic George, like all his Welf race from Henry the Lion down to these days, has it in an eminent degree: they are not easily put into flurry, into fear. In all Welf Sovereigns, and generally in Teuton Populations, on that side of the Channel or on this, there is the requisite unconscious substratum of taciturn inexpugnability, with depth of potential rage almost unquenchable, to be found when you apply for it. Which quality will much stead them on the present occasion: and, indeed, it is perhaps strengthened by their "stupidity" itself, what neighbours call their "stupidity";—want of idle imagining, idle flurrying, nay, want even of knowing, is not one of the worst qualities just now! They tramp on, paying a minimum of attention to the cannon; ignorant of what is

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ahead; hoping only it may be breakfast, in some form, before the day quite terminate. The day is still young, hardly 8 o'clock, when their advanced parties find Dettingen beset; find a whole French Army drawn-up, on the scrubby moor there; and come galloping back with this interesting bit of news! Pause hereupon; much consulting; in fact, endless hithering and thithering, the affair being knotty: "Fight, *yes*, now at last! But how?" Impetuous Stair was not wanting to himself; Neipperg too, they say, was useful with advice; D'Ahremberg, I should imagine, good for little.

'Some six hours followed of thrice-intricate deploying, planting of field-pieces, counter-batteries; ranking, re-ranking, shuffling hither and then thither of horse and foot; Noailles's cannonade proceeding all the while; the English, still considerably exposed to it, and standing it like stones; chivalrous Grammont, and with better reason the English, much wishing these preliminaries were done. A difficult business, that of deploying here. The Pragmatic had no room, jammed so against the Spessart Hills, and obliged to lean *from* the River and Noailles cannon; had to rank itself in six, some say in eight lines; horse behind foot, as well as on flank; unsatisfactory to the military mind: and I think had not done shuffling and reshuffling at 2 P.M.,—when the Enemy came bursting on, with a peremptory finish to it, "Enough of that, *Messieurs les Anglais*!" "Too much of it, a great deal!" thought Messieurs grimly, in response. And there ensued a really furious clash of host against host; French chivalry (*Maison du Roi*, Black Mousquetaires, the Flower of their Horse regiments) dashing, in right Gallic frenzy, on their natural enemies,—on the English, that is; who, I find, were mainly on the left wing there, horse and foot; and had mainly (the Austrians and they, very mainly) the work to do;—and did, with an effort, and luck helping, manage to do it.

'"Grammont breaks orders! Thrice-blamable Grammont!" exclaim Noailles and others, sorrowfully wringing their hands. Even so! Grammont had waited seven mortal hours; one's courage burning all the while, courage perhaps rather burning down,—and not the least use coming of it. Grammont had, in natural impatience, gradually edged forward; and, in the end, was being cannonaded and pricked-into by the Enemy;—and did at last, with his *Maison-du-Roi*, dash across that essential Hollow Way, and plunge-in upon them on their own side of it. And "the English foot gave their volley too soon"; and Grammont did, in effect, partly repulse and disorder the front ranks of them; and, blazing-up uncontrollable, at sight of those first ranks in disorder, did press home upon them more and more; get wholly into the affair, bringing-on his Infantry as well: "Let us finish it wholly, now that our hand is in!"—and took one cannon from the Enemy; and did other feats.

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'So furious was that first charge of his; "*Maison-du-Roi* covering itself with glory,"—for a short while. *Maison-du-Roi* broke three lines of the Enemy' (three, not "five"); 'did in some places actually break through; in others "could not, but galloped along the front." Three of their lines: but the fourth line would not break; much the contrary, it advanced (Austrians and English) with steady fire, hotter and hotter: upon this fourth line *Maison-du-Roi* had, itself, to break, pretty much altogether, and rush home again, in ruinous condition. "Our front lines made lanes for them; terribly maltreating them with musketry on right and left, as they galloped through." And this was the end of Grammont's successes, this charge of horse; for his infantry had no luck anywhere; and the essential crisis of the Battle had been here. It continued still a good while; plenty of cannonading, fusillading, but in sporadic detached form; a confused series of small shocks and knocks; which were mostly, or all, unfortunate for Grammont; and which at length knocked him quite off the field. "He was now interlaced with the English," moans Noailles; "so that my cannon, not to shoot Grammont as well as the English, had to cease firing!" Well, yes, that is true, M. le Maréchal; but that is not so important as you would have it. The English had stood nine hours in this fire of yours; by degrees, leaning well away from it; answering it with counter-batteries;—and were not yet ruined by it, when the Grammont crisis came! Noailles should have dashed fresh troops across his Bridges, and tried to handle them well. Noailles did not do that; or do anything but wring his hands.

'The Fight lasted four hours; ever hotter on the English part, ever less hot on the French' (fire of anthracite-coal *versus* flame of dry wood, which latter at last sinks *ashy!*)—'and ended in total defeat of the French. The French Infantry by no means behaved as their Cavalry had done. The *Gardes Françaises*' (fire burning ashy, after seven hours of flaming), 'when Grammont ordered them up to take the English in flank, would hardly come-on at all, or stand one push. They threw away their arms, and plunged into the River, like a drove of swimmers; getting drowned in great numbers. So that their comrades nicknamed them "*Canards du Mein* (Ducks of the Mayn)": and in English messrooms, there went afterwards a saying: "The French had, in reality, Three Bridges; one of them *not* wooden, and carpeted with blue cloth!" Such the wit of military mankind.

* * 'The English, it appears, did something by mere shouting. Partial huzzahs and counter-huzzahs between the Infantries were going on at one time, when Stair happened to gallop up: "Stop that," said Stair; "let us do it right. Silence; then, One and all, when I give you signal!" And Stair, at the right moment, lifting his hat, there burst-

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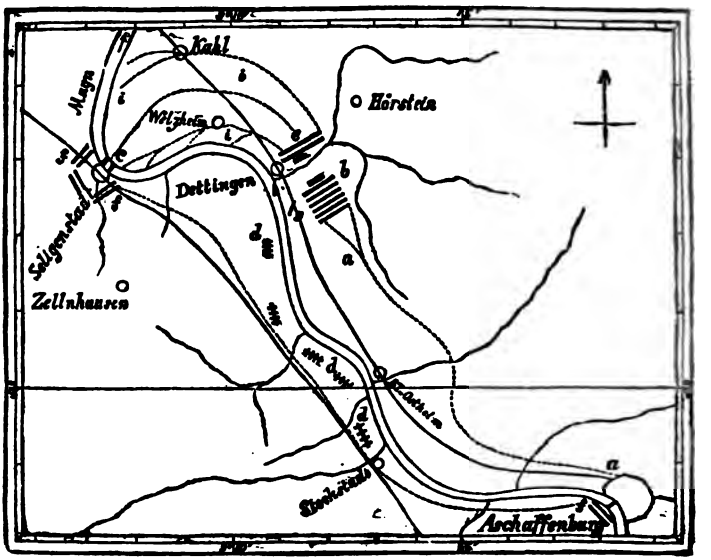
out such a thunder-growl, edged with melodious ire in alt, as quite seemed to strike a damp into the French, says my authority, "and they never shouted more." * * "Our ground in many parts was under rye," hedgeless fields of rye, chief grain-crop of that sandy country. "We had already wasted above 120,000 acres of it," still in the unripe state, so hungry were we, man and horse, "since crossing to Aschaffenburg";—fighting for your Cause of Liberty, ye benighted ones!

'King Friedrich's private accounts, deformed by ridicule, are, That the Britannic Majesty, his respectable old Uncle, finding the French there



a a. March of the Allied Army.
b. Position of the Allied Army before the Battle.
c. Two Bridges at Seligenstadt.
d d d d. French Batteries.
e. French Forces under Grammont.
f f f. Disposition of Noailles's Army.
g. Gardes Françaises attacking in flank.
h. Are driven into the River.
i i i. Retreat of the French.

barring his way to breakfast, understood simply that there must and should be fighting, of the toughest; but had no plan or counsel farther: that he did at first ride up, to see what was what with his own eyes; but that his horse ran away with him, frightened at the cannon; upon which he hastily got down; drew sword; put himself at the head of his Hanoverian Infantry' (on the right wing), 'and stood,—left foot drawn back, sword pushed out, in the form of a fencing-master doing lunge,—steadily in that defensive attitude, inexpugnable like the rocks, till all

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was over, and victory gained. This is defaced by the spirit of ridicule, and not quite correct. Britannic Majesty's horse' (one of those 500 fine animals) 'did, it is certain, at last dangerously run away with him; upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback, in the earlier stages; galloping about, to look with his own eyes, could they have availed him; and was heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the English language, "Steady, my boys; fire, my brave boys, give them fire; they will soon run!"[1] Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stands' (and to our imagination, he may fitly stand throughout) 'in the above attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan; "*sans peur et sans avis*," as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England; like England itself, and its ways in those German Wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English History, that attitude of lunge!—

'The English Officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way: —without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady upon the throats of the French, so far as might be. And always, after that first stumble with the French Horse was mended, they kept gaining ground, thrusting back the Enemy, not over the Dettingen Brook and Moorground only, but, knock after knock, out of his woody or other coverts, back and ever back, towards Welzheim, Kahl, and those Two Bridges of his. The flamy French' (ligneous fire burning lower and lower, *versus* anthracitic glowing brighter and brighter) 'found that they had a bad time of it;—found, in fact, that they could not stand it; and tumbled finally, in great torrents, across their Bridges on the Mayn, many leaping into the River, the English sitting dreadfully on the skirts of them. So that had the English had their Cavalry in readiness to pursue, Noailles's Army, in the humour it had sunk to, was ruined, and the Victory would have been conspicuously great. But they had, as too common, nothing ready. Impetuous Stair strove to get ready; "pushed out the Grey Dragoons" for one item. But the Authorities refused Stair's counsel, as rash again; and made no effectual pursuit at all;—too glad that they had brushed their Battlefield triumphantly clear, and got out of that fatal pinfold in an honourable manner.

'They stayed on the ground till 10 at night; settling, or trying to settle, many things. The Surgeons were busy as bees, but able for Officers only;—"Dress *him* first!" said the glorious Duke of Cumberland, pointing to a young Frenchman' (Excellency Fénelon's Son, grandnephew of *Télémaque*) 'who was worse wounded than his Highness. Quite in the Philip-Sydney fashion; which was much taken notice of. "All

[1] *Œuvres des Frédéric* (iii. 14): compare Anonymous, *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (p. 64 *n.*); Henderson's *Life* of ditto; etc.

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this while, we had next to nothing to eat" (says one informant.)—Ten P.M.: after which, leaving a polite Letter to Noailles, "That he would take care of our Wounded, and bury our Slain as well as his own," we march' (through a pour of rain) 'to Hanau, where our victuals are, and 12,000 new Hessians and Hanoverians by this time.

'Noailles politely bandaged the Wounded, buried the Dead. Noailles, gathering his scattered battalions, found that he had lost 2,659 men; no ruinous loss to him,—the Enemy's being at least equal, and all his Wounded fallen Prisoners of War. No ruinous loss to Noailles, had it not been the loss of Victory,—which was a sore blow to French feeling; and, adding itself to those Broglio disgraces, a new discouragement to Most Christian Majesty. Victory indisputably lost:—but is it not Grammont's blame altogether? Grammont bears it, as we saw; and it is heavily laid on him. But my own conjecture is, forty thousand enraged people, of English and other Platt-Teutsch type, would have been very difficult to pin-up, into captivity or death instead of breakfast, in that manner: and it is possible if poor Grammont had not mistaken, some other would have done so, and the hungry Baresarks (their blood fairly up, as is evident) would have ended in getting through.'[1]

This was all the Fighting that King George got of his Pragmatic Army; the gain from conquest made by it was, That it victoriously struggled back to its bread-cupboard. Stair, about two months hence, in the mere loitering and higgling that there was, quitted the Pragmatic; magnanimously silent on his many wrongs and disgusts, desirous only of 'returning to the plough,' as he expressed himself. The lofty man; wanted several requisites for being a Marlborough; wanted a Sarah Jennings, as the preliminary of all!—We will not attend the lazy movements and procedures of the Pragmatic Army farther; which were of altogether

[1] Espagnac, i. 193; *Guerre de Bohème*, i. 231.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiii. (for 1743), pp. 328-481;—containing Carteret's Despatch from the field; followed by many other Letters and indistinct Narrations from Officers present (p. 434, 'Plan of the Battle,' blotchy, indecipherable in parts, but essentially rather true),—is worth examining. See likewise Anonymous, *Memoirs of the late Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1767; the Author an ignorant, much-adoring military man, who has made some study, and is not so stupid as he looks), pp. 56-78; and Henderson (ignorant he too, much-adoring, and not military), *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1766), pp. 32-48. Noailles's Official Account (ingenuously at a loss what to say), in *Campagnes*, ii. *b*, 242-253, 306-310. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 11-14 (incorrect in many of the *details*).

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futile character, even in the temporary Gazetteer estimate; and are to be valued at zero, and left charitably in oblivion by a pious posterity. Stair, the one brightish-looking man in it, being gone, there remain Majesty with his D'Ahrembergs, Neippergs, and the Martial Boy; Generals Cope, Hawley, Wade, and many of leaden character, remain:—let the leaden be wrapped in lead.

It was not a successful Army, this Pragmatic. Dettingen itself, in spite of the rumouring of Gazetteers and temporary persons, had no result,—except the extremely bad one, That it inflated to an alarming height the pride and belligerent humour of his Britannic, especially of her Hungarian Majesty; and made Peace more difficult than ever. That of getting Ostein, with his Austrian leanings, chosen Kur-Mainz,—that too turned out ill: and perhaps, in the course of the next few months, we shall judge that, had Ostein leant *against* Austria, it had been better for Austria and Ostein. Of the Pragmatic Army, silence henceforth, rather than speech!—

One thing we have to mark, his Britannic Majesty, commander of such an Army,—and of such a Purse, which is still more stupendous,—has risen, in the Gazetteer estimate and his own, to a high pitch of importance. To be Supreme Jove of Teutschland, in a manner; and acts, for the present Summer, in that sublime capacity. Two Diplomatic feats of his,—one a Treaty done and tumbled-down again, the other a Treaty done and let stand ('Treaty of Worms,' and 'Conferences,' or *Non*-Treaty 'of Hanau'),—are of moment in this History and that of the then World. Of these two Transactions, due both of them to such an Army and such a Purse, we shall have to take some notice by and by; the rest shall belong to Night and her leaden sceptre—much good may they do her!

Some ten days after Dettingen, Broglio (who was crackling-off from Donauwörth, in view of the Lines of Schellenberg, that very 27th of June) ended his retreat to the Rhine

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Countries; 'glorious,' though rather swift, and eaten-into by the Tolpatcheries of Prince Karl. 'July 8th, at Wimpfen' (in the Neckar Region, some way South of Dettingen), Broglio delivers his Troops to Maréchal de Noailles's care; and, next morning, rushes-off towards Strasburg, and quiet Official life, as Governor there.

'The day after his arrival,' says Friedrich, 'he gave a grand ball in Strasburg:'[1] 'Behold your conquering hero safe again, my friends!' An ungrateful Court judged otherwise of the hero. Took his Strasburg Government from him, gave it to Maréchal de Coigny; ordered the hero to his Estates in the Country, Normandy, if I remember;—where he soon died of apoplexy, poor man; and will trouble none of us again. 'A man born for surprises,' said Friedrich long since, in the Strasburg Doggerel. Lost his indispensable garnitures, at the Ford of Secchia once; and now, in these last twelve months, is considered to have done a series of blustery explosions, derogatory to the glory of France, and ruinous to that sublime Belleisle Enterprise for one thing.

A ruined Enterprise that, at any rate; seldom was Enterprise better ruined. Here, under Broglio, amid the titterings of mankind, has the tail of the Oriflamme gone the same bad road as its head did;—into zero and outer darkness; leaving the expenses to pay. Like a mad tavern-brawl of one's own raising, the biggest that ever was. Has cost already, I should guess, some 80,000 French drilled Men, paid down, on the nail, to the inexorable Fates: and of coined Millions,—how many? In subsidies, in equipments, in waste, in loss and wreck: Dryasdust could not have told me, had he tried. And then the breakages, damages still chargeable; the probable afterclap? For you cannot quite gratuitously tweak people by the nose, in your wanton humour, over your wine!—One willing man, or Most Christian Majesty, can at any time begin a quarrel; but there need always two or more to end it again.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 10.

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Most Christian Majesty is not so sensible of this fact as he afterwards became; but what with Broglio and the extinct Oriflamme, what with Dettingen and the incipient Pragmatic, he is heartily disgusted and discouraged; and wishes he had not thought of cutting Germany in Four. July 26th, Most Christian Majesty applies to the German Diet; signifying 'That he did indeed undertake to help the Kaiser, according to treaties; but was the farthest in the world from meaning to invade Germany, on his own score. That he had and has no quarrel, except with Austria as Kaiser's enemy; and is ready to be friends even with Austria. And now indeed intends to withdraw his troops wholly from the German territory. And can therefore hope that all unpleasantness will cease, between the German Nation and him; and that perhaps the Kaiser will be able to make peace with her Majesty of Hungary on softer terms than at one time seemed likely. If only the animosities of sovereign persons would assuage themselves, and each of us would look without passion at the issue really desirable for him!'[1]

That is now, 26th July 1743, King Louis's story for himself to the Diet of the Holy Roman Empire, Teutsch by Nation, sitting at Frankfurt in rather disconsolate circumstances. The Diet naturally answered '*Ja wohl, Ja wohl*,' in intricate official language,—nobody need know what the Diet answered. But what the Hungarian Majesty answered, strong and high in such Britannic backing,—this was of such unexpected tone, that it fixed everybody's attention; and will very specially require to be noted by us, in the course of a week or two.

We said, her Hungarian Majesty was getting crowned in Bohemia, getting personally homaged in Upper Austria, about to get vice-homaged in Bavaria itself,—nothing but glorious pomp, but loyalty loudly vocal, in Prag, in Linz and the once-afflicted Countries; at her return to Vienna, she has

[1] Espagnac, i. 200. Adelung, iii. *b*, 199 (26th July); *Ib.* 201 (the answer to it, 6th August).

met the news of Dettingen; and is ready to strike the stars with her sublime head. 'My little Paladin become Supreme Jove, too: aha!'

Britannic Majesty holds his Conferences of Hanau

Britannic Majesty stayed two whole months in Hanau, brushing himself up again after that fierce bout; and considering, with much dubitation, What is the next thing? 'Go-in upon Noailles' (who is still hanging about here, with Broglio coming-on in the exploded state); 'wreck Broglio and him! Go-in upon the French!' so urges Stair always: rash Stair, urgent to the edge of importunity; English Officers and Martial Boy urgently backing Stair; while the Hanoverian Officers and Martial Parent are steady to the other view. So that, in respect of War, the next thing, for two months coming, was absolutely nothing, and to the end of the Campaign was nothing worth a moment's notice from us. But on the Diplomatic side, there were two somethings, *Conferences at Hanau* with poor Kaiser Karl, and *Treaty at Worms* with the King of Sardinia; which,—as *minus* quantities, or things less than nothing,—turned out to be highly considerable for his Britannic Majesty and us.

Hanau, 7th July—1st August 1743. Poor Kaiser Karl had left Augsburg June 26th,—while his Broglio was ferrying at Donauwörth, and his Seckendorf treatying for Armistice at Nieder-Schönfeld,—the very day before Dettingen. What a piece of news to him, that Dettingen, on his return to Frankfurt!

'A few days after Dettingen, July 3d, Noailles, who is still within call, came across to see this poor stepson of Fortune; gives piteous account of him, if any one were now curious on that head: How he bitterly complains of Broglio, of the no-subsidies sent, and is driven nearly desperate;—not a penny in his pocket, beyond all. Upon which latter clause Noailles munificently advanced him a 6,000*l.*, "Draught of 40,000 crowns, in my own name; which doubtless the King, in his compassion, will see good to sanction."[1] His feelings on the loss of Dettingen

[1] *Campagnes de Noailles* (Amsterdam, 1760: this is a Sequel, or rather *vice versâ* to that which we have called *Des Trois Maréchaux*, being of the same Collection) i. 316-328.

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may be pictured. But he had laid his account with such things;—prepared for the worst, since that Interview with Broglio and Conti; one plan now left, "Peace, cost what it will!"

'The poor Kaiser had already, as we saw, got into hopes of bargaining with his Britannic Majesty; and now he instantly sets about it, while Hanau is victorious headquarters. Britannic Majesty is not himself very forward; but Carteret, I rather judge, had taken up the notion; and on his Majesty's and Carteret's part, there is actually the wish and attempt to pacificate the Reich; to do something tolerable for the poor Kaiser, as well as satisfactory to the Hungarian Majesty,—satisfactory, or capable of being (by the Purse-holder) insisted on as such.

'And so the Landgraf of Hessen, excellent Wilhelm, King George's friend and gossip, is come over to that little Town of Hanau, which is his own, in the Schloss of which King George is lodged: and there, between Carteret and our Landgraf,—the King of Prussia's Ambassador (Herr Klinggräf), and one or two selectly zealous Official persons, assisting or watching,—we have "Conferences of Hanau" going on; in a zealous fashion; all parties eager for Peace to Kaiser and Reich, and in good hope of bringing it about. The wish, ardent to a degree, had been the Kaiser's first of all. The scheme, I guess, was chiefly of Carteret's devising; who, in his magnificent mind, regardless of expense, thinks it may be possible, and discerns well what a stroke it will be for the Cause of Liberty, and how glorious for a Britannic Majesty's Adviser in such circumstances. July 7th, the Conferences began: and, so frank and loyal were the parties, in a week's time matters were advanced, almost to completion, the fundamental outlines of a bargain settled, and almost ready for signing.

'"Give me my Bavaria again!" the Kaiser had always said: "I am Head of the Reich, and have nothing to live upon!" On one preliminary, Carteret had always been inexorable: "Have done with your French auxiliaries; send every soul of them home; the German soil once cleared of them, much will be possible; till then nothing." *Kaiser*: "Well, give me back my Bavaria; my Bavaria, and something suitable to live upon, as Head of the Reich: some decent Annual Pension, till Bavaria come into paying condition,—cannot you, who are so wealthy? And Bavaria might be made a Kingdom, if you wished to do the handsome thing. I will renounce my Austrian Pretensions, quit utterly my French Alliances; consent to have her Hungarian Majesty's august Consort made King of the Romans" (which means Kaiser after me), "and in fact be very safe to the House of Austria and the Cause of Liberty." To all this the thrice-unfortunate gentleman, titular Emperor of the World, and unable now to pay his milk-scores, is eager to consent. To continue crossing the Abysses on bridges of French rainbow?

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Nothing but French subsidies to subsist on; and these how paid,—Noailles's private pocket knows how! "I consent," said the Kaiser; "will forgive and forget, and bygones shall be bygones all round!" "Fair on his Imperial Majesty's part," admits Carteret; "we will try to be persuasive at Vienna. Difficult, but we will try." In a week matters had come to this point; and the morrow, July 15th, was appointed for signing. Most important of Protocols, foundation-stone of Peace to Teutschland; King Friedrich and the impartial Powers approving, with Britannic George and drawn sword presiding.

'King Friedrich approves heartily; and hopes it will do. Landgraf Wilhelm is proud to have saved his Kaiser,—who so glad as the Landgraf and his Kaiser? Carteret, too, is very glad; exulting, as he well may, to have composed these world-deliriums, or concentrated them upon peccant France, he with his single head, and to have got a value out of that absurd Pragmatic Army, after all. A man of magnificent ideas; who hopes "to bring Friedrich over to his mind"; to unite poor Teutschland against such Oriflamme Invasions and intolerable interferences, and to settle the account of France for a long while. He is the only English Minister who speaks German, knows German situations, interests, ways; or has the least real understanding of this huge German Imbroglio in which England is voluntarily weltering. And truly, had Carteret been King of England, which he was not,—nay, had King Friedrich ever got to understand, instead of misunderstand, what Carteret *was*,—here might have been a considerable affair!

'But it now, at the eleventh hour, came upon magnificent Carteret, now seemingly for the first time in its full force, That he Carteret was not the master; that there was a bewildered Parliament at home, a poor peddling Duke of Newcastle leader of the same, with his Lords of the Regency, who could fatally put a negative on all this, unless they were first gained-over. On the morrow, July 15th, Carteret, instead of signing, as expected, has to—propose a fortnight's delay till he consult in England! Absolutely would not and could not sign, till a Courier to England went and returned. To Landgraf Wilhelm's, to Klinggräf's and the Kaiser's very great surprise, disappointment and suspicion. But Carteret was inflexible: "will only take a fortnight," said he; "and I can hope all will yet be well!"

'The Courier came back punctually in a fortnight. His Message was presented at Hanau, August 1st,—and ran conclusively to the effect: "No! We, Noodle of Newcastle, and my other Lords of Regency, do not consent; much less, will undertake to carry the thing through Parliament: By no manner of means!" So that Carteret's lately towering Affair had to collapse ignominiously, in that manner; poor Carteret protesting his sorrow, his unalterable individual wishes and future

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endeavours, not to speak of his Britannic Majesty's,—and politely pressing on the poor Kaiser a gift of 15,000*l.* (first weekly instalment of the "Annual Pension" that *had*, in theory, been set apart for him); which the Kaiser, though indigent, declined.[1]

'The disgust of Landgraf Wilhelm was infinite; who, honest man, saw in all this merely an artifice of Carteret's, To undo the Kaiser with his French Allies, to quirk him out of his poor help from the French, and have him at their mercy. "Shame on it!" cried Landgraf Wilhelm aloud, and many others less loud, Klinggräf and King Friedrich among them: "What a Carteret!" The Landgraf turned away with indignation from perfidious England; and began forming quite opposite connexions. "You shall not even have my hired 6,000, you perfidious! Thing done with such dexterity of art, too!" thought the Landgraf,—and continued to think, till evidence turned up, after many months.[2] This was Friedrich's opinion too,—permanently, I believe;—and that of nearly all the world, till the thing and the Doer of the thing were contemptuously forgotten. A piece of Macchiavellism on the part of Carteret and perfidious Albion,—equal in refined cunning to that of the Ships with foul bottom, which vanished from Cadiz two years ago, and were admired with a shudder by Continental mankind who could see into millstones!

'This is the second stroke of Macchiavellian Art by those Islanders, in their truly vulpine method. Stroke of Art important for this History; and worth the attention of English readers,—being almost of pathetic nature, when one comes to understand it! Carteret, for this Hanau business, had clangour enough to undergo, poor man, from Germans and from English; which was wholly unjust. "His trade," say the English —(or used to say, till they forgot their considerable Carteret altogether),—"was that of rising in the world by feeding the mad German humours of little George; a miserable trade." Yes, my friends;—but it was not quite Carteret's, if you will please to examine! And none say, Carteret did not do his trade, whatever it was, with a certain greatness, —at least till habits of drinking rather took him. Poor man: impatient, probably, of such fortune long continued! For he was thrown out, next Session of Parliament, by Noodle of Newcastle, on those strange terms; and never could get in again, and is now forgotten; and there succeeded him still more mournful phenomena,—said Noodle or the poor Pelhams,

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[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 206, 209-212; see Coxe, *Memoirs of Pelham* (London, 1829), i. 75, 469.

[2] *Carteret Papers* (in British Museum), Additional Mss. No. 22,529 (May 1743—January 1745); in No. 22,527 (January—September 1742) are other Landgraf-Wilhelm pieces of Correspondence.

namely,—of whom, as of strange minus quantities set to manage our affairs, there is still some dreary remembrance in England. Well!'—

Carteret, though there had been no Duke of Newcastle to run athwart this fine scheme, would have had his difficulties in making her Hungarian Majesty comply. Her Majesty's great heart, incurably grieved about Silesia, is bent on having, if not restoration one day, which is a hope she never quits, at any rate some ample (cannot be too ample) equivalent elsewhere. On the Hanau scheme, united Teutschland, with England for soul to it, would have fallen vigorously on the throat of France, and made France disgorge: Lorraine, Elsass, the Three Bishoprics,—not to think of Burgundy, and earlier plunders from the Reich,—here would have been 'cut and come again' for her Hungarian Majesty and everybody!—But Diana, in the shape of his Grace of Newcastle, intervenes; and all this has become chimerical and worse.

It was while Carteret's courier was gone to England and not come back, that King Louis made the above-mentioned mild, almost penitent, Declaration to the Reich, 'Good people, let us have Peace; and all be as we were! I, for my share, wish to be out of it; I am for home!' And, in effect, was already home; every Frenchman in arms being, by this time, on his own side of the Rhine, as we shall presently observe.

For, the same day, July 26th, while that was going on at Frankfurt, and Carteret's return-courier was due in five days, his Britannic Majesty at Hanau had a splendid visit,—tending not towards Peace with France, but quite the opposite way. Visit from Prince Karl, with Khevenhüller and other dignitaries; doing us that honour 'till the evening of the 28th.' Quitting their Army,—which is now in these neighbourhoods (Broglio well gone to air ahead of it; Noailles too, at the first sure sniff of it, having rushed double-quick across the Rhine),—these high Gentlemen have run over to us, for a couple of days, to 'congratulate on Dettingen'; or, better still, to consult, face to face, about ulterior movements.

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'Follow Noailles; transfer the seat of war to France itself? These are my orders, your Majesty. Combined Invasion of Elsass; what a slash may be made into France' (right hand-selling of your Carteret Scheme) 'this very year!' 'Proper, in every case!' answers the Britannic Majesty; and engages to coöperate. Upon which Prince Karl,—after the due reviewing, dinnering, ceremonial blaring, which was splendid to witness,[1]—hastens back to his Army (now lying about Baden Durlach, 70,000 strong); and ought to be swift, while the chance lasts.

Hungarian Majesty answers, in the Diet, that French Declaration, 'Make Peace, good People; I wish to be out of it!' —in an ominous manner

These are fine prospects, in the French quarter, of an equivalent for Schlesien;—very fine, unless Diana intervene! Diana or not, French prospects or not, her Hungarian Majesty fastens on Bavaria with uncommon tightness of fist, now that Bavaria is swept clear; well resolved to keep Bavaria for equivalent, till better come. Exacts, by her deputy, Homage from the Population there; strict Oath of Fealty to *her*; poor Kaiser protesting his uttermost, to no purpose; Kaiser's poor Printer (at Regensburg, which is in Bavaria) getting 'tried and hanged' for printing such Protest! 'She draughts forcibly the Bavarian militias into her Italian Army'; is high and merciless on all hands;—in a word, throttles poor Bavaria, as if to the choking of it outright. So that the very Gazetteers in foreign places gave voice, though Bavaria itself, such a grasp on the throat of it, was voiceless. Seckendorf's poor Bargain for Neutrality as a Bavarian Reichs-Army, her Hungarian Majesty disdains to confirm; to confirm, or even to reject; treats Seckendorf and his Bavarian Army little otherwise than as a stray dog which she has not yet shot. And truly the old Feldmarschall lies

[1] Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, pp. 85, 86.

at Wembdingen, in most disconsolate moulting condition; little or nothing to live upon;—the English, generous creatures, had at one time flung him something, fancying the Armistice might be useful; but now it must be the French that do it, if anybody![1]

Hanau Conferences having failed, these things do not fail. Kaiser Karl is become tragical to think of. A spectacle of pity to Landgraf Wilhelm, to King Friedrich, and serious onlookers;—and perhaps not of pity only, but of 'pity and fear' to some of them!—sullen Austria taking its sweet revenges, in this fashion. Readers who will look through these small chinks, may guess what a world-welter this was; and how Friedrich, gazing into phase on phase of it, as into Oracles of Fate, which to him they were, had a History, in these months, that will now never be known.

August 16th came out her Hungarian Majesty's Response to that mild quasi-penitent Declaration of King Louis to the Reich; and much astonished King Louis and others, and the very Reich itself. 'Out of it?' says her Hungarian Majesty (whom we with regret, for brevity's sake, translate from Official into vulgate): 'His Most Christian Majesty wishes to be out of it:—Does not he, the (what shall I call him) Crowned Housebreaker taken in the fact? You shall get out of it, please Heaven, when you have made compensation for the damage done; and till then not, if it please Heaven!' And in this strain (lengthily Official, though indignant to a degree) enumerates the wanton unspeakable mischiefs and outrages which Austria, a kind of sacred entity guaranteed by Law of Nature and Eleven Signatures of Potentates, has suffered from the Most Christian Majesty,—and will have compensation for, Heaven now pointing the way![2]

A most portentous Document; full of sombre emphasis, in sonorous snuffling tone of voice; enunciating, with inflexible

[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 204 ('22d August'), 206, etc.
[2] *In extenso* in Adelung, iii. *b*, 201 et sqq.

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purpose, a number of unexpected things: very portentous to his Prussian Majesty among others. Forms a turning-point or crisis both in the French War, and in his Prussian Majesty's History; and ought to be particularly noted and dated by the careful reader. It is here that we first publicly hear tell of Compensation, the necessity Austria will have of Compensation,—Austria does not say expressly for Silesia, but she says and means for loss of territory, and for all other losses whatsoever: 'Compensation for the past, and security for the future; that is my full intention,' snuffles she, in that slow metallic tone of hers, irrevocable except by the gods.

'Compensation for the past, Security for the future:' Compensation? what does her Hungarian Majesty mean? asked all the world; asked Friedrich, the now Proprietor of Silesia, with peculiar curiosity! It is the first time her Hungarian Majesty steps articulately forward with such extraordinary Claim of Damages, as if she alone had suffered damage;—but it is a fixed point at Vienna, and is an agitating topic to mankind in the coming months and years. Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics; there would be a fine compensation. Then again, what say you to Bavaria, in lieu of the Silesia lost? You have Bavaria by the throat; keep Bavaria, you. Give 'Kur-Baiern, Kaiser as they call him,' something in the Netherlands to live upon? Will be better out of Germany altogether, with his French leanings. Or, give him the Kingdom of Naples,—if once we had conquered it again? These were actual schemes, successive, simultaneous, much occupying Carteret and the high Heads at Vienna now and afterwards; which came all to nothing; but should, were it not impossible, be held in some remembrance by readers.

Another still more unexpected point comes out here, in this singular Document, publicly for the first time: Austria's feelings in regard to the Imperial Election itself. Namely, That Austria considers, and has all along considered, the

said Election to be fatally vitiated by that Exclusion of the Bohemian Vote; to be in fact nullified thereby; and that, to her clear view, the present so-called Kaiser is an imaginary quantity, and a mere Kaiser of French shreds and patches! '*Der seyn-sollende Kaiser*,' snuffles Austria in one passage, 'Your Kaiser as you call him'; and in another passage, instead of 'Kaiser,' puts flatly 'Kur-Baiern.' This is a most extraordinary doctrine to an Electoral Romish Reich! Is the Holy Romish Reich to *declare* itself an 'Enchanted Wiggery,' then, and do suicide, for behoof of Austria?—

'August 16th, this extraordinary Document was delivered to the Chancery of Mainz; and September 23d, it was, contrary to expectation, brought to *Dictatur* by said Chancery,' —of which latter phrase, and phenomenon, here is the explanation to English readers.

Had the late Kur-Mainz (general Arch-Chairman, Speaker of the Diet) been still in office and existence, certainly so shocking a Document had never been allowed 'to come to *Dictatur*,'—to be *dictated* to the Reich's Clerks; to have a first reading, as we should call it; or even to lie on the table, with a theoretic chance that way. But Austria, thanks to our little George and his Pragmatic Armament, had got a new Kur-Mainz;—by whom, in open contempt of impartiality, and in open leaning for Austria with all his weight, it was duly forwarded to Dictature; brought before an astonished Diet (*Reichstag*), and endlessly argued of in Reichstag and Reich,—with small benefit to Austria, or the new Kur-Mainz. Wise kindness to Austria had been suppression of this Piece, not bringing of it to Dictature at all: but the new Kur-Mainz, called upon, and conscious of face sufficient, had not scrupled. 'Shame on you, partial Arch-Chancellor!' exclaims all the world.—'Revoke such shamefully partial Dictature?' this was the next question brought before the Reich. In which, Kur-Hanover (Britannic George) was the one Elector that opined, No. Majority conclusive; though, as usual, no settlement attainable. This is the famous '*Dictatur-Sache*

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(Dictature Question),' which rages on us, for about eleven months to come, in those distracted old Books; and seems as if it would never end. Nor is there any saying when it would have ended;—had not, in August 1744, something else ended, the King of Prussia's patience, namely; which enabled *it* to end, on the Kaiser's then order![1]

It must be owned, in general, the conduct of Maria Theresa to the Reich, ever since the Reich had ventured to reject her Husband as Kaiser, and prefer another, was all along of a high nature; till now it has grown into absolute contumacy, and a treating of the Reich's elected Kaiser as a merely chimerical personage. No law of the Reich had been violated against her Hungarian Majesty or Husband: 'What law?' asked all judges. Vicarius Kur-Sachsen sat in committee, hatching for many months that Question of the Kur-Böhmen vote; and by the prescribed methods, brought it out in the negative,—every formality and regularity observed, and nobody but your Austrian Deputy protesting upon it, when requested to go home. But the high Maria had a notion that the Reich belonged to her august Family and her; and that all Elections to the contrary were an inconclusive thing, fundamentally void every one of them.

Thus too, long before this, in regard to the *Reichs-Archiv* Question. The Archives and indispensablest Official Records and Papers of the Reich,—these had lain so long at Vienna, the high Maria could not think of giving them up. 'So difficult to extricate what Papers are Austrian specially, from what are Austrian-Imperial;—must have time!' answered she always. And neither the Kaiser's more and more pressing demands, nor those of the late Kur-Mainz, backed by the Reich, and reiterated month after month and year after year, could avail in the matter. Mere angry correspondences, growing ever angrier;—the Archives of the Reich lay irrecoverable at Vienna, detained on this pretext and on that: nor were they ever given up; but lay there till the

[1] Adelung, iii. *b*, 201, iv. 198, etc.

Reich itself had ended, much more the Kaiser Karl VII.! These are high procedures.

As if the Reich had been one's own chattel; as if a Non-Austrian Kaiser were impossible, and the Reich and its laws had, even Officially, become phantasmal! That, in fact, was Maria Theresa's inarticulate inborn notion; and gradually, as her successes on the field rose higher, it became ever more articulate; till this of 'the *seyn-sollende* Kaiser' put a crown on it. Justifiable, if the Reich with its Laws were a chattel, or rebellious vassal, of Austria; not justifiable otherwise. 'Hear ye?' answered almost all the Reich (eight Kurfürsts, with the one exception of Kur-Hanover as we observed): 'Our solemnly-elected Kaiser, Karl VII., is a thing of quirks and quiddities, of French shreds and patches; at present, it seems, the Reich has no Kaiser at all; and will go ever deeper into anarchies and unnameabilities, till it proceed anew to get one, of the right Austrian type!'—The Reich is a talking entity: King Friedrich is bound rather to silence, so long as possible. His thoughts on these matters are not given; but sure enough they were continual, too intense they could hardly be. 'Compensation;' 'The Reich as good as mine;' Whither is all this tending? Walrave and those Silesian Fortifyings,—let Walrave mind his work, and get it perfected!

Britannic Majesty goes home

The 'Combined Invasion of Elsass,'—let us say briefly, overstepping the order of date, and still for a moment leaving Friedrich—came to nothing this year. Prince Karl was 70,000; Britannic George (when once those Dutch, crawling-on all summer, had actually come up) was 66,000,—nay 70,000: Karl having lent him that beautiful cannibal gentleman, 'Colonel Mentzel and 4,000 Tolpatches,' by way of edge-trimming. Karl was to cross in Upper Elsass, in the Strasburg parts; Karl once across, Britannic Majesty was to

cross about Mainz, and coöperate from Lower Elsass. And they should have been swift about it; and were not! All the world expected a severe slash to France; and France itself had the due apprehension of it: but France and all the world were mistaken, this time.

Prince Karl was slow with his preparations; Noailles and Coigny (Broglio's successor) were not slow; 'raising batteries everywhere,' raising lines, '10,000 Elsass Peasants,' and what-not;—so that, by the time Prince Karl was ready (middle of August), they lay entrenched and minatory at all passable points; and Karl could nowhere, in that Upper-Rhine Country, by any method, get across. Nothing got across; except, once or twice, for perhaps a day, Butcher Trenck and his loose kennel of Pandours; who went about, plundering and rioting, with loud rodomontade, to the admiration of the Gazetteers, if of no one else.

Nor was George's seconding of important nature; most dubitative, wholly passive, you would rather say, though the River, in his quarter, lay undefended. He did, at last, cross the Rhine about Mainz; went languidly to Worms,—did an ever-memorable *Treaty of Worms* there, if no fighting there or elsewhere. Went to Speyer, where the Dutch joined him (sadly short of number stipulated, had it been the least matter);—was at Germersheim, at what other places I forget; manœuvring about in a languid and as if in an aimless manner, at least it was in a perfectly ineffectual one. Mentzel rode gloriously to Trarbach, into Lorraine; stuck-up Proclamation, 'Hungarian Majesty come, by God's help, for her own again,' and the like;—of which Document, now fallen rare, we give textually the last line: 'And if any of you *don't*' (don't sit quiet at least), 'I will,' to be brief, 'first cut-off your ears and noses, and then hang you out of hand.' The singular Champion of Christendom, famous to the then Gazetteers![1] Nothing farther could George, with his Dutch

[1] In Adelung (iii. *b*, 193) the Proclamation at large. I have, or once had, a *Life of Mentzel* (Dublin, I think, 1744), 'price twopence,'—dear at the money.

now adjoined, do in those parts, but wriggle slightly to and fro without aim; or stand absolutely still, and eat provision (great uncertainty and discrepancy among the Generals, and Stair gone in a huff[1]),—till at length the 'Combined Pragmatic Troops' returned to Mainz (October 11th); and thence, dreadfully in ill-humour with each other, separated into their winter-quarters in the Netherlands and adjacent regions.

Prince Karl tried hard in several places; hardest at Alt-Breisach, far up the River, with Swabian Freiburg for his place of arms;—an Austrian Country all that, 'Hither Austria,' Swabian Austria. There, at Alt-Breisach, lay Prince Karl (24th August—3d September), his left leaning on that venerable sugar-loaf Hill with the towers and ramparts on the top of it; looking wistfully into Alsace, if there were no way of getting at it. He did get once half-way across the River, lodging himself in an Island called Rheinmark; but could get no farther, owing to the Noailles-Coigny preparations for him. Called a Council of War; decided that he had not magazines, that it was too late in the season; and marched home again (October 12th) through the Schwaben-land; leaving, besides the strong Garrison of Freiburg, only Trenck with 12,000 Pandours to keep the Country open for us, against next year. Britannic Majesty, as we observed, did then, almost simultaneously, in like manner march home;[2] —one goal is always clear, when the day sinks: Make for your quarters, for your bed.

Prince Karl was gloriously wedded, this Winter, to her Hungarian Majesty's young Sister;—glorious meed of War; and, they say, a union of hearts withal;—Wife and he to have Brussels for residence, and be 'Joint-Governors of the Netherlands' henceforth. Stout Khevenhüller, almost during the rejoicings, took fever, and suddenly died; to the great

[1] Went, 'August 27th, by Worms' (Henderson, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 48), just while his Majesty was beginning to cross.

[2] Adelung, iii. *b*, 192, 215; Anonymous, *Cumberland*, p. 121.

sorrow of her Majesty, for loss of such a soldier and man.[1] Britannic Majesty has not been successful with his Pragmatic Army. He did get his new Kur-Mainz, who has brought the Austrian Exorbitancy to a first reading, and into general view. He did get out of the Dettingen mousetrap; and, to the admiration of the Gazetteer mind, and (we hope) envy of Most Christian Majesty, he has, regardless of expense, played Supreme Jove on the German boards for above three months running. But as to Settlement of the German Quarrel, he has done nothing at all, and even a good deal less! Let me commend to readers this little scrap of Note; headed, '*Methods of Pacificating Germany*:

'1°. There is one ready method of pacificating Germany: That his Britannic Majesty should firmly button his breeches-pocket, "Not one sixpence more, Madam!"—and go home to his bed, if he find no business waiting him at home. Has not he always the *Ear-of-Jenkins* Question, and the Cause of Liberty in that succinct form! But, in Germany, sinews of war being cut, law of gravitation would at once act; and exorbitant Hungarian Majesty, tired France, and all else, would in a brief space of time lapse into equilibrium, probably of the more stable kind.

'2°. Or, if you want to save the Cause of Liberty on a grand scale, there are those *Hanau Conferences*,—Carteret's magnificent scheme: A united Teutschland (England inspiring it), to rush on the throat of France, for "Compensation," for universal salving of sores. This second method, Diana having intervened, is gone to water, and even to poisoned water. So that,

'3°. There was nothing left for poor Carteret but a *Treaty of Worms*' (concerning which, something more explicit by and by): 'A Teutschland (the English, doubly and trebly inspiring it, as surely they will now need!) to rush as aforesaid, in the *dis*united and indeed nearly internecine state. Which third method,—unless Carteret can conquer Naples for the Kaiser, stuff the Kaiser, into some satisfactory "Netherlands" or the like, and miraculously do the unfeasible (Fortune perhaps favouring the brave),—may be called the unlikely one! As poor Carteret probably guesses, or dreads;—had he now any choice left. But it was love's last shift! And, by aid of Diana and otherwise, that is the posture in which, at Mainz, 11th October 1743, we leave the German Question.'

[1] *Maria Theresiens Leben*, pp. 94, 45.

'Compensation,' from France in particular, is not to be had gratis, it appears. Somewhere or other it must be had! Complaining once, as she very often does, to her Supreme Jove, Hungarian Majesty had written: 'Why, O why did you force me to give up Silesia!'—Supreme Jove answers (at what date I never knew, though Friedrich knows it, and 'has copy of the Letter'): 'Madam, what was good to give is good to take back (*ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à rendre*)!'[1]

CHAPTER VI

VOLTAIRE VISITS FRIEDRICH FOR THE FOURTH TIME

In the last days of August, there appears at Berlin M. de Voltaire, on his Fourth Visit;—thrice and four times welcome; though this time, privately, in a somewhat unexpected capacity. Come to try his hand in the diplomatic line; to sound Friedrich a little, on behalf of the distressed French Ministry. That, very privately indeed, is Voltaire's errand at present; and great hopes hang by it for Voltaire, if he prove adroit enough.

Poor man, it had turned out he could not get his Academy Diploma, after all,—owing again to intricacies and heterodoxies. King Louis was at first willing, indifferent; nay, the Châteauroux was willing: but orthodox parties persuaded his Majesty; wicked Maurepas (the same who lasted till the Revolution time) set his face against it; Maurepas, and *Anc.* de Mirepoix (whom they wittily call '*Ane*' or Ass of Mirepoix, that sour opaque creature, lately monk), were industrious exceedingly; and put veto on Voltaire. A stupid Bishop was preferred to him for filling-up the Forty. Two Bishops magnanimously refused; but one was found with ambitious stupidity enough: Voltaire, for the third time, failed in this small matter, to him great. Nay, in spite of that kiss in

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 27.

Mérope, he could not get his *Mort de César* acted; cabals rising; *Ancien* de Mirepoix rising; Orthodoxy, sour Opacity prevailing again. To Madame and him (though finely caressed in the Parisian circles) these were provoking months; —enough to make a man forswear Literature, and try some other Jacob's-Ladder in this world. Which Voltaire had actual thoughts of, now and then. We may ask, Are these things of a nature to create love of the Hierarchy in M. de Voltaire? 'Your Academy is going to be a Seminary of Priests,' says Friedrich. The lynx-eyed animal,—anxiously asking itself, 'Whitherward, then, out of such a mess?'—walks warily about, with its paws of velvet; but has, *in posse*, claws under them, for certain individuals and fraternities.

Nor, alas, is the Du Châtelet relation itself so celestial as it once was. Madame has discovered, think only with what feelings, that this great man does not love her as formerly! The great man denies, ready to deny on the Gospels, to her and to himself; and yet, at bottom, if we read with the microscope, there are symptoms, and it is not deniable. How should it? Leafy May, hot June, by degrees comes October, sere, yellow; and at last, a quite leafless condition,—not Favonius, but gray North-east, with its hail-storms (jealousies, barren cankered gusts), your main wind blowing. '*Emilie fait de l'Algèbre*,' sneers he once, in an inadvertent moment, to some Lady-friend: 'Emilie doing? Emilie is doing Algebra; that is Emilie's employment,—which will be of great use to her in the affairs of Life, and of great charm in Society.'[1] Voltaire (if you read with the microscope) has, on this side also, thoughts of being off. 'Off on this side?' Madame flies mad, becomes Megæra, at the mention or suspicion of it! A jealous, high-tempered Algebraic Lady. They have had to tell her of this secret Mission to Berlin; and she insists on being the conduit, all the papers to pass

[1] Letter of Voltaire 'To Madame Chambonin,' end of 1742 (*Œuvres*, Edition in 40 voll., Paris, 1818, xxxii. 148);—is *missed* in the later Edition (97 voll., Paris, 1837), to which our habitual reference is.

through her hands, here at Paris, during the great man's absence. Fixed north-east; that is, to appearance, the domestic wind blowing! And I rather judge, the great man is glad to get away for a time.

This Quasi-Diplomatic Speculation, one perceives, is much more serious, on the part both of Voltaire and of the Ministry, than any of the former had been. And, on Voltaire's part, there glitter prospects now and then of something positively Diplomatic, of a real career in that kind, lying ahead for him. Fond hopes these! But among the new Ministers, since Fleury's death, are Amelot, the D'Argensons, personal friends, old schoolfellows of the poor hunted man, who are willing he should have shelter from such a pack; and all French Ministers, clutching at every floating spar, in this their general shipwreck in Germany, are aware of the uses there might be in him, in such crisis. 'Knows Friedrich; might perhaps have some power in persuading him,—power in *spying* him at any rate. Unless Friedrich do step forward again, what is to become of us!'—The mutual hintings, negotiatings, express interviews, bargainings and secret instructions, dimly traceable in Voltaire's *Letters*, had been going-on perhaps since May last, time of those *Academy* failures, of those Broglio Despatches from the Donau Countries, 'No staying here, your Majesty!'—and I think it was, in fact, about the time when Broglio blew-up like gunpowder and tumbled home on the winds, that Voltaire set-out on his mission. 'Visit to Friedrich,' they call it;—'invitation' from Friedrich there is, or can, on the first hint, at any point of the Journey be.

Voltaire has lingered long on the road; left Paris, middle of June;[1] but has been exceedingly exerting himself, in the Hague, at Brussels, and wherever else present, in the way of forwarding his errand. Spying, contriving, persuading; corresponding to right and left,—corresponding, especially much, with the King of Prussia himself, and then with 'M. Amelot, Secretary of State,' to report progress to the best

[1] His Letters (*Œuvres*, lxxiii. 42, 48).

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advantage. There are curious elucidative sparks, in those Voltaire Letters, chaotic as they are; small sparks, elucidative, confirmatory of your dull History Books, and adding traits, here and there, to the Image you have formed from them. Yielding you a poor momentary comfort; like reading some riddle of no use; like light got incidentally, by rubbing dark upon dark (say Voltaire flint upon Dryasdust gritstone), in those labyrinthic catacombs, if you are doomed to travel there. A mere weariness, otherwise, to the outside reader, hurrying forward,—to the light French Editor, who can pass comfortably on wings or balloons![1] Voltaire's assiduous finessings with the Hague Diplomatist People, or with their Secretaries if bribable; nay, with the Dutch Government itself ('through Channels which I have opened,'—with infinitesimally small result); his spyings ('young Podewils,' Minister here, Nephew of the Podewils we have known, 'young Podewils in intrigue with a Dutch Lady of rank'; think of that, your Excellency); his preparatory subtle correspondings with Friedrich; his exquisite manœuvrings, and really great industries in the small way:—all this, and much else, we will omit. Impatient of these preludings, which have been many! Thus, at one point, Voltaire 'took a *fluxion*' (catarrhal, from the nose only), when Friedrich was quite ready; then, again, when Voltaire was ready, and the fluxion off, Friedrich had gone upon his Silesian Reviews: in short, there have been such cross-purposes, tedious delays, as are distressing to think of;—and we will say only, that M. de Voltaire did actually, after the conceivable adventures, alight in the Berlin Schloss (last

[1] (*Œuvres*, lxxiii. pp. 40-138. Clogenson, a Dane (whose Notes, signed 'Clog,' are in all tolerable recent Editions), has, alone among the Commentators of Voltaire's *Letters*, made some real attempt towards explaining the many passages that are fallen unintelligible. 'Clog.,' travelling on foot, with his eyes open, is,—especially on German-History points,—incomparable and unique, among his French comrades going by balloon; and drops a rational or half-rational hint now and then, which is meritoriously helpful. Unhappily he is by no means *well*-read in that German matter, by no means always exact; nor indeed ever quite to be trusted without trial had.

day of August, as I count); welcomed, like no other man, by the Royal Landlord there;—and that this is the Fourth Visit; and has (in strict privacy) weightier intentions than any of the foregoing, on M. de Voltaire's part.

Voltaire had a glorious reception; apartment near the King's; King gliding in, at odd moments, in the beautifulest way; and for seven or eight days, there was, at Berlin and then at Potsdam, a fine awakening of the sphere-harmonies between them, with touches of practicality thrown-in as suited. Of course it was not long till, on some touch of that latter kind, Friedrich discerned what the celestial messenger had come upon withal;—a dangerous moment for M. de Voltaire, 'King visibly irritated,' admits he, with the aquiline glance transfixing him! 'Alas, your Majesty, mere excess of loyalty, submission, devotion, on my poor part! Deign to think, may not this too,—in the present state of my King, of my Two Kings, and of all Europe,—be itself a kind of spheral thing?' So that the aquiline lightning was but momentary; and abated to lambent twinklings, with something even of comic in them, as we shall gather. Voltaire had his difficulties with Valori, too; 'What interloping fellow is this?' gloomed Valori. 'A devoted secretary of your Excellency's; on his honour, nothing more!' answered Voltaire, bowing to the ground:—and strives to behave as such; giving Valori 'these poor Reports of mine to put in cipher,' and the like. Very slippery ice hereabouts for the adroit man! His reports to Amelot are of sanguine tone; but indicate, to the bystander, small progress; ice slippery, and a twinkle of the comic. Many of them are lost (or lie hidden in the French Archives, and are not worth disinterring): but here is one, saved by Beaumarchais and published long afterwards, which will sufficiently bring home the old scene to us. In the Palace of Berlin or else of Potsdam (date must be, 6th-8th September 1743), Voltaire from his Apartment hands-in a 'Memorial' to Friedrich; and gets it back with Marginalia, —as follows:

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'Would your Majesty be pleased to have the kind condescension (*asses de bonté*) to put on the margin your reflections and orders.'

Memorial by Voltaire.

'1°. Your Majesty is to know that the Sieur Bassecour' (signifies *Backyard*), 'chief Burghermaster of Amsterdam, has come lately to beg M. de la Ville, French Minister there, to make Proposals of Peace. La Ville answered, If the Dutch had offers to make, the King his master could hear them.

'2°. Is it not clear that the Peace Party will infallibly carry it, in Holland,—since Bassecour, one of the most determined for War, begins to speak of Peace? Is it not clear that France shows vigour and wisdom?

'3°. In these circumstances, if your Majesty took the tone of a Master, gave example to the Princes of the Empire in assembling an Army of Neutrality,—would not you snatch the sceptre of Europe from the hands of the English, who now brave you, and speak in an insolent revolting manner of your Majesty, as do, in Holland also, the party of the Bentincks, the Fagels, the Opdams? I have myself heard them, and am reporting nothing but what is very true.

'4°. Do not you cover yourself with an immortal glory in declaring yourself, with effect, the protector of the Empire? And is it not of most pressing interest to your Majesty, to hinder the English from making your Enemy the Grand-Duke' (Maria Theresa's Husband) 'King of the Romans?

'5°. Whoever has spoken but a quarter of an hour to the Duke of d'Ahremberg' (who spilt Lord Stair's fine enterprises lately, and reduced them to a *Dettingen*, or a getting into the mouse-trap and a getting out), 'to the Count Harrach' (important Austrian Official), 'Lord Stair, or any of the partisans of Austria, even for a quarter of an hour'

Marginalia by Friedrich.

'1°. This Bassecour, or Backyard, seems to be the gentleman that has charge of fattening the capons and turkeys for their High Mightinesses?

'2°. I admire the wisdom of France; but God preserve me from ever imitating it!

'3°. This would be finer in an ode than in actual reality. I disturb myself very little about what the Dutch and English say, the rather as I understand nothing of those dialects (*patois*) of theirs.

4°. France has more interest than Prussia to hinder that. Besides, on this point, dear Voltaire, you are ill informed. For there can be no Election of a King of the Romans without the unanimous consent of the Empire;—so, you perceive, that always depends on me.

'5°. *On les y recevra,*
Biribi,
A la façon de Barbari,
Mon ami.[1]

[1] Form of Song, very fashionable at Paris (see Barbier *sæpius*) in those years: '*Biribi*,' I believe, is a kind of lottery-game.

(as I have often done), 'has heard them say, That they burn with desire to open the campaign in Silesia again. Have you in that case, Sire, any ally but France? And, however potent you are, is an ally useless to you? You know the resources of the House of Austria, and how many Princes are united to it. But will they resist your power, joined to that of the House of Bourbon?

'6°. If you were but to march a body of troops to Cleves, do not you awaken terror and respect, without apprehension that any one dare make war on you? Is it not, on the contrary, the one method of forcing the Dutch to concur, under your orders, in the pacification of the Empire, and reëstablishment of the Emperor, who will thus a second time be indebted to you for his throne, and will aid in the splendour of yours?

'7°. Whatever resolution may be come to, will your Majesty deign to confide it to me, and impart the result,—to your servant, to him who desires to pass his life at your Court? May I have the honour to accompany your Majesty to Baireuth; and if your goodness go so far, would you please to declare it, that I may have time to prepare for the journey? One favourable word written to me in the Letter on that occasion' (word favourable to France, ostensible to M. Amelot and the Most Christian Majesty), 'one word would suffice to procure me the happiness I have, for six years, been aspiring to, of living beside you.' Oh, send it!

'8°. During the short stay I am now to make, if I could be made the bearer of some news agreeable to my Court, I would supplicate your Majesty to

'We will receive them,
Twiddledee,
In the mode of Barbary,
Don't you see?

'6°. *Vous voulez qu'on vrai dieu de la machine,*

'You will have me as theatre-god, then,

'*J'arrive pour le dénouement!*

'Swoop in, and produce the catastrophe?

'*Qu'aux Anglais, aux Pandours, à ce peuple insolent,*

'*J'aille donner la discipline?*—

'Tame to sobriety those English, those Pandours, and obstreperous people?

'*Mais examinez mieux ma mine;*

'Examine the look of me better;

'*Je ne suis pas assez méchant!*

'I have not surliness enough.

'7°. If you like to come to Baireuth, I shall be glad to see you there, provided the journey don't derange your health. It will depend on *yourself*, then, to take what measures you please.' (And about the ostensible *word*,—Nothing!)

'8°. I am not in any connection with France; I have nothing to fear nor to hope from France. If you would like, I will make a Panegyric on Louis XV. without a word of truth in it: but as to political business, there is, at present, none to bring us together; and neither

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honour me with such a commission.' (This does not want for impudence, Monsieur! Friedrich answers, from aloft:)

'9°. Do whatsoever you may please, I shall always love your Majesty with my whole heart.'

is it I that am to speak first. When they put a question to me, it will be time to reply: but you, who are so much a man of sense, you see well what a ridiculous business it would be if, without ground given me, I set to prescribing projects of policy to France, and even put them on paper with my own hand!

'9°. I love you with all my heart; I esteem you: I will do all to have you, except follies, and things which would make me forever ridiculous over Europe, and at bottom would be contrary to my interests and my glory. The only commission I can give you for France, is to advise them to behave with more wisdom than they have done hitherto. That Monarchy is a body with much strength, but without soul or energy (*nerf*).'

And so you may give it to Valori to put in cipher, my illustrious Messenger from the Spheres.[1]

Worth reading, this, rather well. Very kingly, and characteristic of the young Friedrich. Saved by Beaumarchais, who did not give it in his famous Kehl Edition of *Voltaire*, but 'had it in Autograph ever after, and printed it in his '*Décade Philosophique*, 10 Messidor, An vii.' (Summer, 1799): 'Beaumarchais had several other Pieces of the same sort;' which, as bits of contemporary photographing, one would have liked to see.

Friedrich visits Baireuth; on a particular errand;— Voltaire attending, and privately reporting

This '*Biribi*' Document, I suppose to have been delivered perhaps on the 7th; and that Friedrich *had* it, but had not yet answered it, when he wrote the following Letter:

'*Potsdam, 8th September* 1743' (Friedrich to Voltaire).—'I dare not speak to a son of Apollo about horses and carriages, relays and such things; these are details with which the gods do not concern themselves,

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 101-105 (see *Ib.* ii. 55); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 141-144.

and which we mortals take upon us. You will set-out on Monday afternoon, if you like the journey, for Baireuth, and you will dine with me in passing, if you please' (at Potsdam here).

'The rest of my *Mémoire*' (Paper before given?) 'is so blurred and in so bad a state, I cannot yet send it you.—I am getting Cantos 8 and 9 of *La Pucelle* copied; I at present have Cantos 1, 2, 4, 5, 8 and 9: I keep them under three keys, that the eye of mortal may not see them.

'I hear you supped yesternight in good company' (great gathering in some high house, gone all asunder now);

> 'The finest wits of the Canton
> All collected in your name,
> People all who could not but be pleased with you,
> All devout believers in Voltaire,
> Unanimously took you
> For the god of their Paradise.

'"Paradise," that you may not be scandalised, is taken here in a general sense for a place of pleasure and joy. See the "remark" on the last verse of the *Mondain*.'[1]

Voltaire is to go upon the Baireuth Journey, then, according to prayer. Whether Voltaire ever got that all-important 'word which he could show,' I cannot say; though there is some appearance that Friedrich may have dashed-off for him the Panegyric of Louis, in these very hours, to serve his turn, and have done with him. Under date 7th September, day before the Letter just read, here are snatches from another to the same address:

'*Potsdam, 7th September* 1743' (Friedrich to Voltaire).—'You tell me so much good of France and of its King, it were to be wished all Sovereigns had subjects like you, and all Commonwealths such citizens,'—(you can show that, I suppose?) 'What a pity France and Sweden had not had Military Chiefs of your way of thinking! But it is very certain, say what you will, that the feebleness of their Generals, and the timidity of their counsels, have almost ruined in public repute two

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 144; Voltaire, lxxiii. 100 (scandalously *mis*dated in Edition 1818, xxxix. 466). As to *Mondain*, and 'remark' upon it,—the ghost of what was once a sparkle of successful coterie-speech and epistolary allusion,—take this: 'In the *Mondain* Voltaire had written, '*Le Paradis terrestre est où je suis*;' and as the Priests made outcry, had with airs of orthodoxy explained the phrase away,'—as Friedrich now affects to do; obliquely quizzing, in the Friedrich manner.

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Nations which, not half a century ago, inspired terror over Europe.'—* * * 'Scandalous Peace, that of Fleury, in 1735; abandoning King Stanislaus, cheating Spain, cheating Sardinia, to get Lorraine! And now this manner of abandoning the Emperor' (respectable Karl VII. of your making); 'sacrificing Bavaria; and reducing that worthy Prince to the lowest poverty,—poverty, I say not, of a Prince, but into the frightfulest state for a private man!' Ah, Monsieur!

'And yet your France is the most charming of Nations; and if it is not feared, it deserves well to be loved. A King worthy to command it, who governs sagely, and acquires for himself the esteem of all Europe,'—(there, won't that do!)—'may restore its ancient splendour, which the Broglios, and so many others even more inept, have a little eclipsed. That is assuredly a work worthy of a Prince endowed with such gifts! To reverse the sad posture of affairs, nobly repairing what others have spoiled; to defend his country against furious enemies, reducing them to beg Peace, instead of scornfully rejecting it when offered: never was more glory acquirable by any King! I shall admire whatsoever this great man' (*ce grand homme*, Louis XV., not yet visibly tending to the dungheap, let us hope better things!) 'may achieve in that way; and of all the Sovereigns of Europe none will be less jealous of his success than I:'—there, my spheral friend, show that![1]

Which the spheral friend does. Nor was it 'irony,' as the new Commentators think; not at all; sincere enough, what you call sincere;—Voltaire himself had a nose for 'irony'! This was what you call sincere Panegyric in liberal measure; why be stingy with your measure? It costs half an hour: it will end Voltaire's importunities; and so may, if anything, oil the business-wheels withal. For Friedrich foresees business enough with Louis and the French Ministries, though he will not enter on it with Voltaire. This Journey to Baireuth and Anspach, for example, this is not for a visit to his Sisters, as Friedrich labels it; but has extensive purposes hidden under that title,—meetings with Franconian Potentates, earnest survey, earnest consultation on a state of things altogether grave for Germany and Friedrich; though he understands whom to treat with about it, whom to answer with a '*Biribi, mon ami.*' That Austrian Exorbitancy of a message to the

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 139: see, for what followed, *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 129 (report to Amelot, 27th October).

Diet has come out (August 16th, and is struggling to *Dictatur*); the Austrian procedures in Baiern are in their full flagrancy: Friedrich intends trying once more, Whether, in such crisis, there be absolutely no 'Union of German Princes' possible; nor even of any two or three of them, in the 'Swabian and Franconian Circles,' which he always thought the likeliest?

The Journey took effect, Tuesday 10th September[1] (not the day before, as Friedrich had been projecting); went by Halle, straight upon Baireuth; and ended there on Thursday. As usual, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were of it; Voltaire failed not to accompany. What the complexion of it was, especially what Friedrich had meant by it, and how ill he succeeded, will perhaps be most directly visible through the following compressed Excerpts from Voltaire's long *Letter* to Secretary Amelot on the subject, —if readers will be diligent with them. Friedrich, after four days, ran across to Anspach on important business; came back with mere failure, and was provokingly quite silent on it; stayed at Baireuth some three days more; thence home by Gotha (still on 'Union' business, still mere failure), by Leipzig, and arrived at Potsdam, September 25th;—leaving Voltaire in Wilhelmina's charmed circle (of which unhappily there is not a word said), for about a week more. Voltaire, directly on getting back to Berlin, 'resumes the thread of his journal' to Secretary Amelot; that is, writes him another long Letter:

Voltaire (from Berlin, 3d October 1743) *to Secretary Amelot*

* * 'The King of Prussia told me at Baireuth, on the 13th or 14th of last month, He was glad our King had sent the Kaiser money;—useful that, at any rate; Noailles's 6,000*l.* would not go far. "That he thought M. le Maréchal de Noailles's explanation" (of a certain small rumour, to the disadvantage of Noailles in reference to the Kaiser), was satisfactory: "but," added he, "it results from all your secret motions

[1] Rödenbeck, i. 93.

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that you are begging Peace from everybody, and there may have been something in this rumour, after all."

'He then told me he was going over to Anspach, to see what could be done for the Common Cause' (Kaiser's and Ours); 'that he expected to meet the Bishop of Würzburg there; and would try to stir the Frankish and Swabian Circles into some kind of Union. And, at setting off' (from Baireuth, September 16th, on this errand), 'he promised his Brother-in-law the Margraf, He would return with great schemes afoot, and even with great success;' which proved otherwise, to a disappointing degree.

* * 'The Margraf of Anspach did say he would join a Union of Princes in favour of the Kaiser, if Prussia gave example. But that was all. The Bishop of Würzburg,' a feeble old creature, 'never appeared at Anspach, nor even sent an apology; and Seckendorf, with the Imperial Army'—Seckendorf, caged-up at Wembdingen (whom Friedrich drove-off from Anspach, twenty miles, to see and consult), was in a disconsolate moulting condition, and could promise or advise nothing satisfactory, during the dinner one took with him.[1] Four days running about on those errands had yielded his Prussian Majesty nothing. 'Whilst he (Prussian Majesty) was on this Anspach excursion, the Margraf of Baireuth, who is lately made Fieldmarshal of his Circle, spoke much to me of present affairs: a young Prince full of worth and courage, who loves the French, hates the Austrians,'—and would fain make himself generally useful. 'To whom I suggested this and that' (does your Lordship observe?), if it could ever come to anything.

'The King of Prussia, on returning to Baireuth' (guess, 20th September), 'did not speak the least word of business to the Margraf; which much surprised the latter! He surprised him still more by indicating some intention to retain forcibly at Berlin the young Duke of Würtemberg, under pretext "that Madam his Mother intended to have him taken to Vienna," for education. To anger this young Duke, and drive his Mother to despair, was not the method for acquiring credit in the Circle of Swabia, and getting the Princes brought to unite!

'The Duchess of Würtemberg, who was there at Baireuth, by appointment, to confer with the King of Prussia, sent to seek me. I found her all dissolved in tears. "Ah!" said she,'—(But why is our dear Wilhelmina left saying nothing; invisible, behind the curtains of envious Chance, and only a skirt of them lifted to show us this Improper Duchess once more!)—'"Ah!" said she (the Improper Duchess, at sight of me), "will the King of Prussia be a tyrant, then? To pay me for intrusting my Boys to him, and giving him two Regiments" (for

[1] September 19th, 'under a shady tree, after muster of the troops' (Rödenbeck, p. 93).

money down), "will he force me to implore justice against him from the whole world? I must have my Child! He shall not go to Vienna; it is in his own Country that I will have him brought-up beside me. To put my Son in Austrian hands?" (unless, indeed, your Highness were driven into Financial or other straits?) "You know if I love France;—if my design is not to pass the rest of my days there, so soon as my Son comes to majority!" Ohone, ohoo!——

'In fine, the quarrel was appeased. The King of Prussia told me he would be gentler with the Mother; would restore the Son if they absolutely wished it; but that he hoped the young Prince would of himself like better to stay where he was.' * * —'I trust your Lordship will allow me to draw for those 300 ducats, for a new carriage. I have spent all I had, running about these four months. I leave this, for Brunswick and homewards, on the evening of the 12th.'[1]

And so the curtain drops on the Baireuth Journey, on the Berlin Visit; and indeed, if that were anything, on Voltaire's Diplomatic career altogether. The insignificant Accidents, the dull Powers that be, say No. Curious to reflect, had they happened to say Yes:—'Go into the Diplomatic line, then, you sharp climbing creature, and become great by that method; *write* no more, you; write only Despatches and Spy-Letters henceforth!'—how different a world for us, and for all mortals that read and that do not read, there had now been!—

Voltaire fancies he has done his Diplomacy well, not without fruit; and, at Brunswick,—cheered by the grand welcome he found there,—has delightful outlooks (might I dare to suggest them, Monseigneur?) of touring about in the German Courts, with some Circular *Hortatorium*, or sublime Begging-Letter from the Kaiser, in his hand; and, by witchery of tongue, urging Würtemberg, Brunswick, Baireuth, Anspach, Berlin, to compliance with the Imperial Majesty and France.[2] Would not that be sublime! But that, like the rest, in spite of one's talent, came to nothing. Talent? Success? Madame de Châteauroux had, in the interim, taken a dislike to M. Amelot; 'could not bear his stammering,' the fastidious Improper Female; flung Amelot overboard,—

[1] Voltaire, lxxiii. 105-109.

[2] *Ibid.* lxxiii. 133.

Amelot, and his luggage after him, Voltaire's diplomatic hopes included; and there was an end.

How ravishing the thing had been while it lasted, judge by these other stray symptoms; hastily picked up, partly at Berlin, partly at Brunswick; which show us the bright meridian, and also the blaze, almost still more radiant, which proved to be sunset. Readers have heard of Voltaire's Madrigals to certain Princesses; and must read these Three again,—which are really incomparable in their kind; not equalled in graceful felicity even by Goethe, and by him alone of Poets approached in that respect. At Berlin, Autumn 1743, Three consummate Madrigals:

1. To Princess Ulrique

'Souvent un peu de vérité
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge:
Cette nuit, dans l'erreur d'un songe,
Au rang des rois j'étais monté.
Je vous aimais, Princesse, et j'osais vous le dire!
Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté,
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire.'

2. To Princesses Ulrique and Amelia

'Si Pâris venait sur la terre
Pour juger entre vos beaux yeux,
Il couperait la pomme en deux,
Et ne produirait pas de guerre.'

3. To Princesses Ulrique, Amelia and Wilhelmina

'Pardon, charmante Ulrique; pardon, belle Amélie;
J'ai cru n'aimer que vous la reste de ma vie,
Et ne servir que sous vos lois;
Mais enfin j'entends et je vois
Cette adorable Sœur dont l'Amour suit les traces:
Ah, ce n'est pas outrager les Trois Grâces
Que de les aimer toutes trois!'[1]

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[1] 1. 'A grain of truth is often mingled with the stupidest delusion. Yesternight, in the error of a dream, I had risen to the rank of king; I loved you, Princess, and had the audacity to say so! The gods, at my awakening, did not strip me wholly; my kingdom was all they took from me.'

2. 'If Paris' (of Troy) 'came back to decide on the charms of you Two, he would halve the Apple, and produce no War.'

3. 'Pardon, charming Ulrique; beautiful Amelia, pardon; I thought I

Brunswick, 16*th October* (blazing sunset, as it proved, but brighter almost than meridian), *a Letter from Voltaire to Maupertuis* (still in France since that horrible Mollwitz-Pandour Business).

'In my wanderings I received the Letter where my dear Flattener of this Globe deigns to remember me with so much friendship. Is it possible that— * * I made your compliments to all your friends at Berlin; that is, to all the Court.' 'Saw Dr. Eller decomposing water into elastic air' (or thinking he did so, 1743); 'saw the Opera of *Titus* which is a masterpiece of music' (by Friedrich himself, with the important aid of Graun): 'it was, without vanity, a treat the King gave me, or rather gave himself; he wished I should see him in his glory.

'His Opera-House is the finest in Europe. Charlottenburg is a delicious abode: Friedrich does the honours there, the King knowing nothing of it.' * * 'One lives at Potsdam as in the Château of a French Seigneur who had culture and genius,—in spite of that big Battalion of Guards, which seems to me the terriblest Battalion in this world.

'Jordan is still the same,—*bon garçon et discret*; has his oddities, his 1,600 crowns (240*l.*) of pension. D'Argens is Chamberlain, with a gold key at his breast-pocket, and 100 louis inside, payable monthly. Chasot' (whom readers made acquaintance with at Philipsburg long since), 'instead of cursing his destiny, must have taken to bless it: he is Major of Horse, with income enough. And he has well earned it, having saved the King's Baggage at the last Battle of Chotusitz,'—what we did not notice, in the horse-charges and grand tumults of that scene.

'I passed some days' (a fortnight in all) 'at Baireuth. Her Royal Highness, of course, spoke to me of you. Baireuth is a delightful retreat; where one enjoys whatever there is agreeable in a Court, without the bother of grandeur. Brunswick, where I am, has another species of charm. 'Tis a celestial Voyage this of mine, where I pass from Planet to Planet,'—to tumultuous Paris; and, I do hope, to my unique Maupertuis awaiting me there at last.[1]

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should love only you for the rest of my life, and serve under your laws only: but at last I hear and see this adorable Sister, whom Love follows as Page:—Ah, it is not offending the Three Graces to love them all three!'

In *Œuvres de Voltaire* xviii.; No. 1 is, p. 292 (in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 90-92, the *Answers* to it); No. 2 is, p. 320; No. 3, p. 321.

[1] Voltaire, lxxiii. 122-125.

We have only to remark farther, That Friedrich had again pressed Voltaire to come and live with him, and choose his own terms; and that Voltaire (as a second string to his bow, should this fine Diplomatic one fail) had provisionally accepted. Provisionally; and with one most remarkable clause: that of leaving out Madame,—'imagining it would be less agreeable to you if I came with others (*avec d'autres*); and I own, that belonging to your Majesty alone, I should have my mind more at ease':[1]—whew! And then to add a third thing: That Madame, driven half delirious, by these delays, and gyratings from Planet to Planet, especially by that last Fortnight at Baireuth, had rushed off from Paris, to seek her vagabond, and see into him with her own eyes: 'Couldn't help it, my angels!' writes she to the D'Argentals (excellent guardian-angels, Monsieur and Madame; and, I am sure, *patient* both of them, as only *Monsieur* Job was, in the old case): 'A whole fortnight' (perhaps with madrigals to Princesses), 'and only four lines to me!'—and is now in bed, or lately was, at Lille, ill of slow fever (*petite fièvre*); panting to be upon the road again.[2]

Fancy what a greeting for M. de Voltaire, from those eyes *hagardes et louches*; and whether he mentioned that pretty little clause of going to Berlin '*without* others,' or durst for the life of him whisper of going at all! After pause in the Brussels region, they came back to Paris 'in December'; resigned, I hope, to inexorable Fate,—though with such Diplomatic and other fine prospects flung to the fishes, and little but *grédins* and confusions waiting you, as formerly.

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 112, 116 (Proposal and Response, both of them '7th October,' five days before leaving Berlin).

[2] *Lettres inédites de Madame du Chastelet à M. le Comte d' Argental* (Paris, 1806), p. 253. A curiously elucidative Letter this ('Brussels, 15th October 1743'); a curious little Book altogether.

CHAPTER VII

FRIEDRICH MAKES TREATY WITH FRANCE; AND SILENTLY GETS READY

THOUGH Friedrich went upon the bantering tone with Voltaire, his private thoughts in regard to the surrounding scene of things were extremely serious; and already it had begun to be apparent, from those Britannic-Austrian procedures, that some new alliance with France might well lie ahead for him. During Voltaire's visit, that extraordinary Paper from Vienna, that the Kaiser was no Kaiser, and that there must be 'compensation' and satisfactory 'assurance,' had come into full glare of first-reading; and the *Dictatur-Sache*, and denunciation of an evidently partial-Kur-Mainz, was awakening everywhere. Voltaire had not gone, when,—through Podewils Junior (probably with help of the improper Dutch female of rank),—Friedrich got to wit of another thing, not less momentous to him; and throwing fearful light on that of 'compensation' and 'assurance.' This was the Treaty of Worms, — done by Carteret and George, September 13th, during those languid Rhine operations; Treaty itself not languid, but a very lively thing, to Friedrich and to all the world! Concerning which a few words now.

We have said, according to promise, and will say, next to nothing of Maria Theresa's Italian War; but hope always the reader keeps it in mind. Big war-clouds waltzing hither and thither, occasionally clashing into bloody conflict; Sardinian Majesty and Infant Philip both personally in the field, fierce men both: Traun, Browne, Lobkowitz, Lichtenstein, Austrians of mark, successively distinguishing themselves; Spain, too, and France very diligent;—Conti off thither, then in their turns Maillebois, Noailles:—high military figures, but remote; shadowy, thundering, *in*audibly on this side and that; whom we must not mention farther.

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'The notable figure to us,' says one of my Notes, 'is Charles Emanuel, second King of Sardinia; who is at the old trade of his Family, and shifts from side to side, making the war-balance vibrate at a great rate, now this scale now that kicking the beam. For he holds the door of the Alps, Bully Bourbon on one side of it, Bully Hapsburg on the other; and inquires sharply, "You, what will you give me? And you?" To Maria Theresa's affairs he has been superlatively useful, for these Two Years past; and truly she is not too punctual in the returns covenanted for. It appears to Charles Emanuel that the Queen of Hungary, elated in her high thought, underrates his services, of late; that she practically means to give him very little of those promised slices from the Lombard parts; and that, in the meanwhile, much too big a share of the War has fallen upon his poor hands, who should be door-holder only.

'Accordingly he grumbles, threatens: he has been listening to France, "Bourbon, how much will you give me, then?" and the answer is such that he informs the Queen of Hungary and the Britannic Majesty, of his intention to close with Bourbon, since they on their side will do nothing considerable. George and his Carteret, not to mention the Hungarian Majesty at all, are thunderstruck at such a prospect; bend all their energies towards this essential point of retaining Charles Emanuel, which is more urgent even than getting Elsass. "Madam," they say to her Majesty, "we cannot save Italy for you on other terms: Vigevanesco, Finale" (which is Genoa's), "part of Piacenza" (when once got): "there must be some slice of the Lombard parts to this Charles Emanuel justly angry!" Whereat the high Queen storms, and in her high manner scolds little George, as if he were the blamable party,—pretending friendship, and yet abetting mere highway robbery or little better. And his cash paid Madam, and his Dettingen mousetrap fought? "Well, he has plenty of cash:—is it my Cause, then, or his Majesty's and Liberty's?" Posterity, in modern England, vainly endeavours to conceive this phenomenon; yet sees it to be undeniable.

'And so there is a Treaty of Worms got concocted, after infinite effort on the part of Carteret, Robinson too labouring and steaming in Vienna with boilers like to burst; and George gets it signed 13th September' (already signed while Friedrich was looking into Seckendorf and Wembdingen, if Friedrich had known it): 'to this effect, That Charles Emanuel should have annually, down on the nail, a handsome increase of Subsidy (200,000*l.* instead of 150,000*l.*) from England, and ultimately beyond doubt some thinnish specified slices from the Lombard parts; and shall proceed fighting for, not against; English Fleet coöperating, English Purse ditto, regardless of expense; with other fit particulars, as formerly.[1] Maria Theresa, very angry, looks upon herself as a martyr,

[1] Schöll, ii. 330-335; Adelung, iii. *b*, 222-226; Coxe, iii. 296.

nobly complying to suffer for the whim of England; and Robinson has had such labours and endurances, a steam-engine on the point of bursting is but an emblem of him. It was a necessary Treaty for the Cause of Liberty, as George and Carteret, and all English Ministries and Ministers (Diana of Newcastle very specially, in spite of Pitt and a junior Opposition Party) viewed Liberty. It was Love's last shift,—Diana having intervened upon those magnificent "Conferences of Hanau" lately! Nevertheless Carteret was thrown out, next year, on account of it. And Posterity is unable to conceive it; and asks always of little George, What, in the name of wonder, had he to do there, fighting for or against, and hiring everybody he met to fight against everybody? A King with eyes somewhat *à fleur de tête*: yes; and let us say, his Nation, too,—which has sat down quietly, for almost a century back, under mountains of nonsense, inwardly nothing but dim Scepticism' (except in the stomachic regions), 'and outwardly such a Trinacria of Hypocrisy' (unconscious, for most part) 'as never lay on an honest giant Nation before, was itself grown much of a fool, and could expect no other kind of Kings.

'But the point intensely interesting to Friedrich in this Treaty of Worms was, That, in enumerating punctually the other Treaties, old and recent, which it is to guarantee, and stand upon the basis of, there is nowhere the least mention of Friedrich's *Breslau-and-Berlin Treaty*; thrice-important Treaty with her Hungarian Majesty on the Silesian matter! In settling all manner of adjoining and preceding matters, there is nothing said of Silesia at all. Singular indeed. Treaties enough, from that of Utrecht downward, are wearisomely mentioned here; but of the Berlin Treaty, Breslau Treaty, or any Treaty settling Silesia,—much less, of any Westminster Treaty, guaranteeing it to the King of Prussia,—there is not the faintest mention! Silesia, then, is not considered settled, by the high contracting parties? Little George himself, who guaranteed it, in the hour of need, little more than a year ago, considers it fallen loose again in the new whirl of contingencies? "Patience, Madam: what was good to give is good to take!" On what precise day or month Friedrich got notice of this expressive silence in the Treaty of Worms, we do not know; but from that day—!'—

Friedrich recollects another thing, one of many others: that of those 'ulterior mountains,' which Austria had bargained for as Boundary to Schlesien. Wild bare mountains; good for what? For invading Schlesien from the Austrian side; if for nothing else conceivable! The small riddle reads itself to him so, with a painful flash of light.[1] Looking intensely

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 34.

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into this matter, and putting things together, Friedrich gets more and more the alarming assurance of the fate intended him; and that he will verily have to draw sword again, and fight for Silesia, and as if for life. From about the end of 1743 (as I strive to compute), there was in Friedrich himself no doubt left of it; though his Ministers, when he consulted them a good while afterwards, were quite incredulous, and spent all their strength in dissuading a new War; now when the only question was, How to do said War? 'How to do it, to make ready for doing it? We must silently select the ways, the methods: silent, wary,—then at last swift; and the more like a lion-spring, like a bolt from the blue, it will be the better!' That is Friedrich's fixed thought.

The Problem was complicated, almost beyond example. The Reich, with a Kaiser reduced to such a pass, has its potentialities of help or of hindrance,—its thousandfold formulas, inane mostly, yet not inane wholly, which interlace this matter everywhere, as with real threads, and with gossamer or apparent threads,—which it is essential to attend to. Wise head, that could discriminate the dead Formulas of such an imbroglio, from the not-dead; and plant himself upon the Living Facts that do lie in the centre there! We cannot have a Riechs Mediation-Army, then? Nor a Swabian-Franconian Army to defend their own frontier?' No; it is evident, none. 'And there is no Union of Princes possible; no Party, anywhere, that will rise to support the Kaiser whom all Germany elected; whom Austria and foreign England have insulted, ruined and officially designated as non-extant?' Well, not quite No, none; *Yes* perhaps, in some small degree,—if Prussia will step out, with drawn sword, and give signal. The Reich has its potentialities, its formulas not quite dead; but is a sad imbroglio.

Definite facts again are mainly twofold, and of a much more central nature. Fact *first*: A France which sees itself lamentably trodden into the mud by such disappointments and disgraces; which, on proposing peace, has met insult and

invasion;—France will be under the necessity of getting to its feet, and striking for itself; and indeed is visibly rising into something of determination to do it:—there, if Prussia and the Kaiser are to be helped at all, there lies the one real help. Fact *second*: Friedrich's feelings for the poor Kaiser and the poor insulted Reich, of which Friedrich is a member. Feelings, these, which are not 'feigned' (as the English say), but real, and even indignant; and about these he can speak and plead freely. From himself and his Silesia, *through* the Kaiser, Friedrich's feelings are pungently real;—and they are withal completely adjunct to the other set of feelings, and go wholly to intensifying of them; the evident truth being, That neither he nor his Silesia would be in danger, were the Kaiser safe.

Friedrich's abstruse diplomacies, and delicate notions and handlings with the Reich, that is to say, with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's few friends in the Reich, and then again with the French,—which lasted for eight or nine months before closure (October 1743 to June 1744),—are considered to have been a fine piece of steering in difficult waters; but would only weary the reader, who is impatient for results and arrivals. Ingenious Herr Professor Ranke,—whose *History of Friedrich* consists mainly of such matter excellently done, and offers mankind a wondrously distilled '*Astral-Spirit*,' or ghost-like facsimile (elegant gray ghost, with stars dim-twinkling through), of Friedrich's and other people's Diplomatisings in this World,—will satisfy the strongest diplomatic appetite; and to him we refer such as are given that way.[1] 'France and oneself, as *substance* of help; but, for many reasons, give it carefully a legal German *form* or coat:' that is Friedrich's method as to finding help. And he diligently prosecutes it;—and, what is still luckier, strives to be himself at all points ready, and capable of doing with a minimum of help from others.

Before the Year 1743 was out, Friedrich had got into

[1] Ranke, *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte*, iii. 74-137.

[22d May 1744]
serious Diplomatic Colloquy with France; suggesting, urging, proposing, hypothetically promising. 'February 21st, 1744,' he secretly despatched Rothenburg to Paris; who, in a shining manner, consults not only with the Amelots, Belleisles, but with the Châteauroux herself (who always liked Friedrich), and with Louis XV. in person: and triumphantly brings matters to a bearing. Ready here, on the French side; so soon as your Reich Interests are made the most of; so soon as your Patriotic 'Union of Reich's Princes' is ready! In March 1744, the Reich side of the Affair was likewise getting well forward ('we keep it mostly secret from the poor Kaiser, who is apt to blab'):—and on May 22d, 1744, Friedrich, with the Kaiser and Two other well-affected Parties (only two as yet, but we hope for more, and invite all and sundry), sign solemnly their '*Union of Frankfurt*'; famous little Fourfold outcome of so much diplomatising.[1] For the well-affected Parties, besides Friedrich, and the Kaiser himself, were as yet Two only: Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, disgusted with the late Carteret astucities at Hanau, he is one (and hires, by and by, his poor 6,000 Hessians to the French and Kaiser, instead of to the English; which is all the help *he* can give); Landgraf Wilhelm, and for sole second to him the new Kur-Pfalz, who also has men to hire. New Kur-Pfalz: our poor *old* friend is dead; but here is a new one, Karl Philip Theodor by name, of whom we shall hear again long afterwards; who was wedded (in the Frankfurt-Coronation time, as readers might have noted) to a Grand-daughter of the old, and who is, like the old, a Hereditary Cousin of the Kaiser's, and already helps him all he can.

Only these Two as yet, though the whole Reich is invited to join; these, along with Friedrich and the Kaiser himself, do now, in their general Patriotic 'Union,' which as yet consists only of Four, covenant, in Six Articles, To,—in brief, to support Teutschland's oppressed Kaiser in his just rights and dignities; and to do, with the House of Austria, 'all imagin-

[1] Ranke, ubi suprà (Treaty is in Adelung, iv. 103-105).

able good offices' (not the least whisper of fighting) towards inducing said high House to restore to the Kaiser his Reichs-Archives, his Hereditary Countries, his necessary Imperial Furnishings, called for by every law human and divine:—in which endeavour, or innocently otherwise, if any of the contracting parties be attacked, the others will guarantee him, and strenuously help. 'All imaginable good offices;' nothing about fighting anywhere,—still less is there the least mention of France; total silence on that head, by Friedrich's express desire. But in a Secret Article (to which France, you may be sure, will accede), it is intimated, 'That the way of good offices having some unlikelihoods, it *may* become necessary to take arms. In which tragic case, they will, besides Hereditary Baiern (which is *in*alienable, fixed as the rocks, by Reichs-Law), endeavour to conquer, to reconquer for the Kaiser, his Kingdom of Böhmen withal, as a proper Outfit for Teutschland's Chief: and that, if so, his Prussian Majesty (who will have to do said conquest) shall, in addition to his Schlesien, have from it the Circles of Königsgrätz, Bunzlau and Leitmeritz for his trouble.' This is the Treaty of Union, Secret-Article and all; done at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, 22d May 1744.

Done then and there; but no part of it made public, till August following[1] (when the upshot had come); and the Secret Bohemian Article *not* then made public, nor ever afterwards,—much the contrary; though it was true enough, but inconvenient to confess, especially as it came to nothing. 'A hypothetical thing, that,' says Friedrich carelessly; 'wages moderate enough, and proper to be settled beforehand, though the work was never done.' To reach down quite over the Mountains, and have the Elbe for Silesian Frontier: this, as an occasional vague thought, or daydream in high moments, was probably not new to Friedrich; and would have been very welcome to him,—had it proved realisable, which it did not. That this was 'Friedrich's real end in going to War again,' was at one time the opinion loudly current in England

[1] '22d August 1744, by the Kaiser' (Adelung, iv. 154).

5th June 1744]
and other uninformed quarters; 'but it is not now credible to anybody,' says Herr Ranke; nor indeed worth talking of, except as a memento of the angry eclipses, and temporary dust-clouds, which rise between Nations, in an irritated uninformed condition.

Rapidly progressive in the rear of all this, which was its legalising German *coat*, the French Treaty, which was the interior *substance*, or muscular tissue, perfected itself under Rothenburg; and was signed June 5th, 1744 (anniversary, by accident, of that First Treaty of all, 'June 5th, 1741'); — sanctioning, by France, that Bohemian Adventure, if needful; minutely setting forth How, and under what contingencies, what efforts made and what successes arrived at, on the part of France, his Prussian Majesty shall take the field; and try Austria, not 'with all imaginable good offices' longer, but with harder medicine. Of which Treaty we shall only say farther, commiserating our poor readers, That Friedrich considerably *more* than kept his side of it; and France very considerably *less* than hers. So that, had not there been punctual preparation at all points, and good self-help in Friedrich, Friedrich had come out of this new Adventure worse than he did!—

Long months ago, the French,—as preliminary and rigorous *sine quâ non* to these Friedrich Negotiations,—had actually started work, by 'declaring War on Austria, and declaring War on England':—Not yet at War, then, after so much killing? Oh no, reader; mere 'Allies' of Belligerents, hitherto. These 'Declarations' the French had made;[1] and the French were really pushing forward, in an attitude of indignant energy, to execute the same. As shall be noticed by and by. And through Rothenburg, through Schmettau, by many channels, Friedrich is assiduously in communication with them; encouraging, advising, urging; their affairs being in a sort his, ever since the signing of those mutual Engage-

[1] War on England, 15th March 1744; on Austria, 27th April (Adelung, iv. 78, 90).

ments, May 22d, June 5th. And now enough of that hypothetic Diplomatic stuff.

War lies ahead, inevitable to Friedrich. He has gradually increased his Army by 18,000; inspection more minute and diligent than ever, has been quietly customary of late; Walrave's fortification works, impregnable or nearly so, the work at Neisse most of all, Friedrich had resolved to *see* completed,—before that French Treaty were signed. A cautious young man, though a rapid; vividly awake on all sides. And so the French-Austrian, French-English game shall go on; the big bowls bounding and rolling (with velocities, on courses, partly computable to a quick eye);—and at the right instant, and juncture of hits, not till that nor after that, a quick hand shall bowl-in; with effect, as he ventures to hope. He knows well, it is a terrible game. But it is a necessary one, not to be despaired of; it is to be waited for with closed lips, and played to one's utmost!—

CHAPTER VIII

PERFECT PEACE AT BERLIN, WAR ALL ROUND

FRIEDRICH, with the Spectre of inevitable War daily advancing on him, to him privately evident and certain if as yet to him only, neglects in no sort the Arts and business of Peace, but is present, always with vivid activity, in the common movement, serious or gay and festive, as the day brings it. During these Winter months of 1743, and still more through Summer 1744, there are important War-movements going on,—the French vehemently active again, the Austrians nothing behind-hand,—which will require some slight notice from us soon. But in Berlin, alongside of all this, it is mere common business, diligent as ever, alternating with Carnival gaieties, with marryings, givings in marriage; in Berlin there goes on,

under halcyon weather, the peaceable tide of things, sometimes in a high fashion, as if Berlin and its King had no concern with the foreign War.

The Plauen Canal, an important navigation-work, canal of some thirty miles, joining Havel to Elbe in a convenient manner, or even joining Oder to Elbe, is at its busiest:—'it was begun June 1st, 1743' (all hands diligently digging there, June 27th, while some others of us were employed at Dettingen,—think of it!), 'and was finished June 5th, 1745.'[1] This is one of several such works now afoot. Take another miscellaneous item or two.

January 1744, Friedrich appoints, and briefly informs all his People of it, That any Prussian subject who thinks himself aggrieved, may come and tell his story to the King's own self:[2]—better have his story in firm succinct state, I should imagine, and such that it will hold water, in telling it to the King! But the King is ready to hear him; heartily eager to get justice done him. A suitable boon, such Permission, till Law-Reform take effect. And after Law-Reform had finished, it was a thing found suitable; and continued to the end,—curious to a British reader to consider!

Again: on Friedrich's birthday, 24th January 1744, the new Academy of Sciences had, in the Schloss of Berlin, its first Session. But of this,—in the absence of Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth, who is still in France, since that Mollwitz adventure; by and for behoof of whom, when he did return, and become 'Perpetual First President,' many changes were made,—I will not speak at present. Nor indeed afterwards, except on good chance rising;—the new Academy, with its Perpetual First President, being nothing like so sublime an object now, to readers and me, as it then was to itself and Perpetual President and Royal Patron! Vapid Formey is Perpetual Secretary; more power to him, as the Irish say. Poor Goldstick Pöllnitz is an Honorary Member;

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2192.
[2] 'January 1744' (Rödenbeck, i. 98).

—absent at this time in Baireuth, where those giggling Marwitzes of Wilhelmina's have been contriving a marriage for the old fool. Of which another word soon, if we have time. Time cannot be spent on those dim small objects: but there are two Marriages of a high order, of purport somewhat Historical; there is Barberina the Dancer, throwing a flash through the Operatic and some other provinces: let us restrict ourselves to these, and the like of these, and be brief upon them.

The Succession in Russia, and also in Sweden, shall not be hostile to us: Two Royal Marriages, a Russian and a Swedish, are accomplished at Berlin, with such View

Marriage First, of an eminently Historical nature, is altogether Russian, or German become Russian, though Friedrich is much concerned in it. We heard of the mad Swedish-Russian War; and how Czarina Elizabeth was kind enough to choose a Successor to the old childless Swedish King,—Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel by nature; who has had a sorry time in Sweden, but kept merry and did not mind it much, poor old soul. Czarina Elizabeth's one care was, That the Prince of Denmark should not be chosen to succeed, as there was talk of his being: Sweden, Denmark, Norway, all grasped in one firm hand (as in the old 'Union-of-Calmar' times, only with better management), might be dangerous to Russia. 'Don't choose him of Denmark!' said Elizabeth, the victorious Czarina; and made it a condition of granting Peace, and mostly restoring Finland, to the infatuated Swedes. The person they did choose,—satisfactory to the Czarina, and who ultimately did become King of Sweden,—was one Adolf Friedrich; a Holstein-Gottorp Prince, come of royal kin, and cousinry to Karl XII.: he is 'Bishop of Lübeck' or of Eutin, so-styled; now in his thirty-third year; and at least drawing the revenues of that See, though I think, not ecclesiastically given, but living oftener in Hamburg, the

then fashionable resort of those Northern Grandees. On the whole, a likely young gentleman; accepted by parties concerned;—and surely good enough for the Office as it now is. Of whom, for a reason coming, let readers take note, in this place.

Above a year before this time, Czarina Elizabeth, a provident female, and determined not to wed, had pitched upon her own Successor;[1] one Karl Peter Ulrich; who was also of the same Holstein-Gottorp set, though with Russian blood in him. His Grandfather was full cousin, and chosen comrade, to Karl XII.; got killed in Karl's Russian Wars; and left a poor Son dependent on Russian Peter the Great,—who gave him one of his Daughters; whence this Karl Peter Ulrich, an orphan, dear to his Aunt the Czarina. A Karl Peter Ulrich, who became tragically famous as Czar Peter Federowitz, or Czar Peter III., in the course of twenty years! His Father and Mother are both dead; loving Aunt has snatched the poor boy out of Holstein-Gottorp, which is a narrow sphere, into Russia, which is wide enough; she has had him converted to the Greek Church, named him Peter Federowitz, Heir and Successor;—and now, wishing to see him married, has earnestly consulted Friedrich upon it.

Friedrich is decidedly interested; would grudge much to see an Anti-Prussian Princess, for instance a Saxon Princess (one of whom is said to be trying), put into this important station! After a little thought, he fixes,—does the reader know upon whom? Readers perhaps, here and there, have some recollection of a Prussian General, who is Titular Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst on his own score; and is actual Commandant of Stettin in Friedrich's service, and has done a great deal of good fortification there and other good work. Instead of Titular, he has now lately, by decease of an Elder Brother, become Actual or Semi-Actual (a Brother joined with him in the poor Heirship); lives occasionally in the Schloss of Zerbst; but is glad to retain Stettin as a solid supplement. His

[1] 7th November 1742 (Michaelis, ii. 627).

Wife, let the reader note farther, is Sister to the above-mentioned Adolf Friedrich, 'Bishop of Lübeck,' now Heir-Apparent to Sweden,—in whom, as will soon appear, we are otherwise interested. Wife seems to me an airy flighty kind of lady, high-paced, not too sure-paced,—weak evidently in French grammar, and perhaps in human sense withal:—but they have a Daughter, Sophie-Frederike, now near fifteen, and very forward for her age; comely to look upon, wise to listen to: 'Is not she the suitable one?' thinks Friedrich, in regard to this matter. 'Her kindred is of the oldest, old as Albert the Bear; she has been frugally brought-up, Spartan-like, though as a Princess by birth: let her cease skipping ropes on the ramparts yonder, with her young Stettin playmates; and prepare for being a Czarina of the Russias,' thinks he. And communicates his mind to the Czarina; who answers, 'Excellent! How did I never think of that myself?'

And so, on or about Newyear's day 1744, while the Commandant of Stettin and his airy Spouse are doing Christmas at their old Schloss of Zerbst, there suddenly come Estafettes; Expresses from Petersburg, heralded by Express from Friedrich:—with the astonishing proposal, 'Czarina wishing the honour of a visit from Madam and Daughter; no doubt, with such and such intentions in the rear.'[1] Madam, nor Daughter, is nothing loath;—the old Commandant grumbles in his beard, not positively forbidding: and in this manner, after a Letter or two in imperfect grammar, Madam and Daughter appear in Carnival society at Berlin, charming objects both; but do not stay long; in fact, stay only till their moneys and arrangements are furnished them. Upon which, in all silence, they make for Petersburg, for Moscow; travel rapidly, arrive successfully, in spite of the grim season.[2] Conversion to the Greek

[1] Friedrich's Letters to Madam of Zerbst (date of the first of them, 30th December 1743), in *Œuvres*, xxv. 579-589.

[2] 'At Moscow, 7th (18th) February 1744.'

Religion, change of name from Sophie-Frederike to Catherine-Alexiewna ('Let it be Catherine,' said Elizabeth, 'my dear mother's name!'—little brown Czarina's, whom we have seen): —all this was completed by the 12th of July following. And, in fine, next year (September 1st, 1745), Peter Federowitz and this same Catherine-Alexiewna, second-cousins by blood, were vouchsafed the Nuptial Benediction, and, with invocation of the Russian Heaven and Russian Earth, were declared to be one flesh,[1]—though at last they turned-out to be *two fleshes*, as my reader well knows! Some eighteen or nineteen years hence, we may look-in upon them again, if there be a moment to spare. This is Marriage First; a purely Russian one; built together and launched on its course, so to say, by Friedrich at Berlin, who had his own interest in it.

Marriage Second, done at Berlin in the same months, was of still more interesting sort to Friedrich and us: that of Princess Ulrique to the above-named Adolf Friedrich, future King of Sweden. Marriage which went on preparing itself by the side of the other; and was of twin importance with it in regard to the Russian Question. The Swedish Marriage was not heard of, except in important whispers, during the Carnival time; but a Swedish Minister had already come to Berlin on it, and was busy first in a silent and examining, then in a speaking and proposing way. It seems, the Czarina herself had suggested the thing, as a counter-politeness to Friedrich; so content with him at this time. A thing welcome to Friedrich. And, in due course ('June 1744'), there comes express Swedish Embassy, some Rödenskjold or Tessin, with a very shining train of Swedes, 'To demand Princess Ulrique in marriage for our Future King.'

To which there is assent, by no means denial, in the proper quarter. Whereupon, after the wide-spread necessary fuglings and preliminaries, there occurs (all by Procuration, Brother

[1] Ranke, iii. 129; *Mémoires de Catherine II.* (Catherine's own very curious bit of Autobiography;—published by Mr. Herzen, London, 1859), pp. 7-46.

August Wilhelm doing the Bridegroom's part), 'July 17th, 1744,' the Marriage itself: all done, this last act, and the foregoing ones and the following, with a grandeur and a splendour—unspeakable, we may say, in short.[1] Fantastic Bielfeld taxes his poor rouged Muse to the utmost, on this occasion; and becomes positively wearisome, chanting the upholsteries of life;—foolish fellow, spoiling his bits of facts withal, by misrecollections, and even by express fictions thrown-in as garnish. So that, beyond the general impression, given in a high-rouged state, there is nothing to be depended on. One Scene out of his many, which represents to us on those terms the finale, or actual Departure of Princess Ulrique, we shall offer,—with corrections (a few, not *all*);—having nothing better or other on the subject:

'But, in fine, the day of departure did arrive,'—eve of it did: 25th July 1744; hour of starting to be 2 A.M. tomorrow. 'The King had nominated Grand-Marshal Graf von Gotter,'—(same Gotter whom we saw at Vienna once: King had appointed Gotter and two others; not to say that two of the Princess's Brothers, with her Sister the Margravine of Schwedt, were to accompany as far as Schwedt: six in all; though one's poor memory fails one on some occasions)!—'to escort the Princess to Stralsund, where two Swedish Senators and different high Lords and Ladies awaited her. Her Majesty the Queen-Mother, judging by the movements of her own heart that the moment of separation would produce a scene difficult to bear, had ordered an Opera to divert our chagrin; and, instead of supper, a superb collation *en ambigu*' (kind of supper-breakfast, I suppose), 'in the great Hall of the Palace. Her Majesty's plan was, The Princess, on coming from the Opera, should, almost on flight, taste a morsel; take her travelling equipment, embrace her kinsfolk, dash into her carriage, and go-off like lightning. Herr Graf von Gotter was charged with executing this design, and with hurrying the departure.

'But all these precautions were vain. The incomparable Ulrique was too dear to her Family and to her Country, to be parted with forever, without her meed of tears from them in those cruel instants. On entering the Opera-Hall, I noticed everywhere prevalent an air of sorrow, of sombre melancholy. The Princess appeared in Amazon-dress' (riding-habit, say), 'of rose-colour trimmed with silver; the little vest,

[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1045-51.

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turned-up with green-blue (*céladon*), and collar of the same; a little bonnet, English fashion, of black velvet, with a white plume to it; her hair floating, and tied with a rose-coloured riband. She was beautiful as Love: but this dress, so elegant, and so well setting-off her charms, only the more sensibly awakened our regrets to lose her; and announced that the hour was come, in which all this appeared among us for the last time. At the second act, young Prince Ferdinand' (Youngest Brother, Father of the *Jena* Ferdinand) 'entered the Royal Box; and flinging himself on the Princess's neck with a burst of tears, said, "Ah, my dear Ulrique, it is over, then; and I shall never see you more!' These words were a signal given to the grief which was shut in all hearts, to burst forth with the greatest vehemence. The Princess replied only with sobs; holding her Brother in her arms. The Two Queens could not restrain their tears; the Princes and Princesses followed the example: grief is epidemical; it gained directly all the Boxes of the first rank, where the Court and Nobility were. Each had his own causes of regret, and each melted into tears. Nobody paid the least attention farther to the Opera; and for my own share, I was glad to see it end.

'An involuntary movement took me towards the Palace. I entered the King's Apartments, and found the Royal Family and part of the Court assembled. Grief had reached its height; everybody had his handkerchief out; and I witnessed emotions quite otherwise affecting than those that Theatric Art can produce. The King had composed an Ode on the Princess's departure; bidding her his last adieus in the most tender and touching manner. It begins with these words:

'*Partez, ma Sœur, partez;* *La Suède vous attend, la Suède* *vous désire.*'	'Go, my Sister, go; Sweden waits you, Sweden wishes you.'[1]

'His Majesty gave it her at the moment when she was about to take leave of the Two Queens.'—(No, Monsieur, not then; it came to her hand the second evening hence, at Schwedt;[2] most likely not yet written at the time you fabulously give;—you foolish fantast, and 'artist' of the *sham*-kind!)—'The Princess threw her eyes on it, and fell into a faint' (No, you Sham, not for *it*): 'the King had almost done the like. His tears flowed abundantly. The Princes and Princesses were overcome with sorrow. At last, Gotter judged it time to put an end to this tragic scene. He entered the Hall, almost like Boreas in the Ballet of *The Rose*; that is to say, with a crash. He made one or two

[1] Does not now exist (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 88), and *ib. Preface*, p. xv).

[2] Her own Letter to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 372; 'Schwedt, 28th July 1744').

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whirlwinds; clove the press, and snatched away the Princess from the arms of the Queen-Mother, took her in his own, and whisked her out of the Hall. All the world followed; the carriages were waiting in the court; and the Princess in a moment found herself in hers. I was in such a state, I know not how we got down stairs; I remember only that it was in a concert of lamentable sobbings. Madame the Margrāfin von Schwedt, who had been named to attend the Princess to Stralsund' (read Schwedt) 'on the Swedish frontier, this high Lady and the two Dames d'Atours who were for Sweden itself, having sprung into the same carriage, the door of it was shut with a slam; the postillions cracked, the carriage shot away,—and hid the adorable Ulrique from the eyes of King and Court, who remained motionless for some minutes, overcome by their feelings.'[1]

We said this Marriage was like the other, important for Public Affairs. In fact, security on the Russian and Swedish side is always an object with Friedrich when undertaking war. 'That the French bring about, help me to bring about, a Triple Alliance of Prussia, Russia, Sweden:' this was a thing Friedrich had bargained to see done, before joining in the War ahead: but by these Two Espousals Friedrich hopes he has himself as good as done it. Of poor Princess Ulrique and her glorious reception in Sweden (after near miss of shipwreck, in the Swedish Frigate from Stralsund), we shall say nothing more at present: except that her glories, all along, were much dashed by chagrins, and dangerous imminencies of shipwreck,—which latter did not quite overtake *her*, but did her sons and grandsons, being inevitable or nearly so, in that element, in the course of time.

Sister Amelia, whom some thought disappointed, as perhaps, in her foolish thought, she might a little be, was made Abbess of Quedlinburg, which opulent benefice had fallen vacant; and, there or at Berlin, lived a respectable Spinster-life, doubtless on easier terms than Ulrique's. Always much loved by her Brother, and loving him (and 'taking care of his shirts,' in the final times);—noted in society, for her sharp tongue and ways. Concerning whom Thiébault and his Trenck romances are worth no notice,—if it be not with

[1] Bielfeld, ii. 107-110.

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horsewhips on opportunity. *Scandalum Magnatum*, where your Magnates are *not* fallen quite counterfeit, was and is always (though few now reflect on it) a most punishable crime.

Glance at the Belligerent Powers; Britannic Majesty narrowly misses an Invasion that might have been dangerous

Princess Ulrique was hardly yet home in Sweden, when her Brother had actually gone forth upon the Wars again! So different is outside from interior, now and then. 'While the dancing and the marriage-festivities went on at Court, we, in private, were busily completing the preparations for a Campaign,' dreamed of by no mortal, 'which was on the point of 'being opened.'[1] July 2d, three weeks before Princess Ulrique left, a certain Adventure of Prince Karl's in the Rhine Countries had accomplished itself (of which in the following Book); and Friedrich could discern clearly that the moment drew rapidly nigh.

On the French side of the War, there has been visible,—since those high attempts of Britannic George and the Hungarian Majesty, contumeliously spurning the Peace offered them, and grasping evidently at one's Lorraines, Alsaces, and Three Bishoprics,—a marked change; comfortable to look at from Friedrich's side. Most Christian Majesty, from the sad bent attitude of insulted repentance, has started up into the perpendicular one of indignation: 'Come on, then!'—and really makes efforts, this Year, quite beyond expectation. 'Oriflamme Enterprises, private intentions of cutting Germany in Four; well, have not I smarted for them; as good as owned they were rather mad? But to have my apology spit upon; but to be myself publicly cut in pieces for them?'

March 15th, 1744, Most Christian Majesty did, as we saw, duly declare War against England; against Austria, April 26th: 'England,' he says, 'broke its Convention of Neutrality

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 41.

(signed 27th September 1741); broke said Convention' (as was very natural, no term being set) 'directly after Maillebois was gone; England, by its Mediterranean Admirals and the like, has, to a degree beyond enduring, insulted the French coasts, harbours and royal Navy: We declare War on England.' And then, six weeks hence, in regard to Austria: 'Austria, refusing to make Peace with a virtuous Kaiser, whom we, for the sake of peace, had magnanimously helped, and then magnanimously ceased to help;—Austria refuses peace with him or us; on the contrary, Austria attempts, and has attempted, to invade France itself: We therefore, on and from this 26th of April 1744, let the world note it, are at War with Austria.'[1] Both these promises to Friedrich are punctually performed.

Nor, what is far more important, have the necessary preparations been neglected; but are on a quite unheard-of scale. Such taxing and financiering there has been, last Winter:—tax on your street-lamp, on your fire-wood, increased excise on meat and eatables of all kinds: Be patient, ye poor; consider *gloire*, and an *Oriflamme* so trampled-on by the Austrian Heathen! Eatables, street-lamps, do I say? There is 36,000*l.* raised by a tax on—well, on *garderobes* (not translated)! A small help, but a help: *non olet, non oleat.* To what depths has Oriflamme come down!—The result is, this Spring of 1744, indignant France does, by land, and even by sea, make an appearance calculated to astonish Gazetteers and men. Land-forces 160,000 actually on foot: 80,000 (grows at last into 100,000, for a little while) as 'Army of the Netherlands,'—to prick-into Austria, and astonish England and the Dutch Barrier, in that quarter. Of the rest, 20,000 under Conti are for Italy; 60,000 (by degrees 40,000) under Coigny for defence of the Rhine Countries, should Prince Karl, as is surmisable, make new attempts there.[2]

[1] In *Adelung*, iv. 78, 90, the two Manifestoes given.
[2] Adelung, iv. 78; Espagnac, ii. 3.

And besides all this, there are Two strong Fleets, got actually launched, not yet into the deep sea, but ready for it: one in Toulon Harbour, to avenge those Mediterranean insults; and burst out, in concert with an impatient Spanish Fleet (which has lain blockaded here for a year past), on the insolent blockading English: which was in some sort done.[1] The other strong Fleet, twenty sail of the line, under Admiral Roquefeuille, is in Brest Harbour,—intended for a still more delicate operation; of which anon. Surely King Friedrich ought to admit that these are fine symptoms? King Friedrich has freely done so, all along; intending to strike-in at the right moment. Let us see, a little, how things have gone; and how the right moment has been advancing in late months.

January 17th, 1744. There landed at Antibes on French soil a young gentleman, by name 'Conte di Spinelli,' direct from Genoa, from Rome; young gentleman seemingly of small importance, but intrinsically of considerable; who hastened off for Paris, and there disappeared. Disappeared into subterranean consultations with the highest Official people; intending reappearance with emphasis at Dunkirk, a few weeks hence, in much more emphatic posture. And all through February there is observable a brisk diligence of War-preparation, at Dunkirk: transport-ships in quantity, finally four war-ships; 15,000 chosen troops, gradually marching in; nearly all on board, with their equipments, by the end of the month.

Clearly an Invading Army intended somewhither, England judges too well whither. Anti-English Armament; to be led by, whom thinks the reader? That same 'Conte di Spinelli,' who is Charles Edward the Young Pretender,—Comte de Saxe commanding under him! This is no fable; it is a fact, somewhat formidable; brought about, they say, by one Cardinal Tencin, an Official Person of celebrity in the then Versailles world; who owes his red hat (whatever such debt really be) to old Jacobite influence, exerted for him at Rome; and takes this method of

[1] '19th February 1744.' French and Spanish Fleets run out; 22d Feb. are attacked by Matthews and Lestock; are rather beaten, not beaten nearly enough (Matthews and Lestock blaming one another, Spaniards and French ditto, ditto: Adelung, iv. 32-35);—with the endless janglings, correspondings, court-martialings that ensue (Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i. 197 et sqq.; *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Old Newspapers, for 1744; etc. etc.).

paying his debt and his court at once. Gets, namely, his proposal, of a Charles-Edward Invasion of England, to dovetail-in with the other wide artilleries now bent on little George in the way we see. Had not little George better have stayed at home out of these Pragmatic Wars? Fifteen thousand, aided by the native Jacobite hosts, under command of Saxe,—a Saxe against a Wade is fearful odds,—may make some figure in England! We hope always they will not be able to land. Imagination may conceive the flurry, if not of Britannic mankind, at least of Britannic Majesty and his Official People, and what a stir and din they made:—of which this is the compressed upshot.

'*Saturday 1st March* 1744. For nearly a week past, there has been seen hanging about in the Channel, and dangerously hovering to and fro' (had entered by the Land's-End, was first noticed on Sunday last 'nigh the Eddistone') 'a considerable French Fleet, sixteen great ships; with four or five more, probably belonging to it, which now lie off Dunkirk: the intention of which is too well known in high quarters. This is the grand Brest Fleet, Admiral Roquefeuille's; which believes it can command the Channel, in present circumstances, the English Channel-Fleets being in a disjoined condition,—till Comte de Saxe, with his Charles Edward and 15,000 do ship themselves across! Great alarm in consequence; our War-forces, 40,000 of them, all in Germany; not the least preparation to receive an Invasive Armament. Comte de Saxe is veritably at Dunkirk, since Saturday March 1st; busy shipping his 15,000; equipments mostly shipped, and about 10,000 of the men: all is activity there; Roquefeuille hanging about Dungeness, with four of his twenty great ships detached for more immediate protection of Saxe and those Dunkirk industries. To meet which, old Admiral Norris, off and on towards the Nore and the Forelands, has been doing his best to rally force about him; hopes he will now be match for Roquefeuille:—but if he should not?

'*Thursday 6th March*. Afternoon of March 5th, old Admiral Norris, hoping he was at length in something like equality, "tided it round the South Foreland"; saw Roquefeuille hanging, in full tale, within few miles;—and at once plunged into him? No, reader; not at once, nor indeed at all. A great sea-fight was expected; but our old Norris thought it late in the day;—and, in effect, no fight proved needful. Daylight was not yet sunk, when there rose from the north-eastward a heavy gale; blew all night, and by six next morning was a raging storm; had blown Roquefeuille quite away out of those waters (fractions of him upon the rocks of Guernsey); had tumbled Comte de Saxe's Transports bottom uppermost (so to speak), in Dunkirk Roads;—and, in fact, had blown the Enterprise over the horizon, and relieved the Official Britannic mind in the usual miraculous manner.

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'M. le Comte de Saxe,—who had, by superhuman activity, saved nearly all his men, in that hideous topsy-turvy of the Transports and munitions,—returned straightway, and much more M. le Comte de Spinelli with him, to Paris. Comte de Saxe was directly thereupon made Maréchal de France; appointed to be Colleague of Noailles in the ensuing Netherlands Campaign. "Comte de Spinelli went to lodge with his Uncle, the Cardinal Grand-Almoner Fitz-James" (a zealous gentleman, of influence with the Holy Father), and there in privacy to wait other chances that might rise. "The 1,500 silver medals, that had been struck for distribution in Great Britain," fell, for this time, into the melting-pot again.[1]

'Great stir, in British Parliament and Public, there had latterly been on this matter: Arrestment of suspected persons, banishment of all Catholics ten miles from London; likewise registering of horses (to gallop with cannon whither wanted); likewise improvising of cavalry regiments by persons of condition, "Set our plush people on our coach-horses; there!"' (Yes, *there* will be a Cavalry,—inferior to General Ziethen's!); 'and were actually drilling them in several places, when that fortunate blast of storm (March 6th) blew everything to quiet again. Fieldmarshal Earl of Stair, in regard to the Scottish populations, had shown a noble magnanimity; which was recognised: and a General Sir John Cope rode off, post-haste, to take the chief command in that Country;—where, in about eighteen months hence, he made a very shining thing of it!'—Take this other Cutting from the Old Newspapers:

'*Friday* 31*st* (20*th*) *March* 1744, A general press began for recruiting his Majesty's regiments, and manning the Fleet; when upwards of 1,000 men were secured in the jails of London and Westminster; being allowed sixpence a head per diem, by the Commissioners of the Land-tax, who examine them, and send those away that are found fit for his Majesty's service. The same method was taken in each County.' Press ceases; enough being got,—press no more till farther order: 5th (16th) June.[2]

Britannic Majesty, shaken by such omens, does not in person visit Germany at all this Year; nor, by his Deputies, at all shine on the fields of War as lately. He, his English and he, did indeed come-down with their cash in a prompt and manful manner, but showed little other activity this year.

[1] Tindal, xxi. 22 (mostly a puddle of inaccuracies, as usual); Espagnac, i., 213; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv. 106, etc.; Barbier, ii. 382, 385, 388.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1744, pp. 226, 333.

Their troops were already in the Netherlands, since Winter last; led now by a Fieldmarshal Wade, of whom one has heard; to whom joined themselves certain Austrians, under Duc d'Ahremberg, and certain Dutch, under some other man in cocked-hat; the whole of whom, under Marshal Wade's chief guidance, did as good as nothing whatever. 'Inferior in force!' cried Marshal Wade; an indolent incompetent old gentleman, frightful to see in command of troops: 'inferior in force!' cried he, which was not at first quite the case. And when, by additions to himself, and deductions (of a most unexpected nature) from his Enemy, he had become nearly double in force, it was all the same: Marshal Wade (against whom indeed was Maréchal de Saxe, now in sole command, as we shall see) took shelter in safe places, witnessing therefrom the swift destruction of the Netherlands, and would attempt nothing. Which indeed was perhaps prudent on the Marshal's part. Much money was spent, and men enough did puddle themselves to death on the clay roads, or bivouacking in the safe swamps; but not the least stroke of battle was got out of them under this old Marshal. Had perhaps 'a divided command, though nominal Chief,' poor old gentleman;—yes, and a head that understood nothing of his business withal. One of those same astonishing 'Generals' of the English, now becoming known in Natural History; the like of whom, till within these hundred and fifty years, were not heard of among sane Nations. Saxe *versus* Wade is fearful odds. To judge by the way Saxe has of handling Wade, may not we thank Heaven that it was not *here* in England the trial came on! Lift up both your hands, and bless—not General Wade, quite yet.

The young Duke of Würtemburg gets a valedictory Advice and Pöllnitz a ditto Testimonial (Feb. 6th; April 1st, 1744)

February 7th, 1744, Karl Eugen, the young Duke of Würtemberg,—Friedrich having got, from the Kaiser, due

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Dispensation (*venia ætatis*) for the young gentleman, and had him declared Duke Regnant, though only sixteen,—quitted Berlin with great pomp, for his own Country, on that errand. Friedrich had hoped hereby to settle the Würtemberg matters on a good footing, and be sure of a friend in Würtemburg to the Kaiser and himself. Which hope, like everybody's hopes about this young gentleman, was entirely disappointed; said young gentleman having got into perverse, haughty, sulky, ill-conditioned ways, and made a bad Life and Reign of it,—better to lie mostly hidden from us henceforth, at least for many years to come. The excellent Parting Letter which Friedrich gave him got abroad into the world; was christened the *Mirror of Princes*, and greatly admired by mankind. It is indeed an almost faultless Piece of its kind; comprising, in a flowing yet precise way, with admirable frankness, sincerity, sagacity, succinctness, a Whole Duty of Regnant Man;[1]—but I fear it would only weary the reader; perfect *advice* having become so plentiful in our Epoch, with little but 'pavement' to a certain Locality the consequence!—

There is, of the same months, a *Testimonial to Pöllnitz*, which also got abroad and had its celebrity: this, as specimen of Friedrich on the comic side, will perhaps be less afflicting; and it will rid us of Pöllnitz, poor soul, on handsome terms.

Goldstick Pöllnitz is at Baireuth in these months; fallen quite disconsolate since we last heard of him. His fine marriage went awry,—rich lady, very wisely, drawing back;—and the foolish old creature has decided on *re*changing his religion; which he has changed already thrice or so, in his vagabond straits; for the purpose of 'retiring to a convent' this time. Friedrich, in candid brief manner, rough but wise, and not without some kindness for an old dog one is used to, has answered, 'Nonsense; that will never do!' But Pöllnitz persisting; formally demanding leave to demit, and lay-down the goldstick, with that view,—Friedrich does at

[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, ix. 4-7.

length send him Certificate of Leave; 'which is drawn-out with all the forms, and was despatched through Eichel to the proper Board;' but which bears date *April First*, and though officially valid, is of quizzical nature:—perhaps already known to some readers; having got into the Newspapers, and widely abroad, at a subsequent time. As authentic sample of Friedrich in that kind, here it accurately is, with only one or two slight abridgments, which are indicated:

'Whereas the Baron de Pöllnitz, born at Berlin'(at Köln, if it made any matter), 'of honest parents so far as We know,—after having served Our Grandfather as Gentleman of the Chamber, Madam d'Orleans' (wicked Regent's Mother, a famed German Lady) 'in the same rank, the King of Spain in quality of Colonel, the deceased Kaiser in that of Captain of Horse, the Pope as Chamberlain, the Duke of Brunswick as Chamberlain, Duke of Weimar as Ensign, our Father as Chamberlain, and, in fine, Us as Grand Master of the Ceremonies,'—has, in spite of such accumulation of honours, become disgusted with the world; and requests a Parting Testimony, to support his good reputation,—

'We, remembering his important services to the House, in diverting for nine years long the late King our Father, and doing the honours of our Court during the now Reign, cannot refuse such request; but do hereby certify, That the said Baron has never assassinated, robbed on the highway, poisoned, forcibly cut purses, or done other atrocity or legal crime at our Court; but has always maintained gentlemanly behaviour, making not more than honest use of the industry and talents he has been endowed with at birth; imitating the object of the Drama, that is, correcting mankind by gentle quizzing; following, in the matter of sobriety, Boerhaave's counsels; pushing Christian charity so far as often to make the rich understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive; —possessing perfectly the anecdotes of our various Mansions, especially of our worn-out Furnitures; rendering himself, by his merits, necessary to those who know him; and, with a very bad head, having a very good heart.

'Our anger the said Baron never kindled but once,'—in atrociously violating the grave of an Ancestress (or Step-Ancestress) of ours.[1] 'But as the loveliest countries have their barren spots, the beautifulest forms their imperfections, pictures by the greatest masters their faults, We

[1] Step-Ancestress was Dorothea, the Great Elector's second Wife: of whom Pöllnitz, in his *Memoirs and Letters*, repeats the rumour that once she, perhaps, tried to poison her Stepson Friedrich, First King. (See suprà, vol. i. p. 46.)

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are willing to cover with the veil of oblivion those of the said Baron; do hereby grant him, with regret, the Congee he requires;—and abolish his Office altogether, to blot it from men's memory, not judging that anybody after the said Baron can be worthy to fill it.

'Done at Potsdam, this 1st of April 1744. FÉDÉRIC.'[1]

The Office of Grand Master of the Ceremonies was, accordingly, abolished altogether. But Pöllnitz, left loose in this manner, did not gallop direct, or go at all, into monkhood, as he had expected; but, in fact, by degrees, crept home to Berlin again; took the subaltern post of Chamberlain; and there, in the old fashion (straitened in finance, making loans, retailing anecdotes, not witty but the cause of wit), wore-out life's gray evening; till, about thirty years hence, he died; died as he had lived, swindling the very night before his decease,' writes Friedrich;[2] who was always rather kind to the poor old dog, though bantering him a good deal

Two Conquests for Prussia, a gaseous and a solid: Conquest First, Barberina the Dancer

Early in May, the Berlin Public first saw its Barberina dance, and wrote ecstatic Latin Epigrams about that miracle of nature and art;[3]—miracle, alas, not entirely omissible by us. Here is her Story, as the Books give it; slightly mythical, I judge, in some of its non-essential parts; but good enough for the subject:

Barberina the Dancer had cost Friedrich some trouble; the pains he took with her elegant pirouettings and poussettings, and the heavy salary he gave her, are an unexpected item in his history. He wished to favour the Arts, yes; but did he reckon Opera-dancing a chief one among them? He had indeed built an Opera-House, and gave free-admissions, supporting the cost himself; and among his other govern-

[1] *Œuvres*, xv. 193.

[2] Letter to Voltaire, 13th August 1775 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 344). See Preuss, v. 241 (*Urkundenbuch*), the Letters of Friedrich to Pöllnitz.

[3] Rödenbeck, pp. 111, 190.

ings, governed the dancer and singer troops of that establishment. Took no little trouble about his Opera:—yet perhaps he privately knew its place, after all. 'Wished to encourage strangers of opulent condition to visit his Capital,' say the cunning ones. It may be so; and, at any rate, he probably wished to act the King in such matters, and not grudge a little money. He really loved music, even opera music, and knew that his people loved it; to the rough natural man, all rhythm, even of a Barberina's feet, may be didactic, beneficial: do not higgle, let us do what is to be done in a liberal style. His agent at Venice,—for he has agents everywhere on the outlook for him,—reports that here is a Female Dancer of the first quality, who has shone in London, Paris and the Capital Cities, and might answer well, but whose terms will probably be dear. 'Engage her,' answers Friedrich. And she is engaged on pretty terms; she will be free in a month or two, and then start.[1]

Well;—But Barberina had, as is usual, subsidiary trades to her dancing: in particular, a young English Gentleman had followed her up and down, says Zimmermann, and was still here in Venice passionately attached to her. Which fact, especially which young English gentleman, should have been extremely indifferent to me, but for a circumstance soon to be mentioned. The young English gentleman, clear against Barberina's Prussian scheme, passionately opposes the same, passionately renews his own offers;—induces Barberina to inform the Prussian agent that she renounces her engagement in that quarter. Prussian agent answers that it is not renounceable; that he has legal writing on it, and that it must be kept. Barberina rises into contumacy, will laugh at all writing and compulsion. Prussian agent applies to Doge and Senate on the subject, in his King's name; who answer politely, but do nothing: 'How happy to oblige so great a King; but—' And so it lasts for certain months; Barberina and the young English gentleman contumacious in Venice, and Doge and Senate merely wishing we may get her.

Meanwhile a Venetian Ambassador happens to be passing through Berlin, in his way to or from some Hyperborean State; arrives at some hotel, in Berlin;—finds, on the morrow, that his luggage is arrested by Royal Order; that he, or at least *it*, cannot get farther, neither advance nor return, till Barberina do come. 'Impossible, Signor: a bargain is a bargain; and States ought to have law-courts that enforce contracts entered into in their territories.' The Venetian Doge and Senate do now lay-hold of Barberina; pack her into post-chaises, off towards Berlin, under the charge of armed men, with the proper transit-papers,—as it were under the address, 'For his Majesty of Prussia, this side upper-

[1] Zimmermann, *Fragmente über Friedrich den Grossen* (Leipzig, 1790), i. 88-92; Collini, ubi infrà; Denina; etc.: compare Rödenbeck, p. 191.

most,'—and thus she actually is conveyed, date or month uncertain, by Innspruck or the Splugen, I cannot say which, over mountain, over valley, from country to country, and from stage to stage, till she arrives at Berlin; Ambassador with baggage having been let go, so soon as the affair was seen to be safe.

As for the young English gentleman passionately attached, he followed, it is understood, faithful, constant as shadow to the sun, always a stage behind; arrived in Berlin two hours after his Barberina, still passionately attached; and now, as the rumour goes, was threatening even to marry her, and so save the matter. Supremely indifferent to my readers and me. But here now is the circumstance that makes it mentionable. The young English is properly a young Scotch gentleman; James Mackenzie the name of him,—a Grandson of the celebrated Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie; and younger Brother of a personage who, as Earl of Bute, became extremely conspicuous in this Kingdom in after years. That makes it mentionable,—if only in the shape of *myth*. For Friedrich, according to rumour, being still like to lose his Dancer in that manner, warned the young gentleman's friends; and had him peremptorily summoned home, and the light fantastic toe left free in that respect. Which procedure the indignant young gentleman (thinks my Author) never forgave; continuing a hater of Friedrich all his days; and instilling the same sentiment into the Earl of Bute at a period which was very critical, as we shall see. This is my Author's, the often fallacious though not mendacious Dr. Zimmermann's, rather deliberate account; a man not given to mendacity, though filled with much vague wind, which renders him fallacious in historical points.

Readers of Walpole's *George the Third* know enough of this Mackenzie, 'Earl's Brother, *Mackinsy*,' and the sorrowful difficulties about his Scotch law-office or benefice; in which matter 'Mackinsy' behaves always in a high way, and only the Ministerial Outs and Ins higgle pedlar-like, vigilant of the Liberties of England, as they call them. In the end, Mackinsy kept his law-office or got it restored to him; 3,000*l.* a year without excess of work; a man much the gentleman, according to the rule then current: in contemplative rare moments, the man, looking back through the dim posterns of the mind, might see afar off a certain pirouetting Figure, once far from indifferent, and not yet quite melted into cheerless gray smoke, as so much of the rest is—to Mr. Mackinsy and us. I have made, in the Scotch Mackenzie circles, what inquiry was due; find no evidence, but various likelihoods, that this of the Barberina and him is fact, and a piece of his biography. As to the inference deduced from it, in regard to Friedrich and the Earl of Bute, on a critical occasion,—that rests entirely with Zimmermann; and the candid mind inclines to admit that, probably, it is but rumour and con-

jecture; street-dust sticking to the Doctor's shoes, and demanding merely to be well swept-out again. Heigho !—

Barberina, though a dancer, did not want for more essential graces. Very sprightly, very pretty and intelligent; not without piquancy and pungency: the King himself has been known to take tea with her in mixed society, though nothing more; and with passionate young gentlemen she was very successful. Not long after her coming to Berlin, she made conquest of Cocceji, the celebrated Chancellor's Son; who finding no other resource, at length privately married her. Voltaire's Collini, when he came to Berlin, in 1750, recommended by a Signora Sister of the Barberina's, found the Barberina and her Mother dining daily with this Cocceji as their guest:[1] Signora Barberina privately informed Collini how the matter was; Signorina still dancing all the same,—though she had money in the English funds withal; and Friedrich had been so generous as give her the fixing of her own salary, when she came to him, this-side-uppermost, in the way we described. She had fixed, too modestly thinks Collini, on 5,000 thalers (about 750*l.*) a year; having heart and head as well as heels, poor little soul. Perhaps her notablest feat in History, after all, was her leading this Collini, as she now did, into the service of Voltaire, to be Voltaire's Secretary. As will be seen. Whereby we have obtained a loyal little Book, more credible than most others, about that notable man.

At a subsequent period, Barberina decided on declaring her marriage with Cocceji; she drew her money from the English funds, purchased a fine mansion, and went to live with the said Cocceji there, giving-up the Opera and public pirouettes. But this did not answer either. Cocceji's Mother scorned irreconcilably the Opera alliance; Friedrich, who did not himself like it in his Chancellor's Son, promoted the young man to some higher post in the distant Silesian region. But there, alas, they themselves quarrelled; divorced one another; and rumour again was busy. 'You, Cocceji yourself, are but a schoolmaster's grandson (Barberina, one easily supposes, might have a temper withal); 'and it is I, if you will recollect, that drew money from the English funds !' Barberina married again; and to a nobleman of sixteen quarters this time, and with whom at least there was no divorce. Successful with passionate gentlemen; having money from the English funds. Her last name was Gräfinn—I really know not what. Her descendants probably still live, with sixteen quarters, in those parts. It was thus she did her life-journey, waltzing and walking; successfully holding her own against the world. History declares itself ashamed of spending so many words on such a subject. But the dancer of Friedrich, and the authoress,

[1] Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (à Paris, 1807), pp. 13-19.

25th May 1744]
prime or proximate, of *Collini's Voltaire*, claims a passing remembrance. Let us, if we can easily help it, never speak of her more.

Conquest Second is Ost-Friesland, of a solid Nature

May 25th, 1744, just while Barberina began her pirouettings at Berlin, poor Karl Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, long a weak malingering creature, died, rather suddenly; childless, and the last of his House, which had endured there about 300 years. Our clever Wilhelmina at Baireuth, though readers have forgotten the small circumstance, had married a superfluous Sister-in-law of hers to this Karl Edzard; and, they say, it was some fond hope of progeny, suddenly dashed into nothingness, that finished the poor man, that night of May 25th. In any case, his Territory falls to Prussia, by Reich's Settlement of long standing (1683-1694); which had been confirmed anew to the late King, Friedrich Wilhelm: —we remember how he returned with it, honest man, from that *Kladrup Journey* in 1732, and was sniffed-at for bringing nothing better. And in the interim, his royal Hanover Cousins, coveting East Friesland, had clapt-up an *Erbverbrüderung* with the poor Prince there (Father, I think, of the one just dead): 'A thing *ultra vires*,' argued Lawyers; 'private, quasi-clandestine; and posterior (in a sense) to Reich's *Conclusum*, 1694.'

On which ground, however, George II. now sued Friedrich at Reich's Law,—Friedrich, we need not say, having instantly taken possession of Ost-Friesland. And there ensued arguing enough between them, for years coming; very great expenditure of parchment, and of mutual barking at the moon (done always by proxy, and easy to do); which doubtless increased the mutual ill-feeling, but had no other effect. Friedrich, who had been well awake to Ost-Friesland for some time back, and had given his Official people (Cocceji his Minister of Justice, Chancellor by and by, and one or two subordinates) their precise Instructions, laid hold of it, with a maximum of

promptitude; thereby quashing a great deal of much more dangerous litigation than Uncle George's.

'In all Germany, not excepting even Mecklenburg, there had been no more anarchic spot than Ost-Friesland for the last sixty or seventy years. A Country with parliamentary-life in extraordinary vivacity (rising indeed to the suicidal or internecine pitch, in two or three directions), and next to no regent-life at all. A Country that had loved Freedom, not wisely but too well! Ritter Party, Prince's Party, Towns' Party; —always two or more internecine Parties: "False Parliament you, traitors!" "We? False *you*, traitors!"—The Parish Constable, by general consent, kept walking; but for Government there was this of the Parliamentary Eloquences (three at once), and Freedom's battle, fancy it, bequeathed from sire to son! "The late Karl Edzard never once was in Embden, his chief Town, though he lived within a dozen miles of it."—And then, still more questionable, all these energetic little Parties had applied to the Neighbouring Governments, and had each its small Foreign Battalion, "To protect *us* and our just franchises!" Imperial Reich's-Safeguard Battalion, Dutch Battalion, Danish Battalion, —Prussian, it first of all was (year 1683, Town of Embden inviting the Great Elector), but it is not so now. The Prussians had needed to be quietly swift, on that 25th day of May 1744.

'And truly they were so; Cocceji having all things ready; leading party-men already secured to him, troops within call, and the like. The Prussians, — Embden Town-Councils inviting their astonished Dutch Battalion not to be at home, — marched quietly into Embden "next day," and took possession of the guns. Marched to Aurich (official metropolis), Danes and Imperial Safeguard saying nothing; and, in short, within a week had, in their usual exact fashion, got firm hold of chaotic Ost-Friesland. And proceeded to manage it, in like sort,—with effects soon sensible, and steadily continuing. Their Parliamentary-life Friedrich left in its full vigour: "Tax yourselves; what revenue you like; and see to the outlay of it yourselves. Allow me, as *Landes-Herr*, some trifle of overplus: how much, then? Furthermore a few recruits,—or recruit-money in lieu, if you like better!" And it was astonishing how the Parliamentary vitality, not shortened of its least franchise, or coerced in any particular, but merely stroked the right way of the hair, by a gently formidable hand, with good head guiding, sank almost straightway into dove-life, and never gave Friedrich any trouble, whatever else it might do. The management was good; the opportunity also was good. "In one sitting, the Prussian Agent, arbitrating between Embden and the Ritters, settled their controversy, which had lasted fifty years." The poor Country felt grateful, which it might well do; as if

for the laying of goblins, for the ending of long-continued local typhoon! Friedrich's first Visit, in 1751, was welcomed with universal jubilation; and poor Ost-Friesland thanked him in still more solid ways, when occasion rose.[1]

'It is not an important Country:—only about the size of Cheshire; wet like it, and much inferior to it in cheese, in resources for leather and live-stock, though it perhaps excels, again, in clover-seeds, rape-seeds, Flanders horses, and the flax products. The "clear overplus" it yielded to Friedrich, as Sovereign Administrator and Defender, was only 3,200*l.*; for recruit-*money*, 6,000*l.* (no recruits *in corpore*); in all, little more than 9,000*l.* a year. But it had its uses too. Embden, bigger than Chester, and with a better harbour, was a place of good trade; and brought Friedrich into contact with sea-matters; in which, as we shall find, he did make some creditable incipiencies, raising expectations in the world; and might have carried it farther, had not new Wars, far worse than this now at hand, interrupted him.'

Friedrich was at Pyrmont, taking the waters, while this of Friesland fell out; he had gone thither May 20th; was just arrived there, four days before the death of Karl Edzard.[2] His Officials, well pre-instructed, managed the Ost-Friesland Question mainly themselves. Friedrich was taking the waters; ostensibly nothing more. But he was withal, and still more earnestly, consulting with a French Excellency (who also had felt a need of the waters), about the French Campaign for this Season: Whether Coigny was strong enough in the Middle-Rhine Countries; how their Grand Army of the Netherlands shaped to prosper; and other the like interesting points.[3] Frankfurt Union is just signed (May 22d). Most Christian Majesty is himself under way to the Netherlands, himself going to command there, as we shall see. Good!' answers Friedrich: 'But don't weaken Coigny, think of Prince Karl on that side; don't detach from Coigny, and reduce his 60,000 to 40,000!'

Plenty of mutual consulting, as they walk in the woods there. And how profoundly obscure, to certain Official parties much concerned, judge from the following small Document, preserved by accident:

[1] Ranke, iii. 370-82. [2] Rödenbeck, p. 102. [3] Ranke, iii. 165, 6.

Lyttelton (our old Soissons Friend, now an Official in Prince Fred's Household, friend of Pitt, and much else) *to his Father at Hagley*

Argyle Street, London, 'May 5th (16th),' 1744.

'DEAR SIR,—Mr. West' (Gilbert West, of whom there is still some memory) 'comes with us to Hagley; and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too'—oh Jamie Thamson, Jamie Thamson, oh! 'His *Seasons* will be published in about a week's time, and a most noble work they will be.

'I have no public news to tell you, which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in Private Letters from Germany, of the King of Prussia's having drunk himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time.' Yes indeed, if true. 'Those Letters say, that, at a review, he caused two men to be taken out of the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the Major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, his Majesty drew his sword, and would have killed the Officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the King; who was immediately shut up; and the Queen, his Mother, has taken the Regency upon herself till his recovery.' *Papæ!* 'I do not give you this news for certain; but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, 'He is only thought to be *mad* in Germany, because he has *more wit* than other Germans.'

The King of Sardinia's Retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that Town' (20th April, one of those furious tussles, French and Spaniard *versus* Sardinian Majesty, in the *coulisses* or side-scenes of the Italian War-Theatre, neither stage nor side-scenes of which shall concern us in this place), 'certainly bear a very ill aspect: but it is not considered as'—anything to speak of; nor was it. 'We expect with impatience to know what will be the effect of the Dutch Ambassador to Paris,'—(to Valenciennes, as it turns out, King Louis, on his high errand to the Netherlands, being got so far; and the 'effect' was no effect at all, except good words on his part, and persistence in the battering-down of Menin and the Dutch Barrier, of which we shall hear ere long).

'I pray God the Summer may be happy to us, by being more easy than usual to you,'—dear Father, much suffering by incurable ailments. 'It is the only thing wanting to make Hagley Park a Paradise.

'Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death;'—did actually die, 30th May (10th June). a world-tragedy that

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too, though in small compass, and acting itself next door, at Twickenham, without noise; a star of the firmament going out;—twin-star, Swift (Carteret's old friend), likewise going out, sunk in the socket, 'a driveller and a show.' * * 'I am, with the truest respect and affection, dear Sir, your most dutiful Son,— GEORGE LYTTELTON.'[1]

Friedrich returned from Pyrmont, 11th June; saw, with a grief of his own, with many thoughts well hidden, his Sister Ulrique whirled-away from him, 26th July, in the gray of the summer dawn. In Berlin, in Prussia, nobody but one is aware of worse just coming. And now the War-drums suddenly awaken again; and poor readers,—not to speak of poor Prussia and its King!—must return to that uncomfortable sphere, till things mend.

[1] Ayscough, *Lord Lyttelton's Miscellaneous Works* (Lond. 1776), iii. 318.

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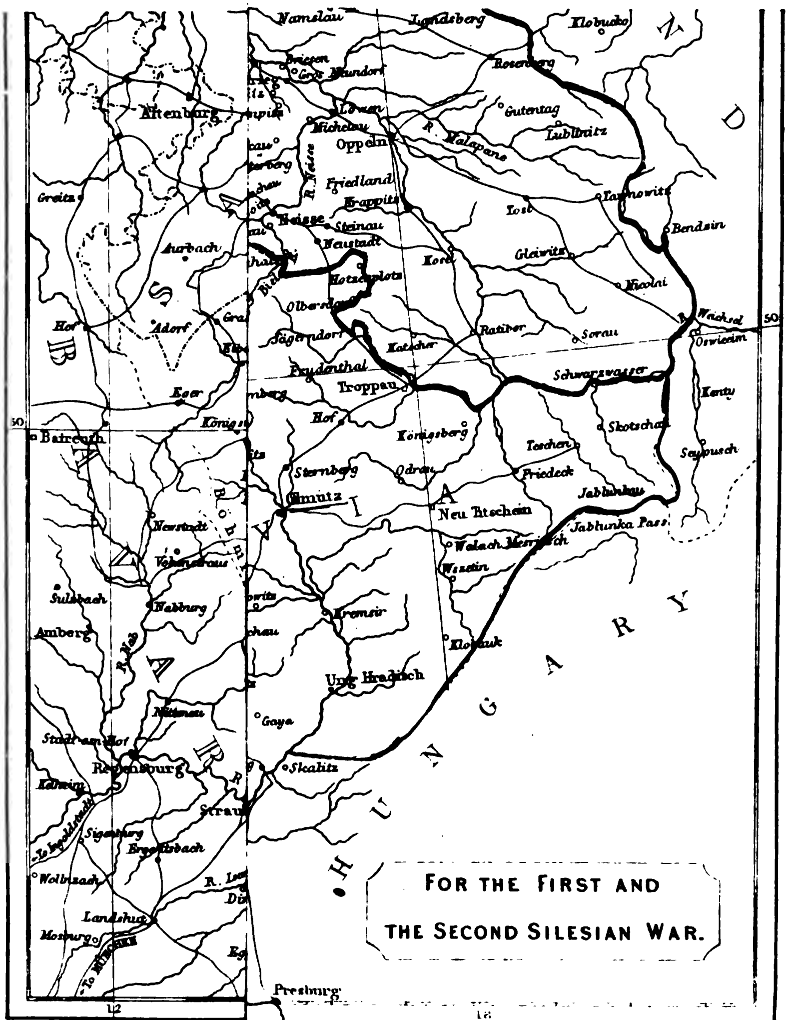
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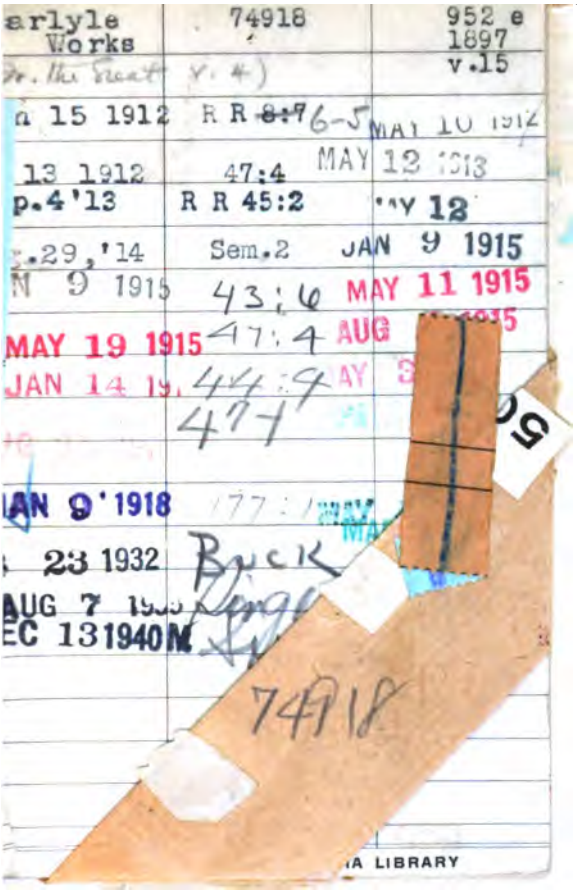

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